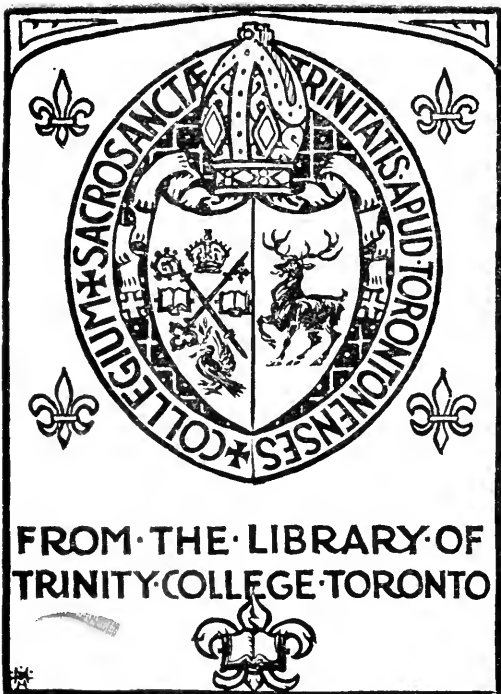


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# OUR BISHOPS AND DEANS.

BY

THE REV. F. ARNOLD, B.A.

LATE OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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## THE SECOND VOLUME.

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# OUR BISHOPS AND DEANS.

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## CHAPTER I.

### LITERARY BISHOPS.

SOMETHING of a cross-division is hardly avoidable in these chapters; for the eminent bishop whom we discussed in our last chapter, according to his place in the first rank of the Episcopacy, would certainly come before us in the present, or also in later chapters. The Archbishop of York has also had a distinct literary career; might have been described, as Mr. Disraeli was, as a "gentleman of the press." We have besides these a number of prelates who might be spoken of as "literary bishops." As a rule, however, when they become bishops, they cease to be literary. According to that lying chronicler, Gregorio Leti, on whom Robertson based the untrustworthy work which passes current as the "History of Charles the Fifth," Sixtus the Fifth, when he attained the Papacy, thrust away the ladder by which he attained to it. Literature, of one kind or another—the editing of Greek plays or parts of the Greek Testament—has often gone very far to promote a man to the Episcopacy, and now and

then, as in the case of Dean Swift, Archdeacon Paley, and Canon Sydney Smith, has gone far to hinder promotion. As a rule, the literary bishop finds that he must bid adieu to literature. He is trusted with work which he does, or leaves undone, or which does itself. He can move, but only slowly and slightly, in the old paths. Perhaps he confines himself to editing fresh editions of the old publications; perhaps he takes up the easier work of writing little prefaces and introductions for books by his friends; perhaps this is done, as by the late Bishop of Winchester, without even reading the book for which an introduction is written. We do not see that any hostile criticism can be directed against the bishop who writes or the bishop who gives up writing. In the one case he is continuing simple substantial services to the Church, which may be of permanent value to the cause of Christian scholarship, and which none could render equally well as himself. Often, however, the great scholar appointed to the Bench wakes up to the full consciousness of those enormous practical living interests with which he is surrounded. The value of a single soul, according to the Gospel theory, would immeasurably surpass the importance of the whole settlement of the doctrines of the Greek Article, or the force of prepositions in composition. The importance of previous pursuits becomes immeasurably dwarfed, and the student who seemed only to breathe the air of the library or the cloister, becomes most practical and vigorous in all spiritual work; and it is even discerned that a long literary career has fitted him as much as a long practical life could have done for the discharge of incessant practical and religious duties.

There is then all the difference in the world between a literary bishop and a literary dean. The deanery confers the leisure which the bishopric takes away. As a rule, the deans are more literary than the bishops; but there are bishops whom no deans have ever approached in the domain of letters. In one sense all bishops may courteously be called literary just as barristers are called learned. We suppose that there is no bishop on the bench who has not at least printed a charge or a sermon. Some of these charges are extremely valuable. Any one, for instance, who would examine carefully the whole series of charges delivered, almost synchronically, by Bishop Wilberforce and Bishop Thirlwall, would obtain a very accurate idea of the History of the Church of England within the last generation. The interest of the history would be none the less because we should have it from two different points of view.

What may be called bishops' literature does not, as a rule, count for very much. It is not so extensive as deans' literature, for the obvious reason that bishops have not the leisure to be literary. "Read this when you are at leisure," said a friend to a dignitary." "But I have no leisure," was the response. "I will read your work," said a bishop to a young author, "but I shall have to get up an hour earlier to do so." We are not for a moment forgetting that some of our greatest writers have been drawn from the bishops. But, as we have said, their literature generally belongs to a period preceding the Episcopate. For authorship, as merely decorative work, the display of one's wit and one's learning, for authorship without clear aims and leading to no tangible results, they

have always had considerable contempt. The *littérateur* element drops out of any groove of practical duty, and is only remotely influential in shaping and colouring the characters of men. But the literary bishop, whose mind has soared above the classics, to editing a portion of the Greek Testament, feels the crushing weight of all the spiritual interests, of all the practical interests, in which he is involved. He knows that his days of lettered leisure are numbered. He probably feels that, amidst the multiplicity of details, his powers of concentration, of thought and effort are undergoing a process of disintegration. He rests upon his oars. If he has won the character of author, scholar, thinker, he must rest upon what he has done, and be content, albeit with a sigh, to give up the hope of doing anything considerable in the years that may yet be granted.

The printed literature of a large number of bishops is limited to the Triennial Charge. This is often handed to the reporters of the press, who will print as much as sub-editors can find space for. The Charge may stand over, but sensational paragraphs about accidents and murders must appear at once. Still we have repeatedly heard of a charge being published before it was delivered. We remember reading in a newspaper an excellent charge half an hour before we heard it delivered to the clergy. It was interesting to compare the edited and unedited version. There are some bishops whose charges are always worthy of careful study, and there are some charges, notably those of the late Bishop Blomfield and Bishop Tait, that have indicated eras in ecclesiastical history. Every charge is more or less locally interesting and reli-

giously good. The plan of delivering portions of the charges now permits some bishops to discuss their subjects with unusual fulness and detail. Still the episcopal pen, in the average charge, is wielded in an ungraceful and ponderous manner. The writer is putting on armour which he has not proved. As a rule, every ray of feeling and eloquence is carefully eliminated. The style is bald and hard. The copies hang heavy on sale, and are soon lost in the lumber of libraries. Any little book which may be issued is looked upon as a sort of curiosity; it is praised by flatterers and friends, and is generally disposed of by the good-natured with the remark that, though the Bishop does not shine as a writer, he can discharge his episcopal duties as well as any other bishop. A bishop's speeches are always listened to, but then he has the advantage of speaking from a pedestal. There have been bishops whose speeches have been the very embodiment of wisdom and eloquence, but then we breathe the aspiration, *O si sic omnes*. One phase of literature to which prelates are much addicted is that of epistolary correspondence. They have cultivated the style of the *grandis et verbosa epistola*. Like Micawber, they will write a letter on the slightest provocation. There have been prelates so given to letter-writing that it may be said that half their work could be done by a clerk for twenty-five shillings a week. Dr. Lonsdale was an eminent example, but other instances could be adduced. Of course there are many letters which the bishops could only write themselves, and which task all their powers of deliberation. But we have known bishops who actually tease their clergy by childish indiscriminate letter-writing, and even enter into correspondence with their tradespeople on the abstract matters of their

wares. At least one bishop has been killed by the self-imposed work of correspondence.

Head and shoulders above all other literary prelates is one who, although he has resigned his diocese, is still a living Bishop of our Church—long may he continue such—Connop Thirlwall. For very many years it may be said that Bishop Thirlwall represented on the Continent the learning of the English Episcopate. When the literary and political history of the century is written, it will be perceived how pure and eminent a part was borne by Bishop Thirlwall. It will be perceived how largely he has aided the thought and intellectual development of the country. Already as valuable lives drop, and this memoir-writing age obtains its biography, again and again this honoured name always honourably emerges. Take, for instance, that pleasant book, the "Memoirs of a Quiet Life," which admits us into familiarity with some of the most intellectual and high-minded families in England.

"I have been reading a letter of Schleiermacher," wrote Mrs. Augustus Hare. "Thirlwall's preface, with the history of the different theories, is quite bewildering, and enough, I think, to turn any one disbeliever in the inspiration." We find Julius Hare writing to his sister-in-law on the proposed removal to Hurstmonceaux: "As I was talking to Thirlwall on the subject the other day, and speaking of my happy removal hither, and of the well-spent ten years I have passed here, he said, 'Yes, this has been a very Purgatory; may your next removal be to a Paradise.'"

Our readers will recollect the mention which he obtains in the "Autobiography of John Stuart Mill."



“The speaker with whom I was most struck, though I dissented from nearly every word he said, was Thirlwall, since Bishop of St. David’s, then a Chancery barrister, unknown except by a high reputation for eloquence acquired at the Cambridge Union, before the era of Austin and Macaulay. His speech was in answer to one of mine. Before he had uttered ten sentences I set him down as the best speaker I had ever heard, and I have never since heard anyone whom I placed above him.” If the praises of John Stuart Mill may sound doubtful in some ears, let it be recollected that, to Bishop Thirlwall, some of the most devout scholars in England have inscribed their works in reverence and affection. In the recently-published Life of Grote, the historian, we are permitted to listen to the Bishop himself. It might almost have been thought that something of rivalry might have existed between these two illustrious men. Grote’s work has practically superseded Thirlwall’s, but there is a wonderful amount that was never overtaken by Mr. Grote.

He thus writes on the conclusion of the “History,” to Mr. Grote. They had been schoolfellows together at the Charterhouse:—

“Abergwili, 21st June, 1847.

“I must reproach myself for having allowed you to remain so long in any degree of uncertainty as to my opinion of you; but I have found it easier to express it to others than to yourself.

“I will now only say that my expectations, though they had been raised very high, were much more than fulfilled by your first two volumes; and in its progress the work appears to have been continually rising, not

perhaps in merit, but in value. And when I consider that the most interesting part of your subject lies still before you, I cannot doubt that the feelings of admiration and delight with which I have hitherto accompanied it will grow stronger and stronger as it proceeds.

“I should have been ashamed of myself if those feelings could have been stifled or abated by my necessary consciousness of the great inferiority of my own performance.

“When I reflect on the very unfavourable condition of a gradually-enlarged plan and other adverse circumstances under which it was undertaken and prosecuted, I may well be satisfied with that measure of temporary success and usefulness which has attended it, and can unfeignedly rejoice that it will, for all highest purposes, be superseded.

“Believe me, my dear Grote,

“Most truly yours,

“C. ST. DAVID’S.”

We again find the Bishop writing to Grote to return thanks for the twelfth volume:—“Let me offer you my hearty congratulations on the completion of this glorious monument of learning, genius, and thought, to which I believe no other literature can exhibit a parallel.” He then refers to some lectures delivered at the University of Athens, in which constant references were made to the “History:”—“This suggests another thought. I heard from Mrs. Grote that you are about to start for Italy to enjoy a well-earned holiday. Do not you mean to take this opportunity of visiting *your* Holy Land, at least Athens, where, as

the opponent of the war, you would be received with open arms by Otho himself, and at all events hailed as his *πανεπιστήμιον* with the liveliest acclamations of young Athens, and cordially greeted by Professor Papparregopalas? I really do not see what should prevent you from doing this, unless Mrs. Grote is too much alarmed by the reports about the Klephts. But to me such a pleasure would seem worth a considerable risk."

Not the least noteworthy feature in the Bishop's literary life was his early precocity in classical acquirements and the art of composition. As early as in 1809, when his father was the officiating minister of Tavistock Chapel, Long Acre, there was issued from the press, as it would seem with the sanction and approval of the good old Bishop of Dromore, a small volume, with the title of "Primitiæ; or, Essays and Poems on Various Subjects, Religious, Moral, and Entertaining, by Connop Thirlwall;" opposite the title-page of which appears also a portrait in the school-boy costume of the day, subscribed, "Ætat. suæ XI." In this collection with its promising title, surely a most interesting production, is to be noticed a most kindly trait of parental affection, and (as the event has proved) of justifiable faith, and a most happy prognostic, amongst the many failures, of honours and distinctions in store for the juvenile poet and essayist in the great world of letters. In a preface by Mr. Thomas Thirlwall, the reader is informed that the boy had learnt Latin at three years of age, and could read Greek at four, and showed a talent for composition at seven. The largest part of the book consists of sermons. It is quite possible

that worse sermons have been preached than these by a child of eleven years old. There is a large amount of childish grandeur in them, and infantile ideas are often clothed in language abnormally sage. Next to the sermons is an address, written for an orphan school, to their patron the Drapers' Company, to whom the grateful scholars avow that they are indebted "for every comfort here, for every hope of happiness hereafter." Next follows a pretty little Eastern story. We then come to the poetical part of the book, and find some lines "Written at the request of a young lady who in her journey into Wales, on admiring the beauties of Tintern, was induced to take a slip of its ivy growing on the walls and plant it on her father's grave." Another poem is the "Pleasures of Hope." A long concluding poem is a satire, "Characters often seen, but little marked." It is very difficult to believe that this poem was composed at the age of twelve, but of course it was. This little book certainly forms by no means the least of the Curiosities of Literature.

It is a fact not without a certain interest that Mr. Thirlwall's future was at one time forecast in such a way, either by himself or others, as to lead to his being called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1824. But a college career offered present and brilliant advantages in lieu of what was remote and uncertain, and accordingly in 1828 he settled down to his tutorship at Trinity, which he rendered one of the most famous amongst the annals of that distinguished body.

Connop Thirlwall and Julius Charles Hare became distinguished by the publication, in 1831, of the

celebrated translation of Niebuhr's history, upon which, in an evil hour for itself, the "Quarterly Review" descended, but with small gain to the would-be critic, who sustained an acknowledged defeat at the hands of the translators, in those trenchant days of literature. The "Philological Museum," also edited by the same two scholars, is now remembered as a repertory of brilliant papers upon isolated points of ancient literature.

"Friends in your boyhood, when the dawn was bright;  
 Friends in the heat and burden of the day;  
 Friends even yet, though one has passed away,  
 To join the children of the Lord of Light!  
 Long since ye roamed each vale, and climbed each height,  
 Where songs of Hellas float through golden grove;  
 Or, from the hill of Capitolian Jove,  
 Tracked the young stream of Rome's imperial height.  
 Our friend and brother beareth loftier praise;  
 But thou, kind teacher, speakest to us still,  
 And wilt not scorn, scant offering though they be,  
 These echoes of high thoughts of ancient days.  
 Ah! would the power were equal with the will!  
 Would that my faltering speech were worthier thee;"

In 1835 was issued the first volume of Thirlwall's "Greece," as a part of the series of Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. The modesty shown in such an introduction as this to the world of a standard work, was only equalled by the terms of its preface. But its merits were recognised, and as its fame increased so its dimensions were enlarged, and its just pretensions rose to their full height. Few volumes of that celebrated series are so well known and so often inquired for. It has also been published separately, and has passed through various editions.

For ourselves, we may be allowed frankly to say we never looked upon Thirlwall's "Greece" as a perfect history. It fills a niche in literature; it is written from a certain point of view, and was inspired by a particular motive. The consequences are, that to the student it is most useful, whilst the amount of new information it poured on the subject, derived mainly from German sources, was immense. With respect to its politics, it was animated not so much by a desire to inculcate particular principles as to correct certain doctrines which had been laid before the world in connection with the same subject. Inasmuch as political excitement was at that time the ruling passion of the hour, there were those who seemed to think it right that the muse of history herself should put on harness and go out of her way to do battle against modern republicanism. Accordingly Mitford's "History of Greece," in itself a very readable and amusing book, was ingeniously constructed so as to bring odium in every way the writer could devise upon Athenian institutions, in order to inspire the British youth with horror at the prospect of an attempt to revive a republic on this sacred soil. Mr. Thirlwall, therefore, in following Mitford, had before him the congenial task of exposing the blunders of a political adversary, and at the same time of clearing from unmerited reproach a community, in all but extent, the most renowned of which history has preserved a record. With these advantages, nevertheless, of scholarship, of impartiality, of new matter, of an unrivalled subject, of an elevated tone of criticism, and of a deeper and truer insight than had ever yet been presented into the spirit and life of the

Greeks, the history is still too erudite to be popular. It is calm, impartial, judicial, like that of Hallam. It never seizes hold of the reader and hurries him along breathless in its grasp, like the marvellous pages of Lord Macaulay; but we believe there is no history extant which a student of the ancient historians can more usefully employ as a guide and companion. For most students, Dr. Thirlwall's "History of Greece," has been effectually superseded by the subsequent publication of Mr. Grote's work. Mr. Grote has an interesting allusion to this work, which then occupied a place of which it has been dispossessed by his own history: "If my early friend, Dr. Thirlwall's 'History of Greece,' had appeared a few years earlier, I should probably never have conceived the design of the present work at all. I should certainly not have been prompted to the task by any deficiencies, such as those which I felt and regretted in that book. The comparison of the two authors affords, indeed, a striking proof of the progress of sound and enlarged views respecting the ancient world during the present generation. Having studied of course the same evidences as Dr. Thirlwall, I am better enabled than others to bear testimony to the learning, the sagacity, and the candour which pervade his excellent work." Some portions of Dr. Thirlwall's "Greece" have in no sense or degree been superseded by Mr. Grote's. We would especially mention his unrivalled treatment of the Homeric age. The history has the distinction of being the only complete history of Greece; Mr. Grote's work pausing with Alexander the Great.

In 1833, Mr. Thirlwall was displaced from the

lectureship at Trinity College, in consequence, it is said, of a pamphlet which he had published in favour of extending certain University privileges to Dissenters. In the following year he was presented by Lord Chancellor Brougham to a living where he remained until the death of Dr. Jenkinson, in 1840, created a vacancy in the See of St. David's. The bishopric was thereupon offered to Dr. Thirlwall.

Bishop Burgess used to divide the history of Bishop Thirlwall's See into three periods. The first he called a period of holy austerity and venerable poverty. The second was a period of establishment and endowment. The third, as respects the external condition of the See, was a period of declension and dilapidation. The Bishop of St. David's had two residences in Pembrokeshire, both very famous ruins, Llawhaden and Lamphey. It was said that at St. David's he lived as a bishop, at Lamphey as a private gentleman, and at Llawhaden as a baron. One of the early bishops made a curious statute, by which he bound himself and future bishops to leave to their successors thirty-two ploughs and two hundred and fifty-six oxen, that is, eight oxen to each plough, for the cultivation of the episcopal estate.

The Bishop's first vote in the House of Lords was given in favour of the Jews' Declaration Bill. He further supported the measure by a speech, which was at once a declaration of his principles, and an example of his logical and argumentative powers.

The most important question that arose was the union of the Sees of St. Asaph and Bangor. This was a Government proposal, intended to prepare the way for the erection of the See of Manchester, and



was supported by the Duke of Wellington and the Archbishop of Canterbury. Lord Powis introduced a bill opposing the union, which was warmly supported by the Bishop of St. David's, in the interests of the Welsh people. This bill, however, was withdrawn, and another, introduced with the same object in 1844, was decisively rejected. In 1845, Sir R. Peel's memorable proposal for the endowment of Maynooth was first introduced into Parliament. The Bishop supported the measure in carefully prepared and argumentative speeches, which contributed, perhaps, as much as anything which was said or written at the time, to the success of the measure. Many of those who were disposed to hesitate as to the policy of a Maynooth endowment, doubtless found the scale turned in its favour by the arguments and the example of the Bishop of St. David's. The Corn Law repeal movement was supported by Dr. Thirlwall, as was also a measure introduced by the Marquis of Lansdowne, without success, for establishing diplomatic relations with the Pope. This, we may observe, was before the memorable explosion of 1848, which frightened from their propriety not one alone among the ruling powers in Europe, and put off to a very distant day all prospect of establishing relations with the Roman Government.

Another subject, which is full of the deepest interest at the present day—one, at least, which is now being revived, and which must, from time to time, continue to disturb the public mind, though with very little prospect of immediate change—was the constitution of the Court of Appeal in ecclesiastical causes. The proposition of the late Dr. Blom-

field, Bishop of London, was, that the jurisdiction should be transferred from the Committee of the Privy Council to a bench of fifteen bishops. Such a change would probably have even less prospect of support now than it had received then. Of the movement for legalizing marriages with a deceased wife's sister the Bishop has always been an opponent. He also joined, in 1851, in condemning that Rescript of the Pope, which called forth a *brutum fulmen* in the shape of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. The question of the Clergy Reserves in Canada was another which divided the episcopal bench. Dr. Thirlwall considered the matter to be rather within domestic than imperial control, and supported the view which left this property to be dealt with by the Canadian Parliament. The Divorce Bill was another great innovation. The Bishop assented to the bill, viewing the consequences, however, as he well might, with "strong apprehension and much anxiety."

Amidst other less important measures affecting the Church of late years, the Bishop was in favour of amending the Act of Uniformity in so far as it requires the assent and consent of the clergy to everything contained in the Prayer Book.

In the charges and sermons of the Bishop are to be found a series of expositions of the views he has from time to time maintained on the great questions that have been brought to the surface, and been openly discussed and adjudicated upon in modern times. Dr. Newman's "Theory of Development" will be found discussed in a charge published in 1848. Three years later arose the celebrated Gorham Controversy, terminating in the decision of the Committee

of Privy Council, which Dr. Thirlwall was not disposed to view with any feeling of apprehension. To the revival of Convocation the Bishop has lent his support, and in its deliberations he has from time to time taken part.

In 1857 symptoms of the more recent movement in the religious mind of the country began to display themselves. Mr. Rowland Williams, then Vice-Principal of St. David's College, Lampeter, had published a pamphlet, entitled, "Rational Godliness after the Mind of Christ and the Written Voices of his Church." This tract excited attention in the diocese, and a body of clergy, to the number of seventy, combined to memorialize the Bishop on the subject of the publication, believing that its contents tended "seriously to affect the supremacy and infallibility of Scripture as the Divine Rule of faith and practice." To this address the Bishop replied in a charge, which is one of the most studied of his recent productions. He observed that whilst he should feel himself bound to resist to the utmost the introduction of error, he considered it equally a duty to respect and, if necessary, to protect that freedom of thought, word, and action which the English Church had always permitted to her ministers and members. He points out that no man is to be considered guilty of heresy in an interpretation of his language which he does not himself admit to be his own; and that the Church has pronounced no decision, and laid down no definition on the subject. He then adds that "when the individual consciousness is set up as the common measure of truth to which all are required to conform under penalty of excommunication from Christian

fellowship, it becomes an instrument of aggression on the rights of conscience and an usurpation of the authority which belongs to the Church."

Two things were abundantly clear in the charge of 1857. The one was the steady determination of the most liberal bishop on the bench to maintain earnestly the integrity of revealed truth, and, while conceding everything to human liberty which it can demand from enlightened admiration and passionate love, to resist the dangerous novelties of neologian error. He refused to stretch the limits of his visitatorial power to act on the case of Dr. Williams, and of Dr. Williams himself he spoke with chivalrous kindness and regard. It is much to be regretted that Dr. Williams seems to have misunderstood the Bishop's sentiments. Under the title of an "earnestly respectful" letter, he addressed Dr. Thirlwall in terms which he by no means recognized as "earnestly respectful." The Bishop's published reply is a model of controversy. Not without pathos he says, "If I cannot confidently apply to myself what Jeremy Taylor says of the Bishop of Rochester, 'I see you are tender both of truth and me,' it is only because I know that some think I have been more tender of you than of truth. For the fault you have corrected me, and I have endeavoured to make amends." It is not worth while to revive the past dissensions, but the trenchant conclusion of the letter is characteristic. "It sometimes happens on a railway journey that you fall in with a fellow-traveller of agreeable manners, well-stored mind, lively and instructive conversation. You congratulate yourself on having found a delightful companion for the rest of the way. But if you

discover that he is a person liable to strange moods, in which he cannot distinguish between friend and foe, and is capable, the very moment after he has been talking with you in his blindest tones, and with his most winning smile, of flinging his book at your head, or trying to do you some more serious mischief, your respect for him may still be only qualified by pity; but you do not fail, as soon as you can, to take your seat in another carriage."

In the year 1860 came the publication of "Essays and Reviews," and the condemnation of the volume by the bench of bishops; but in the Bishop's charge of that year we find no mention of the volume. This step was immediately afterwards commented on in severe terms by an Edinburgh Reviewer, now known to be Dean Stanley, in April, 1861. Bishop Thirlwall's conduct in the matter was arraigned, and he was reproached with having departed from the principles which he had laid down in a preface published by him many years before to an essay of Schleiermacher's. The reference was to a translation of Dr. Schleiermacher's treatise on the Gospel of St. Luke, which was published with an introduction by Mr. Thirlwall, when he was a Fellow of Trinity, and before he took orders. A correspondence ensued between the Reviewer and the Bishop, which was terminated by a letter addressed to the "Guardian," on the 4th of March, 1863, in which the Bishop refers to his charge in the year 1857 as the expression of his views by which he wishes to abide. There was something exceedingly ungenerous in the persistent attempts made in various quarters to connect Dr. Thirlwall with the sentiments of the Essayists and

Reviewers. That when he was a young man and a layman, in the first freshness of what he thought was discovery, and in his first love of what he dreamed was truth, he held views analogous to those so notorious and unhappy, is probable enough. But surely an appeal lies from the generous errors of youth to the calm, matured wisdom and settled views of thoughtful age. The Bishop's opinions on the deepest and gravest of all subjects have been formed in the long lapse of years, and have been repeatedly expressed in latter years in weighty and well-considered words. To say that an aged prelate must act on the principles of his youth, and to seek and quote those principles against him, is one of the most illiberal trickeries of controversy, which always recoils on the head of him who uses it. Full of encouragement and consolation is the example of the Bishop, in that, if an unusual amount of ability and attainment seemed to be ranged for a time on the side of error, when that ability had been matured into the highest wisdom, those attainments indefinitely increased in magnitude and value, he was found at last in the good old path.

In another address to his clergy in 1863, the whole question which arises out of the publication of "Essays and Reviews," and the works of the Bishop of Natal, is discussed; and to these expressions of the opinion of Dr. Thirlwall the better part of the Liberal party, if we may use the expression, in the Church naturally looked, as the best exposition of the question in the light from which, by their religious temperament and political principles, they are disposed to regard it, and as the best guide they can

follow amidst the troubled waters of controversy and divided counsel.

Some wise words of earnest religious feeling will best exhibit the teaching of the Bishop: "That which now unhappily disquiets many will turn to your profit if it should lead you to take a firmer hold on the centres of your faith and hope, to draw closer to Christ Himself, and to seek in a more intimate and practical communion with Him that light and life which He alone can impart. If the historical and critical questions which have been brought anew under discussion were capable of a solution which should leave no room for doubt, it would not bring you one step the nearer, or at all help you to find your way to Him. At the least, it could yield only an intellectual satisfaction, perhaps at the risk of diverting your attention from that which is alone needful. But if you take your stand, and make good your footing, on that Rock which is the sole foundation that is laid for the Church, and therefore the only one on which any of us can find a sure resting-place, you will enjoy more than one great advantage in looking abroad on the field of controversy which is spread before you. One will be the sense of a happy security, not to be shaken by any fluctuation of public opinion, or any stress of doubtful disputations. And in proportion to the calmness of that assurance which you derive from your personal experience, will be your attainment of the still greater blessing of a meek, charitable, and peaceable spirit, which will guard you from harsh judgments and inward bitterness toward those from whom you may differ, while it leads you forward in the way of truth. And then

—though your aim is not the knowledge which puffeth up, but the charity which edifieth—this shall be added unto you, that you will also see farther and more clearly than those who are standing and striving on the lower and debatable ground. It is not that you are to expect any supernatural illumination which will supply the place of practical study, and enable you to solve questions which have eluded the grasp of the most learned and sagacious inquirers. But you will gain something which is far better—a faculty of spiritual discernment which will guide you safely where others, with perhaps superior natural advantages and ampler opportunities of knowledge, may have gone astray. In the ripening of your inner life, and, above all, in the assiduous discharge of your pastoral duties, you will be constantly acquiring a deeper insight into the nature of the things which belong to your own peace, and to that of those who are committed to your care.”

We are aware that we have only imperfectly exhibited the laborious and many-sided career of Dr. Thirlwall. There is at least one phase, however, which must be briefly noted. The Bishop is one who has always taken the keenest interest in all literary matters. He is one noted, not only for his broad, comprehensive survey of the large department of history, but also for the keenness and accuracy with which he notes every detail. He frequently attended at the rooms of the Royal Society of Literature, in St. Martin's Lane, and exhibited a lively interest in all the details of any archæological discovery, the humble but useful field to which that great society at present appears to limit itself. We have now before us two



speeches by the Bishop, which, in the best sense, are literary addresses. They were delivered on widely different occasions. The first was given on behalf of a poverty-stricken institution at Carmarthen, in the town-hall of that place; the other was one of the renowned addresses delivered before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution. Both are the grand talk of a wise and learned man, overflowing with knowledge, and only drawing on his wide stores of information for the real illustration of his thoughtful suggestions—information, moreover, not in all cases derived from books, but largely drawn from his own experience. Here are interesting anecdotes of people he had known, showing that hard intellectual tension does not incapacitate the mind for the enjoyment of literature. He gave two instances. “The one was that of a lawyer whose day was commonly occupied with his professional duties until late in the evening. He told me it was his habit, when work was over, to sit up reading until two in the morning. And he was one who took little pleasure in any kind of reading which did not afford exercise for earnest thought. The other instance was reported to me by Baron Bunsen, as heard by himself from the late Sir Robert Peel. After the excitement of a long debate, Sir Robert never retired to rest until he had tranquillized his mind by sitting down to some serious book.”

Summing up his career in brief, we may say, as we hinted before, that he possesses the statesmanlike mind beyond any prelate of his age. Great, however, as is the Bishop's influence among the Church politicians and the intellectual supporters of religion in our day, he probably regards with more satisfaction than any other acts of his public life the efforts which

he has on all occasions made to support the cause of education ; and rests his best title to the gratitude of his Welsh congregations on the fact that he is the first bishop for many centuries who has ministered to them in their own language.

On the great question of the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, the Bishop kept silence during the debates on the Suspensory Bill. But he supported the bill next year which was brought in by Mr. Gladstone's Government. The speech was heard with wonder and delight ; but it was a speech which was remarkably inconsistent with the position of the speaker, a bishop of a Church which is in a most decided minority in South Wales. In his last charge many have thought that they discerned an apology for the speech on the Irish Church Bill.

Bishop Thirlwall withdrew almost noiselessly from the work of his great diocese in the Summer of 1874. Considering how large a space he occupied in the minds of the clergy of the diocese, it is remarkable how little public notice was taken by them of his resignation, especially when it is recollected how munificently he acted in augmenting the value of many livings. We suppose it was on the principle, *Le roi est mort ; vive le roi*. There were many inducements for the Bishop to remain in South Wales, but he determined to retire to Bath, and surrender all the old associations. In Bath he would be mindful of his old associations with Walter Savage Landor. We trust the rest he has so nobly earned will long prolong his days, and we believe the great wonder must be that he had not earlier sought the retirement he needed.

Among the many admirable appointments to the

episcopal bench made by the late Lord Palmerston, there was scarcely any of more conspicuous merit than the appointment of Dr. Ellicott to the See of Gloucester and Bristol. For many years Dr. Ellicott had devoted himself to profound and scholarly labours on the original text of the New Testament, to the avocations of a parish clergyman, and to the work of theological education. He is a native of Whitwell, near Stamford, of which parish his father was rector. He received his education at the neighbouring schools of Oakham and Stamford. In due time he proceeded to St. John's College, Cambridge. Here he graduated in 1841, taking middle honours, being a senior optime and second class classic. His attainments and abilities appear to have been estimated much higher than his degree, for we find that he attained that very difficult and honourable distinction, a Fellowship at St. John's. He is also stated to have been the author of a work on a high mathematical subject, but we do not find this included in the avowed list of his publications. The first occasion on which he appeared as an author was by his Hulsean prize essay, "On the Nature and Obligation of the Sabbath," an essay remarkable for the care and skill with which the subject was treated, and also for its devout tone. Mr. Ellicott, having taken holy orders, was nominated by Lord Aveland to the living of Pilton, in the neighbourhood of his old home, which he subsequently resigned, having held it for ten years. While at Pilton, he commenced his remarkable series of commentaries on the Pauline epistles. The objects to which he proposed to confine himself were at first rigorously simple: his commentaries were intended to be grammatical com-

mentaries, that is, he sought, by a critical analysis of cases, tenses, and particles, to bring out the nicest shades of meaning, and thus add to the stability of the foundation on which the expositor should build. Such a task would require a very great degree both of labour and accuracy, and also some self-denial—for the work of verbal criticism must certainly be less attractive than that of exposition. Mr. Ellicott, however, as his work proceeded, found it consistent with his design to unite a measure of exegesis with his notes on the language; and we suspect that this has been an equally useful and much more popular branch of his writings. He also drew largely on the rich stores of old English divinity, and must have been the means of introducing many persons to those noble religious works, of which Bacon even in his day saw reason to speak so highly, and which at the present time may fully compare with the voluminous theological library that belongs to Germany. In course of time Mr. Ellicott fully manifested that his powers extended far beyond the limits of a grammarian. His Hulsean Lectures on the history of our Lord make one of the most remarkable volumes which have been issued for many years. It is a very fine example both of originality and erudition. With a masterly treatment of the vast subject, there are many passages of the highest eloquence.

We think it was Dr. Ellicott who, with an exaggeration that represented the truth, was once pointed out to us, in the famous library of Trinity College, as the man who was reading straight through the contents. Eventually his studies mainly resolved themselves into the textual criticism of the New Testa-

ment. He wrote that powerful review of Dean Alford's edition of the Greek Testament in the defunct "Christian Remembrancer" (alas! that churchmen had not the public spirit to support a review of such learning and capability), which led to a war of pamphlets, and long rankled in Alford's mind. "It is, as I suspect," wrote Alford, "intended to demolish me entirely. The grand charge is that of compiling from German sources, which, in the advertisement of my book, I proposed to do. They announce it as a grand discovery, parade the passages in parallel columns, and denounce me as a convicted felon." Later Dr. Ellicott regretted the crudities and ungentle comments that disfigured that article; but he says also: "I dare not deny that my standpoint remains now what it was then. . . . My standpoint was reverence for what is called Catholic interpretation, combined with a readiness to subject that sort of received interpretation to the established rules and principles of grammatical criticism." The following words describe Dean Ellicott's views: "I fear, indeed, that these remarks are but little in unison with popular views and popular aspirations. I fear that the patient labour necessary to perform faithfully the duty of an interpreter is unwelcome to many of the forward spirits of our own times—to be referred to Greek Fathers, when suasive annotations of a supposed freer spirit and a more flexible theology claim from us hearing, to be bidden to toil on amidst ancient versions, when a rough-and-ready scholarship is vaunting its own independence and sufficiency, to weigh in the scale, and to mark and to record the verging scale, while religious prejudice is ever struggling to kick the

beam—all seems savourless, unnecessary, and impracticable. I fear such is the prevailing spirit of our own times; yet amid all I seem to myself to descry a spirit of graver research winning its way among us, a more determined allegiance to the truth, a greater tendency to snap the chains of sectarian bondage.”

The Bishop has been able to give his views in a very practical shape, by the large and influential share which he has borne in the assemblage of Divines that from time to time sits within Jerusalem Chamber for the revision of the Scripture. He is constantly the chairman. The copyright of the new version has been sold to the two Universities for twenty thousand pounds, but this large sum will hardly do more than pay all travelling expenses and allow each member to obtain some memento of his work. It may be expected that the new version will be very helpful to the readers of the old, and only in the most gradual way supersede it.

The Bishop is especially noted for his labours amongst the revisers of the New Testament. Dean Alford writes: “I have just returned from our first revision meeting. Nothing more interesting has been done since the Reformation. We received the communion round Edward the Sixth’s tomb, three bishops, two deans, two archdeacons, several clergymen, an Independent professor, a Wesleyan ditto, a Scotch Presbyterian ditto, a Scotch Establishment ditto, a Baptist ditto, and a Unitarian; such a body meeting around Edward the Sixth’s tomb was a sight England has never seen before.” Alas! for countless pious minds, such a sight was spoilt by the presence of the Unitarian.

When Dr. Trench was appointed, in 1858, to the Deanery of Westminster, the appointment of a suitable successor to the vacant chair of divinity at King's College would necessarily be a question of some difficulty. The vacant professorship was appropriately bestowed on Mr. Ellicott, whose labours on language had been very much of the same kind as Dr. Trench's in the synonyms of the Greek Testament and other kindred works. We have had opportunities of knowing how much Dr. Ellicott's instructions have been valued and appreciated by clergymen who came under his care. In one of his journeys between London and Cambridge he met with an accident on the railway, which excited much sympathy; he was greatly shattered, and might have lost his life. The affecting story is told that in this accident, though grievously hurt, when he heard that others were not expected to recover, he caused himself to be carried to the sufferers, and did all he could to console and help them. In 1862 the Government offered him the Deanery of Exeter; but Dr. Ellicott was very unwilling to accept any preferment which would separate him from his actual work of instruction. The difficulty was happily arranged. A theological college was formed at Exeter, of which Dr. Ellicott was to assume the superintendence in conjunction with the Deanery of Exeter. This arrangement, however, did not last long; within a few months he was called to still higher work in the Church. When Dr. Thomson, in 1862, was translated to the See of York, Dr. Ellicott became Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol.

In about two years' time Bishop Ellicott delivered his memorable primary charge. This charge attracted

very much attention at the time, was a matter of great thankfulness to good men, and excited keen comment in many directions. It was an exhaustive analysis of modern scepticism in its various forms—honest doubt, worldly doubt, corrupt doubt, &c. There has been no clearer exposition of what the Bishop calls “worldly doubt.” Nothing prevails more widely than this worldly doubt, and perhaps its distinctiveness had not hitherto been properly apprehended. It is the scepticism of worldliness and the worldly heart, addressed to the so-called common-sense of mankind. The Bishop said that by such persons the Church was regarded only as a useful society for the suppression of vice, and its ministers as a kind of spiritual police. “Perhaps the epithet ‘non-Christian’ more truly designates the essential character of the practical scepticism of which we are now speaking. It is not anti-Christian, but non-Christian; it does not oppose the truth, but utilises it just so far as it serves its purpose, and then rejects it when it becomes intractable. There is simply no recognition whatever of it in its characteristic of having been once for all delivered to the saints, and remaining, as it ever does remain, crystalline in form and character, unchangeable and unchanged. Such is the scepticism that is now about us and around us on every side; it appeals to us elder men because it appeals to that on which most of all we pride ourselves, our common sense.

Directly after the delivery of this celebrated charge, one of those remarkable gatherings, which form so prominent a feature of the present day, took place in the Church Congress at Bristol. The bishop of the



diocese was *ex officio* president of the Congress. The work of the president was, in fact, exceedingly difficult. The author of the present work attended the Congress, and was in a position to appreciate Dr. Ellicott's labours. Having formed his notion of the Bishop from his works, he imagined he was rather a profound scholar and recluse thinker than fitted for practical work or endued with any oratorical gifts. His expectations were happily disappointed. The Bishop proved a most vigorous and effective chairman. He manifested a singular power in swaying the vast auditory who assembled in the Victoria Rooms, at Clifton. The Congress was certainly not without its discordant elements, but the Bishop showed great tact in his management of difficulties, and his voice was sufficient to hush the greatest excitement. "Let us be large-hearted," he said, on one occasion. He himself showed this large-heartedness by the catholic sympathy which he manifested with each class and section of the Congress. He was chained to his chair for about nine hours a day, and had to make a great number of little speeches on a great number of great subjects. Without being an orator, he had that earnest, clear, incisive style which is perhaps the best kind of public speaking. We hear of the Bishop's kindness to candidates for orders, of visits to his clergy, of his diocesan work, and also the expression of the fear that this latter business is so multifarious as to preclude the expectation of much further literary work.

We will now give what we trust will be found a tolerably complete catalogue of Dr. Ellicott's writings. As we have mentioned, the Hulsean essay on the

Sabbath, for which a prize was awarded to him when a young graduate, heads the list. It was in 1854, when he was rector of Pilton, that he published his work on the Epistle to the Galatians, the first part of his commentary. He states that it was the result of several years' study of biblical Greek, and his conviction that, in this country, the very advanced state of philology had not been applied to the language of the New Testament: he believed that the most neglected part of the New Testament was its lexicography. "As God is my witness, I have striven to state, in perfect candour and singleness of heart, all the details of interpretation." In an admirable note to the preface he adds: "Amid all these details I have, I trust, never forgotten that there is something higher than mere critical acumen, something more sure than grammatical exactitude; something which the world calls the 'theological sense,' but which more devout thinkers recognise as the assisting grace of the Eternal Spirit of God." Here is an autobiographic allusion to the circumstances under which it was written:—"I have now only to commit this first part of my work, with all its imperfections, faults, and errors to the charitable judgment of the reader. I have written it alone and unassisted, with only a country clergyman's scanty supply of books, in a neighbourhood remote from large libraries and literary institutions; and, though I have done my utmost to overcome these great disadvantages, I can myself see and feel, with deep regret, how often I have failed."

In 1855, the second part of the commentary, comprising the Epistle to the Ephesians, appeared. This

was succeeded by the Epistles to the Philippians, Colossians, Philemon (1857), and later by the "Pastoral Epistles." In 1856 he became a contributor to that seasonable publication the "Cambridge Essays," contributing a paper, learned and critical, but at the same time eminently interesting, on the "Apocryphal Gospels." This paper had the merit of drawing down unfavourable remarks from a leading Roman Catholic publication. In 1858 he was Select Preacher before the University of Cambridge, and published his discourses under the title of "The Destiny of the Creature, and other Sermons." He especially addressed these sermons to his youthful auditory. There was a speculative tone about them, he considered, "which is often distasteful to those who are pre-occupied with what are called the realities of life, but which rarely fails to interest, and, I most religiously believe, to edify, those on whom the sun of life has not yet ceased to shine." "My humble object has been to put before the young, the generous, the impressionable, some high and ennobling views of scriptural truth; and if I have succeeded in this great and important object—if I have raised the religious tone of one heart that has gone with my words—if I have been permitted to be the feeble instrument in raising one sinking brother from the deep waters of doubt and perplexity—if I have pointed out ever so generally to one lone wanderer in this world's dreary wilderness the narrow way to Christ, then I shall solemnly rejoice, and my joy no man shall take from me." In 1859 he was Hulsean Lecturer to the University of Cambridge, and the following year published the "Historical Lectures on the

Life of our Lord," to which we have alluded. It was probably in allusion to his accident that he thus concludes the preface:—"It only remains for me with all lowliness and reverence to lay before Almighty God this attempt, this poor and feeble attempt, to set forth the outward connexion of those incidents that inspired pens have been moved to record of the life of his Eternal Son. May He pardon its many failings and defects, may He look with pity on efforts many of which have been made while the shadow of His hand has rested darkly over him who strove to make them, and may He bless these partial first fruits of a mercifully spared life, by permitting it to minister in its humble measure and degree to His honour and glory, and to the truth as it is in His blessed Son." We should also mention that Dr. Ellicott is one of the five clergy who have been engaged on a revision and translation of the New Testament. In 1861 that important volume "Aids to Faith" was published, edited by the present Archbishop of York. This is generally considered the most successful of the answers to the notorious "Essays and Reviews," and various of its writers have been raised to the Episcopal bench. To this Dr. Ellicott contributed the final and most voluminous essay on "Scripture and its Interpretation."

As one looks at the portrait of the Bishop at first sight there appears to be something austere and severe. There is that cold, thoughtful expression, keen and earnest, and saintly. One is rather surprised that such a prelate is after all very human; that he is a tremendous pedestrian in his diocese, caring little for ice or snow; that he will climb Swiss

mountains, and write about his climbs in the local newspapers ; that he is full of humour, has a keen sense of satire and fun, and even gets into hot water by his humorous suggestion not to fling mob agitators into the horse-pond. All this is the unbending of the bow, the laying down of labour ; the natural reaction after severe and prolonged studies. All the worry of the study and of business fails to ruffle the composure, or disturb the courage and kindness of the Bishop. The impression has grown up that the Bishop is one who thinks and acts for himself, that he certainly and slowly makes up his own mind on all contested points that come before him, that he has a mind which naturally turns to the light, and is always exhibiting a process of growth. Only very gradually did the Bishop come to have any share in any proceedings at Exeter Hall. That close and somewhat noisy platform would not naturally have any great attraction for one addicted to scholastic calm. But the Bishop was enabled to see that such a broad platform as that of the Bible Society was a real step towards the unity of Christendom, and afforded a common ground on which all those who loved the truth might rally. It is one of those very few platforms on which Churchmen and Dissenters may meet and may forget even the important points in which they differ, as they dwell on the still more important points in which they agree. Similarly the Bishop was apparently a long time in making up his mind on the character of the Ritualistic movement, but he eventually pronounced most decisively against it. He has in the most masterly way analysed the great charm, the prevailing motive and temptation,

that sway the minds of the Ritualistic clergy. This is the existence, in a most exaggerated form, of the principle of Sacerdotalism. We find such a layman as Lord Coleridge, from another point of view, reiterating the Bishop's argument.

“What is the hidden principle that makes this danger so formidable to the individual as well as to the Church at large? I answer at once and unhesitatingly—The desire of power over souls and spirits of men. This principle, that has wrought so much woe in this world, that has showed itself so often, and in so many and startling manifestations,—this principle, against which the Church of England successfully protested at the time of the Reformation, is now returned, and is showing itself in varied forms, all preparatory and preclusive to some fuller development. This is the essence of the danger we are now contemplating, and this it is that alone will account for the baffling phenomena to which I have already alluded. Many a man into whose soul this subtle form of temptation has silently entered will undertake any amount of personal labour, will manifest almost any and every form of self-denial, if only at length power over souls may be secured and recognised. What matter a hard life, days of toil and nights of watching, if acknowledged power over the souls of others can at last be grasped, and the pale and worn minister can be verily regarded as the very closer and opener of the doors of heaven—the medium between the soul and its saviour, the bringer down of his very Lord upon the table before which he is standing, and the holder of the soul secrets of the majority of those grouped around him? As Sir

William Harcourt says, the Ritualist clergy tells a man that he has his God in his hand and his wife at his feet. Before such dread spiritual temptations, and such unperceived but really motive springs of action, all mere outward details seem to fade away into insignificance." The Bishop holds that this is the active principle of the movement that is now going on around us—the secret influence that is animating the counter-Reformation movement—the frightful but subtle form of temptation that is now trying the souls of hundreds of men of self-denying labours and ascetic lives. Imagine only for one moment the peril if such a temptation should succeed in obtaining a place in the souls of our younger men, and if that temptation should be fostered by the earnestness—I will not say superstition—of the more enthusiastic of those to whom he may minister. The youth converted into the father confessor, the neophyte of yesterday the holder of mighty and mystic prerogatives on the morrow, the young man who can, perhaps, hardly read the Book of Life in both the languages in which it was originally written, suddenly something more than its authoritative expounder, and all this, remember, in a Church where there are none of those restraints, that discipline, and rigorously enforced subordination which long and watchful experience has introduced and maintained in the Church of Rome. All this is temptation indeed, temptation of the most fearful, because of the most self-flattering nature; and for the prevalence of this temptation, and of all the spiritual evils which it is introducing, the present movement against the Reformation must be held to a very great degree responsible.

There are some episcopal recollections belonging to

Gloucester, which we may claim as illustrative of our general subject, and may here appropriately find place.

Emerging from the minster gate we see the spot, marked by monumental stone, where Bishop Hooper suffered. The dark archway, begrimed with the lapse of centuries, intensified its darkness with the smoke ascending from the martyr's pyre. From the latticed windows, we were truly told in childhood, the monks looked down and contemplated those most cruel and prolonged sufferings endured by the martyr on that sad wintry day. It is very remarkable how, years before, Hooper's friend guessed his high promotion, and he himself had a presentiment of his future end. When King Edward the Sixth came to the throne, Hooper, with other English exiles, returned home. Bullinger and other friends warmly congratulated him on these altered and happier circumstances. "Notwithstanding," said Bullinger, "with this our rejoicing one fear and care we have, lest your being absent and so far distant from us, or else coming to such abundance of wealth and felicity in your new well-doing, and plenty of all things, and in your flourishing honours, when ye shall come, peradventure, to be a bishop, and when you shall find so many new friends, you will forget us your old acquaintances and well-wishers. Nevertheless, we will not forget our old friend and fellow, Master Hooper."

Taking Bullinger by the hand, Hooker answered, "When I shall take most pains, then shall you hear of me to be burned to ashes; and that shall be the last news which I shall not be able to write unto you, but you shall hear it of me." Old Foxe mentions that



the heralds, when he was made bishop, assigned him as his arms a lamb in a fiery bush, and the sunbeams from heaven descending down upon the lamb, "rightly denoting, as it seemed, the ordeal of his suffering, which afterwards followed."

A Latin letter of Hooper's to Bullinger which has been preserved, but never, we believe, translated, gives some account of his early life. He said he was a courtier, and lived a courtier's life until the writings of Zwingle fell into his hands. When he returned from Zurich to England, we are told that he used to preach daily in London. He was "constant of judgment, a good justicer, spare of diet, sparer of words, and sparest of time. In housekeeping very liberal, and sometimes more free than his living would extend unto." He was appointed Bishop of Gloucester, but for a time was exceedingly unwilling to wear the Episcopal vestments; the difficulty was ultimately overcome. For two years he continued Bishop of Gloucester, until the premature death of King Edward. The following pleasing example is given of his conduct during his Episcopate. "Twice I was, as I remember, in his house in Worcester; where, in his common hall, I saw a table spread with good store of meate, and but full of beggars and poore folke; and I, asking his servants what this meant, they told me that every day their lord and maister's manner was, to have customably to dinner a certaine number of poore folke of the said citie by course, who were served by foure at a messe with whole and wholesome meats; and when they were served (being afore examined by him or his deputies of the Lord's praier, the articles of their faith, and

the ten commandments), then hee himsef sate down to dinner, and not before."

Other good bishops there are whose names are connected with this See. Such a one was Thomas Ravis, who was a translator of part of the New Testament in the authorized version. Another was Miles Smith, who was also a translator of the Bible, and who translated the whole of the Prophets. He also wrote the preface, "as a comely gate to a glorious city," says old Fuller, "which remains under his own hand in the University Library in Oxford." It is probable that the present Bishop of Gloucester will write the preface to the New Version, as a former bishop did to the old. It is to be regretted that Smith's noble preface is so little known to the general reader. There was also a certain Bishop Parry, of whom King James said that "he never heard a better or more eloquent preacher." He was succeeded by one Dr. Thompson, who died so soon after his appointment that he never even saw his diocese. The Bishop of Gloucester most highly celebrated for his vast erudition and his vigorous understanding, was Dr. Warburton, the friend of the poet Pope, and the author of the "Divine Legation of Moses." To these at least should be added Martin Benson, the early friend and pupil of George Whitefield, the correspondent of the great Pitt.

The Bishop of Lincoln, Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, is one who has inherited an illustrious name, and has rendered it still more illustrious by an eminently useful and distinguished career. His great kinsman, William Wordsworth, the poet, is not better known

in the literature of poetry than his nephew, the Bishop, in the literature of theology. For the Bishop is one of the most voluminous, as well as one of our most successful writers. He has written in various departments of literature; but his life's work has lain in theology, and in theology chiefly in commentaries on Holy Writ. The industry that he has exhibited is prodigious. The perusal, or even the examination of his different publications, is a labour of difficulty, and the mere list of his writings fills various pages of the Catalogue of the Library of the British Museum. Such enormous labours rather recall the works of the great scholars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, or of their monkish predecessors before them, than the more moderated studies of our own day. When Dr. Wordsworth, at a somewhat advanced period of life, was made Bishop of Lincoln, it might naturally have been feared that one so intensely devoted to study would hardly be able to meet the incessant demands that are made upon a bishop's time and practical energies. Those demands are indeed immense, and Dr. Wordsworth has called in the help of a coadjutor bishop. But he has risen fully to the occasion, and has shown all the activity and energy of the youngest bishop on the bench. This will not surprise those who are familiar with the wide circle of his writings, and who know that he is something much more than a student—that he is a poet, scholar, traveller, and a keen observer of contemporary history. Still less would it surprise those who watched his work in Westminster, and knew how anxiously and devotedly he threw himself into the highest interests of that vast seething population that surrounds the ancient abbey.

The family of the Wordsworths is of considerable antiquity. They appear to have been settled at Penistone, near Doncaster, in the reign of Edward III. "No name appears more frequently than that of Wordsworth in deeds relating to that parish." In the reign of Henry VIII. one of the family carved an inscription recording several generations of the family, which is preserved at Rydal Mount. In the earlier part of the last century a branch of the family removed to Sackbridge, in Westmoreland. In the middle of the last century there was one John Wordsworth residing at Sackmont. He was an attorney of large practice, and was law-agent to the Earl of Lonsdale. He was once benighted on Coldfell, having lost his way, and so caught a cold, which caused his death. He died in the prime of life, and on the high way to opulence, leaving a widow and five children. The widow was descended from an old family, which numbered among its members Richard Crackanthorpe, one of the most learned Divines of the learned age of James I. She also died from a cold caught in sleeping in the little-used "best bedroom" of a friend's house. The identical danger belonged to sleeping in a comfortable home, and on the wild crags of Cumberland. Of the five children, two afterwards came to great eminence. When he died, his property chiefly consisted of a large claim which he had upon the wealthy Earl of Lonsdale. This nobleman was a man of very remarkable and eccentric character, whose name is still recollected in the North. Most extraordinary traits of character are related of him by Mr. De Quincey, in his "Life of William Wordsworth." He thought fit to resist and repudiate the just claims

of the Wordsworth family. In course of time he died, and his successor, who was made aware of all the circumstances, very honourably gave directions that a full restitution should be made. It would seem, however, that even this delay of justice was providentially overruled for good. "By the time this repayment was made," says Mr. De Quincey, "three of the five children were already settled in life, with the very amplest prospects opening before them; and very probably the withholding of their inheritance it was, however unjust, and however little contemplated as an occasion of any such effect, that urged these three persons to the exertions necessary for their success." To two of the family, William Wordsworth, the illustrious poet, and his sister Dorothy, the restitution was of the highest importance. One of the prosperous brothers was Christopher Wordsworth, who became Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. He is well known in literature as the editor of a four-volume series of "Ecclesiastical Biography," which he enriched with many notes. He was also the author of a well-known work, "Who wrote Eikon Basilike?" which, ordinarily attributed to Dr. Gauden, the Master of Trinity ascribed to Charles I. himself.

Of Christopher Wordsworth, the Master of Trinity, the third son was Christopher Wordsworth, the present Bishop of Lincoln, born in 1807. He resembled the literary and ecclesiastical character of his father and the maternal ancestor whom we have mentioned, and he became a fellow of the great foundation over which his father once presided. He was educated at Winchester and at Trinity College. At Cambridge he simply swept the University of its prizes. His re-

markable undergraduate distinctions culminated when he became the first on the classical tripos in 1830. The same year he was made Fellow, and three years later he took orders. He was public orator at Cambridge, the same office which George Herbert once held before him. In 1836 he became Head Master of Harrow School, which office he resigned in 1844, when he was succeeded by Dr. Vaughan, who has subsequently resigned, and is the present Master of the Temple. In that year he became Canon of Westminster, and so continued for fifteen years. For most of that time he was Vicar of Stanford-in-the-Vale, and subsequently rural dean. In 1869 he was appointed, under the Government of Mr. Disraeli, to the See of Lincoln. He had previously declined the See of Gibraltar. The Church Congress of 1871 was held under his presidency at Lincoln. The post of president at these assemblages is certainly one of considerable difficulty, and the Bishop's tact and fatherly care greatly conduced to the success of the undertaking. His opening address and other words were heard with the deepest interest; in this, as in the administration of his diocese, he has shown that scholars and thinkers, when they leave their libraries, are by no means unfitted for the great duties of active life.

We must now speak of the various writings of Bishop Wordsworth in those different fields of literature in which he has laboured so diligently. It was in the field of pure scholarship and literature that Bishop Wordsworth's earliest laurels were won. The most successful Greek scholar of his day produced a work on "Greece, Historical, Pictorial, and Descriptive," which, magnificently illustrated, has passed

through various editions, and is a truly delightful companion in any study of Greek subjects. An edition of Theocritus, from a revision of the ancient MSS., ought also to be mentioned in this connection. He has been the writer of two biographical works, of which the latter at least is of very great interest. The first biography is that of the great scholar Bentley, who was a predecessor of his father's in the important office of Master of Trinity College. The second was a biography, in two volumes, of his illustrious uncle, William Wordsworth. The great poet was in truth his own biographer; his life may be read in his writings, especially in his poem of the "Prelude." His gifted nephew was certainly the fittest person to write his life, if any writer should attempt it, but much of the interest of the work consists in Wordsworth's own narratives contained in it. Any student of the uncle's who is also well acquainted with the writings of the nephew will not fail to detect, especially in the "Ecclesiastical Sonnets," many points of sympathy and affinity between the two.

We now speak of Dr. Wordsworth as a traveller; and some of his works of travel have a religious reference in their bearing on the great Roman Catholic controversy. It will not be wondered at that the senior classic at Cambridge travelled in order to make a sojourn in Greece, and the result was a journal of a "Residence in Athens and Attica." His farther travels in Italy bore fruit in a learned monograph on the inedited ancient writings, or *graffiti*, on the walls of Pompeii, which were copied and published with fac-similes. In 1845, shortly after he had left Harrow for Westminster, he published his "Diary in

France," mainly on topics concerning Education and the Church. Ever since this Dr. Wordsworth has shown himself an acute observer of religious life on the Continent, which he has indicated in new works and new editions. He soon detected the evils of French education. "I have made inquiries in various quarters concerning the moral character of those Parisian schools, and I regret to say that in no case has the report been favourable." The condition of French education would naturally be a subject of keen attention to the recent Head Master of Harrow. He elsewhere says, "It is not the object of this journal to refer by any direct application or parallel to the warnings which this state of things reads to us in England; but they are too striking and too numerous not to excite the most profound sentiments of gratitude and apprehension. One of the greatest blessings which it seems to have pleased Divine Providence to confer upon England is, that it has placed before her for her warning the example of France." With this work should be compared a later work, "Notes on Paris." Again, in another work, the "Tour in Italy, with Reflections on the Condition and Prospects of Religion in that Country," he recurs once more to the state of Paris and of France. It is in this first work that we find his first mention of M. Gondon, to whom he afterwards addressed a volume of letters, "On the Character of the Church of Rome." He says how he walked with M. Gondon to St. Sulpice, and "on the way thither he gave me an account of the constitution of the French University, and its relations to the government, the church, and the country." It is characteristic of Dr. Wordsworth



that he seeks to attain a full understanding of the ecclesiastical and educational institutions of a country, and desires to do full justice to the point of view from which it is regarded by the best people in the country. This deepens the importance of the fact that, after a very full acquaintance of the working of the Roman Catholic system, he has become both its most enlightened and most determined opponent.

But as an English scholar, with whom we will venture to say that the cause of Anglican scholarship is especially identified, when abroad he naturally sought out the great libraries and great scholars of France and Italy. For example:—"Tuesday, ten o'clock a.m., at the Bibliothèque Impériale, Rue de Richelieu. This magnificent library has had three different names in the last ten years. It was Bibliothèque du Roi, then Bibliothèque Nationale, and now it is Bibliothèque Impériale. How long will it remain so? Asked for M. Hase, chef of the MS. department. He has not yet come; but 'Il va venir' was the reply. However, I found no difficulty in obtaining the manuscript of which I was in quest, namely, the MS. of the 'Philosophumena, or Treatise on Heresy,' brought about ten years ago from Mount Athos, and which has excited so much interest in the last three years in the literary and religious world. It has been recently bound anew, and I observed that it is not called a work of Origen on the back, but is lettered simply, 'Histoire des Hérésies.' Set to work to collate certain portions, namely, the narrative concerning the Church of Rome in the Ninth Book, and the Author's Address to the Heathen in the Tenth Book. The MS. is indicated in the catalogue as No. 464 of the Supplement.

It is on paper, and full of complicated contractions, especially in the latter books."

This extract points to another learned work of the Bishop's, "St. Hippolytus and the Church of Rome in the beginning of the Third Century, from the newly-discovered *Philosophumena*." We simply transcribe the title, and do not enter into the history of the very interesting and instructive chapter of literature concerned with the discovery of the treatise of St. Hippolytus, in which Baron Bunsen and so many other scholars took a distinguished part.

Another point of view under which we should have to examine the works of Dr. Wordsworth would be that of the controversialist. He has had a great deal to do with polemics. This is not the most pleasing or attractive part of religious literature; but it often becomes a duty "to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints." Dr. Wordsworth's chief controversies have been on the Roman question. He has published a "Sequel" to those letters to M. Gondon to which we have referred, and also a pamphlet and various sermons on the subject. We have reason to believe that Dr. Wordsworth's writings on the Roman Catholic controversy have been singularly useful, and that much good has been done by his words, where others might have spoken in vain. On various other subjects Dr. Wordsworth has wielded the pen of the controversialist. But, at the same time, controversy has only formed a subsidiary part of his literary work. There is another and very opposite point of view under which we will next briefly look at him—as that of a sacred poet. One who loves sacred song has the true

antidote for any bitterness that may lurk in the waters of controversy.

It was at the Abbey that Dr. Wordsworth was best known in London during the fifteen years of his canonry. We used often to hear him. There was to us something striking and venerable in his appearance and in his voice. Everything that we heard respecting him was in harmony with our preconceptions of him as a writer. We know how he and his worked among the poor of Westminster, and we have been told that his doors were generally besieged by the lame, blind, and infirm, especially on certain days when alms were given plentifully at his gate. He never omitted attending the early morning prayers when able, and this in addition to the two other attendances in the day, during all the time that he was resident. He was one of the best-known figures about the ancient Abbey, and might be noticed even at midnight meditating in the Abbey or its cloisters, or in solitary musing beneath the elms in the cloister garden. One interesting incident may perhaps be mentioned. His house was broken into one night, and about a hundred pounds worth of plate taken away. His first step next morning was to send a cheque for £50 to the minister of a parish adjoining, notorious for the bad character of its inhabitants, with the remark that he was sure, from sad experience, that the parish would be the better for more spiritual oversight, and that this sum was towards the stipend of an additional curate. His sermons rather varied in character. Frequently they were too lengthy and too learned for a popular auditory; at other times they had an effect,

from their deep earnestness, equal to that of the best oratory.

A manual of Dr. Wordsworth's, entitled "Theophilus Anglicanus," has passed, we perceive, through nine editions. But it is as a commentator on Holy Writ that Dr. Wordsworth, in a literary and theological point of view, has chiefly made himself known. He has written and published a great deal on the inspiration and interpretation of Scripture. In due course he proceeded to the work of annotating the Bible. It is probable that when he commenced his work he hardly contemplated the immense, we might say the gigantic, work which he has been spared to execute. His first instalment was a quarto containing the four gospels. Mr., afterwards Dean, Alford's Greek Testament was then used in universities and in ministers' libraries far beyond any other; and to a great extent it retains its place, as it well deserves. But we can very well understand that many would feel that there were further wants which the popular Greek Testament failed to satisfy. It was felt, for instance, that the commentary was rather critical than devotional; and that while very much was drawn from German critics, the stores of patristic literature and of the religious literature of our own country were unduly neglected. Wordsworth's Greek Testament, despite the fact that a portion of the preface was written in Latin, made its way. To many persons it is a vade mecum. A clergyman told the writer that he found no commentary equally good in helping the composition of sermons, and probably this remark sums up a good deal of clerical experience. The New

Testament was finished ; later, the Old Testament was taken in hand, and was recently completed.

At the present time Dr. Wordsworth's many volumes constitute the only complete critical, and yet popular commentary on the entire body of the Old and New Scriptures. Such a distinction is unique, and will be remembered when the recollection of ecclesiastical honours shall have passed away.

It is fortunate that the Bishop of Lincoln is not a man likely to care for obloquy, for he certainly obtains a full share of it. In the dull season of the year his refusing the title of Reverend to a Wesleyan minister presented an occasion of invective and vituperation to the forcible feebleness of the press. The Wesleyans, from their point of view, have a perfect right to call their ministers reverend, and men more truly reverend it would be often impossible to find. The Anglican, if he adopt the unnecessary reasoning that "Rev." implies the same orders as his own, would conscientiously refuse the title. But the word Rev. does not necessarily imply this. Many of the clergy do not care about their modern, almost recent appellation ; some have a conscientious objection to it. Its chief use is that it affords a convenient way of describing a man's vocation. We cannot but think that there was a want of tact, much as we admire the sturdy adherence to conscience which he exhibited. We think his reasoning on the term inaccurate, but on his own showing it a case of *summum jus summa injuria*. It was not worth while, on account of a harmless phrase, to inflict a wound on private feeling, and offend a great body of Dissenters who own a cousinhood to the Church of England. The Bishop is certainly not in-

different to the claims of the Wesleyans on the sympathy and brotherhood of the Church of England. His Pastoral to the Wesleyans occasioned much criticism among the body, but we are told that it has had the effect of bringing many into the Church. But might not the Bishop go further in endeavouring to construct some Eirenicon, or some other terms than those of submission and confession of fault. Dr. Wordsworth uses more comprehensive and Catholic language than we ordinarily hear. There are many High Churchmen whose idea of the reunion of Christendom counts on the reconciliation of Anglican, Greek, and Latin Churches. There are many Low Churchmen of the type of the Evangelical alliance who would willingly have union between the English and American Episcopal Churches, and all the varied forms of Dissent, except indeed Socinianism. Dr. Wordsworth has made distinct advances, such as they are, both in the direction of the Cologne and Bonn Conference, and in the direction of the Wesleyan Conference. *Beati pacifici.*

Bishop Wordsworth was largely instrumental in bringing together the Pan-Anglican conference of Bishops. He gave them that welcome to Westminster Abbey which the Dean of Westminster did not give. The idea of a Pan-Anglican Synod had originated with the Church in Canada, and the synod of the province of Canterbury thankfully accepted the suggestion. Dr. Wordsworth expressed his joy to the concourse of bishops as proving the catholicity of the Anglican Church. "We behold a gathering together of chief pastors of the Church; some of them subjects of our ancient monarchy and recognized by the State,

and invested with temporal franchises, as in England and Ireland; others without any such secular recognition as in Scotland and our Colonial dependencies; others from the Northern States of the great American Republic, others from her Southern States, recently engaged in civil conflict, but now happily united; and all divesting themselves of the local and temporal accidents of national differences, and thus presenting to our eyes a vision of that blessed time when all earthly varieties of political constitutions will have vanished, and floated away like dreams of night, and all nations shall be united for ever in one brotherhood in their Father's house in heaven." Dr. Wordsworth also added wise, brave words of warning. "If we so cling to the temporal accidents of our Establishment as to sacrifice to them the spiritual essence of our Church, then it is obvious that these temporal accidents will soon be regarded with antipathy by many, and will speedily be swept away, and we shall be trodden under foot as salt that has lost its savour."

A sort of domestic event in current theology was the marriage of Father Hyacinthe or M. Loyson, as he now terms himself. There has been no marriage that made a greater stir since Luther married Catherine Bora. This seems to have been his peculiar method of crossing the Rubicon and burning his boats. It was a kind of step that almost seemed to bar the way towards his working out any reforming movement, such as the Anglo-Continental Society would endorse. Even Anglicans were dismayed at his releasing himself from a voluntary vow, in which he had pledged himself to serve God in the unmarried state. It has been said that he who preaches vow-breaking ought at

least not to practice what he preaches, but M. Loyson would strongly resist this thesis. Father Hyacinthe addressed a letter to the President of the Cologne Congress, inquiring whether the Congress would be willing to receive a married priest as one of the members. He asked the intervention of Bishop Wordsworth in his favour, and the Bishop, though busied in journeys, addressed a letter of earnest persuasion and beautiful Latinity to the President. The Bishop of course wrote from the standpoint of an English churchman. He wanted to know whether the bishops and clergy of the English Church, being married or marriageable men, could be recognized as Old Catholics. In a brief compass he goes into the whole ecclesiastical argument as drawn from Scriptures and the Fathers. In his conclusion he thus eloquently sums up his argument.

“*Macte igitur estote, Viri præstantissimi, et primitivam Sacerdotis Christiani libertatem vindicate. Sic Deus vobis favebit, Qui Matrimonium in Paradiso instituit, et Adamo Evam adduxit, et nuptiis ejus benedixit. Vobis favebit Christus, Immaculatus Ecclesiæ sponsus, Qui primum suum miraculum ad conjugium honestandum edidit. Vobis afflatu suo favebit Spiritus Sanctus Paracletus, Qui divinæ columbæ similitudine sese manifestans se esse casti amoris præconem atque ministrum universo orbi declaravit.*”

In another direction we have intimated, Dr. Wordsworth, mainly in conjunction with Dr. Harold Browne, has made a remarkable effort towards Catholicity. What has been very remarkable on the part of the English prelate has been the attempt to promote comprehension with the Greek or Russian Churches. This is a subject on which a few words may properly be said.



The visit of Lycurgus, Archbishop of Syra, to this country was a remarkable event in the development of the Anglican Church. Many hopes were raised in the minds of the most Catholic-hearted of our prelates, which we are afraid have been doomed to disappointment. Dr. Pusey declared that his interview with Archbishop Lycurgus destroyed the hopes of five-and-thirty years. Three formal conferences appear to have been held with the Archbishop when he was in England; respectively at Oxford, Riseholme, and Lincoln. At Oxford, two very eminent Canons of Christ Church, Dr. Pusey and Dr. Bright, and two others, Professor Stubbs, our great ecclesiastical historian, and Professor Liddon, the Magnus Ille of oratorical theologians. There is no direct report of what happened at Riseholme, beyond what may be gathered from a well-known sermon of Bishop Wordsworth's. Bishop Harold Browne has been greatly criticised for the somewhat unguarded concessions which he made in order to obtain an acknowledgment of the orthodoxy of the English Church.

It has been said that our prelates assumed an attitude of supplication to one who rigorously stood upon his sole orthodoxy. This would be indeed regrettable, for with all her faults the Church of England need not shrink from any comparison with the Greek Church. There is indeed an intense vitality, a vitality even evidenced by her struggles and discussions. The Greek Church is also stained with errors which do not remove her far from the corruptions of Rome. The Anglican Church has been providentially enabled to clear away the accretions of the Dark Ages which have clung to the Greek and Latin Churches, like

co-ordinate authority of tradition with scripture, salvation by human works, saint and relique worship, mariolatry, transubstantiation. We imagine that our English leaders might have taken a bold stand, and have insisted on the conditions of an Eirenicon; for this step should be taken in the direction of doctrinal purity. The discussion, however, appears to have been limited to the famous *filioque* clause in the Nicene creed. It is admitted on all hands that this clause formed no part of the original creed of the Nicea and ought not to have been added without the authority of an Œcumenical Council. The Council of Constantinople first adopted it, and the Church of Spain first formally appended it. The subject is an exceedingly difficult and mysterious one, and our English theologians did not shrink from encountering the difficulty and mystery. The controversy hinged on the exact meaning of the word "proceed," and Bishop Wordsworth's theory was that there has simply been a verbal misunderstanding between the East and West. Dr. Pusey, herein following our own Pearson, vindicated the *filioque*, and held that the phrase was so largely supported by the language of Scripture and antiquity, that its use "ought not to be a ground for refusing to admit us into communion." Archbishop Lycurgus reported to the Hellenic synod, in words hard of comprehension to the general reader, but which, on analysis, would be found full of import that the English Church, "accept indeed the monarchia in the Trinity, and that the Holy Ghost proceeds eternally from the Father alone; but say that He proceeds also from the Son, meaning in the progress of time, at His mission." In all this we discern some dawning lights of a better day.

Bishop Harvey Goodwin has given various autobiographic details of himself. He tells us how he was ordained deacon in that vast cathedral over which he presided for ten years. He speaks of the general effect of that wonderful church upon the mind of a young man looking forward to the great event of his ordination: "I compare it with my ordination as priest, when the service was hurried through in St. George's, Hanover Square. The ordination took place at an early hour in the morning, so that the church might be clear for the marriages which were to follow. Any ceremony accompanied by less solemnity and impressiveness it is difficult to conceive." The Bishop says of Ely Cathedral, "that, having watched this beautiful church for more than ten years, having worshipped in it by day and 'visited it by the pale moonlight,' having worked for it and begged for it, having almost lived in it, and watched with tender anxiety every crack in its ancient walls, I must confess to a love for it, which it is difficult to describe or measure."

Bishop Goodwin holds that the daily office of a cathedral is the Dean's prime occupation. It takes up a great deal of time; the coming and going take up time; people who are lying in wait for the coming and going take up time, and the services themselves occupy two hours of the prime of the day. But a cathedral dignitary ought not to complain that his time is "cut up" in this way. He ought clearly to recognise that herein lies his appointed path of duty and usefulness. Bishop Goodwin holds that when at home a Dean ought not to be absent from a single service unless compelled by infirmity. The Dean, according to him,

has to watch the material fabric, to care for its safety, preservation, and improvement. "Like the famous vine in the Temple of Jerusalem, to which one man gave a leaf, and another a bunch of grapes, there seems no reason why offerings to a cathedral should not be almost indefinitely continued." Then the Dean has carefully to watch over the music and morals of his singing men and choristers, and to make his cathedral a school of sacred music. Bishop Goodwin shows the difficulty of getting cathedral people to work in unison to some practical aim. He made the effort to bring the cathedrals into co-operation for the purpose of encouraging the production of church music. He wrote to every dean and chapter in the kingdom, but only received answers from three or four. Similarly he was anxious to form a theological college on a large scale at Cambridge, and the scheme looked fair enough, but he did not find it practicable. Bishop Goodwin is never at a loss in striking out schemes, which may indeed appear ideal, but which are fairly within the powers and the duty of the Church. For his own part, he is prepared to give practical and energetic action to his views. But an unhappy experience shows that such schemes receive only scanty support, and this scanty support becomes slack and inefficient. We one day met a cathedral dignitary in a high state of disgust in being called away from his work to a service, and when reminded of Dean Goodwin's theory, denounced it as an utter mistake.

Bishop Goodwin published a little book entitled "A Guide to the Parish Church," which is deserving a general circulation. It is in its way a very complete

Guide Book, or Handbook, of the Church. It is just the sort of book which would help those who are not familiar with our complicated Church system. But in many directions Dr. Goodwin's energetic and fruitful mind has sent forth its powers. There was a time when his mathematical works were text books in the University of Cambridge. He seems to have relinquished the editorship of new editions to younger men, but they are constantly studied. He has also published volume after volume of sermons, always striking, eloquent, and suggestive. Fewer sermons have had a larger circulation among men to whom such books give positive nutriment, and a substantial addition to their stock of ideas. As a writer in mathematics, and as a writer in theology, Bishop Goodwin's works have been constantly in daily practical use.

As the minister of the little church of St. Edward's, Cambridge, Mr. Goodwin had what may be called a large personal following. He was very popular in the society of the University town. The announcement of his name at St. Mary's always ensured an audience. His appearance there is thus described by an American writer: "I once heard an extraordinary sermon preached to an extraordinary congregation by an extraordinary man from an extraordinary text. It was in the grand old St. Margaret's, Cambridge, a building wearing in its solemn face the wrinkles of half a dozen centuries. Such another congregation I never saw in church on a Sunday. Such a company of presiding elders seldom, if ever, sat in the front rank of a worshipping assembly. There were the gravest signors of human science, of philosophy, theology, geology, and all the other 'ologies, 'onomies, and

'osophies known to these latter days of varied and vast erudition. There were Whewell and Sedgwick, Adams the astronomer, and men as distinguished in other departments of learning; an over-awing, critical, and unsympathetic presence to any preacher. Ascending from the front to the highest seat of the surrounding galleries was a mountain of young men in black gowns, numbering nearly a thousand, undergraduates of the University. An audience of nearly the same number, from the best families of the city, filled the pews on the paved floor of the church. Then, in addition to such a cloud of witnesses to an intellectual effort, there were in as vivid presence living questions which were stirring up sharp divisions and antagonisms in the English Church and the whole theological world.

“The man who ascended to the pulpit to speak to such an audience, at such a time, was one whom the people generally called Harvey Goodwin, dropping the “Rev.,” just as everybody does with us in speaking of Henry Ward Beecher, and for the same reason. He evidently felt what it was to preach to such an assembly. For one, I looked up at him with much concern, as he stood before those rows of hard-faced dons and dignitaries, some of whom looked as if they had lived in no milder region than ‘Siluria,’ and communed with no softer fellowship than its stratified rocks. I noticed that his voice was a little tremulous at first, as if he were fully conscious of the hazard of grappling with such a proud array of giant and captious intellects. His first words sounded the challenge to a kind of startled attention to all parts of the church. The ranks of undergraduates in the galleries were evidently surprised at them, and leaned forward

with their eyes fixed on the preacher. The austere dignitaries seemed to relax their solemn faces into an expression of wonderment. Evidently the text had impressed them somewhat, as Paul's doctrine of the resurrection of the body touched the Athenian philosophers on Mars' Hill. 'Now there was much grass in the place.' Certainly the most captious of critics could not help wondering what a preacher could make out of such a text. And the wonder at what Harvey Goodwin did make out of it grew to the end and after the sermon."

The Bishop has sent out an annual Pastoral letter. He postponed his primary visitation until he might make himself acquainted with every part of his diocese, and every member of his clergy. He reports the whole organization of the diocese to be in excellent condition. One or two interesting touches may be noted: "I do not deny that in some few cases my heart has been saddened and depressed by my experience as a Bishop of Christ's Church; but taking a broad view, my life has been made joyous"—Bishop Goodwin is essentially a joyous kind of man—"by the exceeding courtesies I have met with, and by the peace which has prevailed among us." "As I pass through the country, and observe how very much the population is scattered, either in small clumps of houses, or in separate farms or cottages, and when I remember the great area of most of our parishes, I feel drawn to the conclusion that it is only by an active visitation from house to house that the clergyman's influence can be made to be fully felt." The Bishop has obtained much obloquy from a party in his diocese. The merits of these complaints we do not discuss, but every large-

mindful prelate feels that he must more and more break away from mere parties, and the party that feels itself aggrieved is often disposed even unreasonably to show resentment.

In the discussions and troubles of our own day the Bishop of Bath and Wells is one who has prominently come to the front. He, like his pluralist brother of Gloucester and Bristol, represents the class of intellectual, wide-minded Churchmen, has many points of affinity with High Church and Low Church, but has been driven by ritualistic action to entrench himself firmly within the lines of the Reformation. The Bishop, like Lord Auckland, his predecessor in the See, is a nobleman by birth, and showed himself a learned divine, having especially mastered the difficult subject of the Genealogies, so far, at least, as such a subject is susceptible of being mastered. He some time ago committed heresy in the eyes of many by questioning the infallibility of Mr. Keble. However great may be the popularity of the "Christian Year," a popularity strangely withheld from Mr. Keble's other works, there was still in his ponderous prose-writing whole lines of thought and feelings from which most of his warmest admirers would utterly dissent. This brought the Bishop into conflict with the keen controversial genius of Dr. Liddon. The Bishop, though honest as the day, was no match for the keen dialectical ability of Dr. Liddon, who complacently tells him that "the life and death of Mr. Keble is at this moment a power which knits to her communion the hearts and sympathies of thousands who would be only slightly, if at all, offended by the formal utterances of the Episcopal Bench." The Bishop of Bath and Wells



is one who does honour to the office that does honour to him. He has shown himself quite capable of holding his own against the contrariant spirits that have troubled the peace of his diocese. We have seldom, if ever, seen a better chairman for a Church Congress than Lord Arthur Hervey at Bath, and in many respects the Church Congress at Bath ranks considerably above many others of the series.

The Bishop, besides his well known book, is a contributor to Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," and there is a genuine literary stamp in everything that he writes. He has instituted an annual Diocesan Conference, and although the attendance of late has by no means been equal to that of earlier sittings—according to the custom of such things—yet the effect must be very good in promoting a true ventilation of ecclesiastical subjects, and in conciliating the sympathy and action of the laity of the diocese.

In his last address, the Bishop has some vigorous words on Fanaticism and Unionism, and indicates their existence in our own ecclesiastical times. The fanaticism which we were hoping had become a thing of the past, but which has only screened its bias, the Trade Unionism which is the bugbear of the present, the rock ahead of our commercial prosperity, through that subtle modern spirit which carries the electricity of great movements to every part of the imperial system, are not least evidenced in the borders of Church itself among those "who walk disorderly."

There is one other name, that of the Bishop of Winchester, which ought to be included in any enumeration of literary bishops. But it is impossible to avoid a cross division, and we speak of Dr. Moberley in our next chapter, under another order of classification.

## CHAPTER II.

RITUALISM, HIGH CHURCH BISHOPS, THE MISSIONARY BISHOP.

IN adding a few words on Ritualism, and associating in order with it some remarks on High Church Bishops, we are very far from assuming or supposing that there is any actual connection between our High Church prelates and Ritualism. Our Ritualistic friends frequently speak of the Low Church as the opposite pole to Ritualism, implying the idea that their antagonism extends to the Low Church only, and not to their brethren of the now old-fashioned "High" type. There is nothing clearer, however, in the history of the subject than that the whole English Episcopacy has been steadily opposed to Ritualism. This is the assertion made by the Archbishop of Canterbury: "It is said that not all the bishops are in favour of the principles of the Reformation. I cannot answer in all respects for my brethren, but I will undertake to say that everyone of them would altogether repudiate any statement that they were not in favour of the principles of the Reformation. Of course they may take different views, but there is not one who is in favour of what is called Ritualism." So early as 1851 the Arch-

bishops and Bishops carried an address to the clergy, distinctly repudiating the cardinal doctrine of the party on which the whole of their elaborate system is based, namely that every form or usage which existed in the Church before the Reformation may be freely introduced and observed, unless there can be alleged against it the distinct letter of some formal prohibition. Accordingly the leaders of the new movement complain that from the moment of its origination to the present hour it has been systematically, actively, ceaselessly opposed by the English bishops. An amusing collection—amusing if not pitiable—of scurrilous passages might be brought together, in which the bishops, collectively and individually, have been reviled by those who hold the highest possible doctrine on the divine right of Episcopacy. “The bishops have condemned themselves and forfeited all right to unlimited obedience.” “The Episcopal boot is accustomed to descend on every spark of vitality in the stubble of the Establishment.” “It may be questioned whether, when a bill is introduced for the altering of the vestments of the priesthood, the Episcopal mitre should not be abolished also, as antiquated, to make way for the more appropriate symbol of the white feather.” “We have three more episcopal utterances on confession. All of them show a serious incapacity to grapple with the subject . . . Some benevolent person should really start a night-school for bishops.”\*

Whatever may be the sympathies of some of our bishops with the highest of high views, however much

\* Such passages might be multiplied from the serial volumes of the “Church and the World,” and the “Church Times.”

they may recognize elements of usefulness and beauty in the system they oppose, however much they may see to admire and love in their personal observation of many earnest men of this type, they would not be loyal to the Church, they would not be loyal to England, if they did not resist a movement which is essentially Romeward. For the more out-spoken of such men, it is unnecessary to specify names. Many profess a sort of allegiance to Rome, "the great Western patriarchate of which we still actually form an integral portion, but from which we are unhappily outwardly and unjustly severed." They never seem tired of telling us that the English Reformation was unmitigated disorder. The only question to the minds of some is whether the Anglican Church did not err sufficiently at the Reformation to justify Rome in cutting her off. "A well-instructed English Churchman would have no scruple in the least in attending mass, in joining religious service, as far as he could. The English Churchman rejects and abhors the Protestant communion, which is offered him, and longs for the Catholic communion, which is refused him.\* Have we not a right to episcopal aid

\* The following extract vividly describes the position of the party. "He was disposed to compassionate every real sorrow, but did not wish to offer an unmeaning and superfluous sympathy, which nobody wanted, and nobody would consent to accept. He thought that when his High Church friends lamented their spiritual trials, while enjoying the varied excitements to which he had referred, they resembled a guest who should complain of hunger amid the profusion of a civic banquet. Their pathetic appeals to sympathy, and their profession of pious and placid resignation under their intolerable woes, should be sung in verse. Translated into the prose of common life they lost their savour, and degenerated into such droll confessions as the following: There was nothing in Christendom they could obey except themselves, but they were meekly resigned to do it. They must sorrowfully dis-

and leadership in our special works, and when have we received anything of the kind. It is hardly too much to say that for forty years, almost for fifty, bishops have been our natural enemies."

In his last charge, Bishop Magee gives a positively amusing account of the rise and progress of a Ritualistic Incumbent. "A youthful priest, who had recently passed an examination for holy orders, in which he might not, perhaps, have displayed any very profound acquaintance with theology or Church history, found himself the fortunate possessor of a living into which he had been inducted on the express condition that he assented to and would use the form prescribed in the Book of Common Prayer, 'and none other except it might be ordered by lawful authority.'

pense with unity, because there was nothing on earth at present with which they could conscientiously unite, but not a murmur should betray the poignant anguish of their souls. The Catholic Church was the object of their tenderest love, but it was their duty to revile it every day, and they could do it without shedding a tear. Their own Church was the heaviest cross, but they would carry it without repining to the grave. If ignorant bishops steeped in Protestantism presumed to censure them, they would respond by calling their foolish accusers successors of the Apostles, though they believed them in their hearts to be heirs of Simon Magnus and sons of perdition. If their fellow clergy were unrepentable heretics, and impiously blasphemed the very truths which they proclaimed to be divine, they would remonstrate only by serving with them at the same altars, and thus generously defile their own souls with the very guilt they shuddered to behold in others. Nothing could or should exhaust their 'resignation.' If all other communities wickedly laughed at their 'orders' and profanely scoffed at their 'priesthood,' this should be to them only a fresh proof of the general corruption of Christendom, and of their own happy exemption from the common delusions of mankind. Finally, they were so sweetly resigned, and so enamoured of tribulation, that rather than submit to the only Church which taught all that they professed to believe, they would cheerfully remain in that which sanctioned all that they professed to abhor."—*Church Defence, Report of Conference.*

No sooner had he been duly inducted than he proceeded to set up in his church the Roman mass in all its minutest details, of which lights, vestments, and incense were but a small part. He duly performed all the genuflexions, crosses, and prostrations prescribed in the last edition of his *Directorium*, or his *Ritual for the Altar*, adding to these from time to time what he described as such beautiful symbolismisms as might either have occurred to his own mind or have been recommended by some correspondent in his Church newspaper as the last correct thing in rites. His parishioners, naturally indignant at this deliberate Romanising of their Church and their services, in which they perhaps not altogether erroneously believed that they had some rights, legal and ecclesiastical, remonstrated with their pastor, who informed them in reply that he was a Priest of the Holy Catholic Church, and that as such it was his privilege to teach and direct them in all things, and that it was their privilege to obey him. They complained to the Bishop, who on writing to the incumbent to inquire into the truth of these complaints, received in reply the information that what had been complained of was quite true, that the writer did not intend, nevertheless, to alter his proceedings in the very least particular, whatever the Bishop might say to the contrary; and that as to his promise reverently to obey his Ordinary, that only meant that he had to obey such directions as the Bishop could enforce in a court of law; and that, at any rate, whatever obedience over and above this he was disposed to pay to a real Catholic-minded and rightly appointed bishop, he could not possibly think of paying to one who was

only the nominee of the Prime Minister, and had neither the learning nor the piety, nor the Catholic sympathies, which alone would justify the obedience of a truly Catholic Priest. If his bishop, in reply, reminded him that he had not asked him to obey his direction only, but to obey the plain, clear law of the Church of England, his answer was either that the Church of England had not expressly forbidden the practice in question, or, if this could not be alleged, he asserted that the practice had been forbidden only in the courts of the Metropolitan, whose judgments he could not possibly acknowledge, inasmuch as he (the Metropolitan) sat there accompanied by a lay accessor, or else by a committee of the Privy Council, whose decisions were of course for him as simply so much waste paper. Or should what he was doing be clearly the violation of some rubric, the purport of which had never been so much as explained, the answer was still forthcoming that, the rubrics being only the voice of a local church, he must decline to obey them until they could be proved to him not to be opposed to the only law that he acknowledged, that of the Church Catholic, of which he was a priest. To quote the words of a recent publication of this school, it was his intention 'to disregard the written law, and to cast himself upon the unwritten traditions of the Catholic Church,'—a condition this which, as he (the priest) had himself to be the one and sole judge of the sufficiency of the catholicity of the practice, did not certainly much restrain his liberty of action, which amounted in plain English to the declaration that he meant to do precisely what he pleased."

We imagine that most of us have observed some such phenomena as the Bishop recounts. We remember one day talking with an ardent young Ritualist on the merits of his system. He was one of the class of young men on whom the strength of Ritualism so greatly depends, who fling into their system all the taste and energy which other men do into literature, politics, or society. We asked him the question "What difference do you suppose there really is between yourself and a Roman Catholic?" He answered with a frank smile: "Well, I suppose there is really very little." There was indeed little, and I suspect less than he imagined. Pressed as to the point of difference, he hesitated a little. His hesitation was not about that dogma of the Dark Ages, Transubstantiation, first formulated by the Council of the Lateran, A.D. 1215, under Innocent III. He had no objection to concur with that; he did not like Mariolatry; he did not like the Papal Supremacy; he did not like the dogma of Infallibility. Otherwise he was quite prepared for an Eirenicon with the Church of Rome, an Eirenicon that might also include the Greek Church, but certainly not Dissent at home, nor any Protestant Churches abroad. We told him that, having swallowed all the rest, there would be no particular difficulty in overcoming the force of these three difficulties. Dr. Newman always used to say that when he had gone the whole length of his own system it would still be found that there was a gulf between that system and the Roman system. So far from there being any gulf at all, it was simply a pleasant walk over. In the case of our friend, there were at least three things to keep him straight, his rectorial



position, his family, and his pretty glebe. The Church of Rome would have no tolerance for his position, his orders, or himself. Considerations akin to these will always prevent there being anything more than sporadic conversions to the Church of Rome. Such men would like to create a new Catholicism within the limits of the Church of England itself, and they are in favour of a separation between Church and State, which would best enable them to do so. But they would be slow to take any step which would effect a separation between temporalities and spiritualities.

Another Ritualistic friend is fond of bewailing in the pulpit that great crime which the Church of England committed some three centuries ago, and in which the land still infamously persists. The clearest distinctive point of the party is their hatred of the Reformation. Of the Ritualists personally we have no unkind word to say. They are eminently pleasant, genial, gentlemanly, cultured, kind-hearted men. So far as popular manners go, they are a most attractive order of men. They are entitled to hold any opinions they choose, but like other people they should be prepared to take the consequences of their opinions. Their practical difficulty is that they hate the Reformation, and yet they are clergy of the Reformed Church. As Bishop Ellicott truly says: "What is, or really has been called the Ritualistic movement, has now passed into a distinctly counter-Reformation movement, and will, whenever sufficiently sustained by numbers, and perfected in organization, reveal its ultimate aims with clearness and distinctness." That object is nothing else than the establishment of a system substantially Roman Catholic within the bor-

ders of the Church of England—to leaven the rest of the Church with its spirit and to assimilate it to its nature. The question is whether they can rightly find the point of leverage to move the world within the Established Church. According to the true principles of Catholicity and toleration, we welcome all as belonging to the Church, “the blessed company of all faithful people,” who are on the side of Christ and wish to lead a Christian life. But a church has its own formalities in creeds and articles, and we could not make a place for Romanists and Dissenters. Then the response to Ritualists is, that however much we love and admire them personally, and however much earnestness and zeal they show, still the Church is the Church of the Reformation, and if they hate and abjure the Reformation wherever else they may be appropriately placed, their place in common honesty is not within the lines of the Reformed Church.

It is no wonder that the people of England took alarm at the extraordinary spread of Ritualism. “I cannot help believing,” once said the Duke of Argyll, “that if it should ever come into the minds of the great majority of the people of this country that the Church of England is no longer to uphold the Reformation and the victories of the Reformation, that her clergy are to revert to the whole body of theology of the Roman Catholic Church, except, perhaps, the mere supremacy of the Pope, the days of that Church as an establishment will be numbered.” The extraordinary proceedings of the last Session of Parliament—when for once in a century all politics became absorbed in a practical theological question—evidenced that the

feelings of the great majority of the nation were on the side of the Reformed Faith. It has been sometimes asserted by the Ritualistic leaders that though numbers might be against them, yet the wealth and intelligence and rank of the nation were on their side. The truth of this assertion was singularly disproved, when Mr. Gladstone showed himself unable to divide the House against the measure. The Premier on that occasion intimated his opinion that the conflict on Ritualism was an integral part of the struggle between Popery and Protestantism, and that a great struggle was impending. Even some good Protestants may have thought Mr. Disraeli an alarmist, but events may show that he is the most far-sighted of statesmen. An eminent foreign statesman once said to an Englishman, "We have got rid of the Jesuits, as far as human power will enable any Government to get rid of such a body of men, but England is swarming with them, and before long you will feel the effects of their presence." The conflict between Prince Bismarck and the Ultramontanes can hardly fail to have some reflex action in this country. Roman Catholicism is doomed, and dying or dead in every European country, but still in England it shows some signs of vitality, as a withered tree will still put forth some leaves in a topmost bough. It is sometimes whispered in the face of a few aristocratic perversions that Roman Catholicism is fast becoming the religion of the upper ranks, but the few sporadic perversions that occur only bring into relief the serried ranks of the faithful.

It will be said, however, that there are bishops and bishops, and that while there are some of them who are strenuously opposed to Ritualism, and put their

opposition in as practical a shape as they can, there are others who tolerate it, and are even supposed in some quarters to sympathize and co-operate with it. There is especially a set of bishops, not known in the world of literature, not distinguished by academic attainments, not conspicuous in society or Parliament, who, through strong interest, have been promoted from large parish charges to diocesan sees. Such bishops as those of Chichester, Oxford, Rochester, Hereford, Ely, are sometimes spoken of as bishops of this class, and as having sympathies with the Ritualistic clergy. Such an impression would seem to us to be inaccurate. A hard-working parish clergyman will most likely prove a hard-working bishop, and it is the want of such practical experience that is often keenly felt upon the Episcopal bench. A parish priest is often a much better appointment than the master of a public school, or the master of a college in Oxford or Cambridge. Coming from the practical charge of great parishes, such bishops recognize the immense importance of fresh, bright, lively services, and the great value of elasticity and animation in all Church arrangements. So far as popular services and great personal zeal in parish ministrations are concerned, it is impossible that such prelates should not find much to sympathize with even in extreme party men. But they are none the less awake to the idea that the genuine spirit of religion may be lost in a sensuous service, that Ritual observances may be pressed to an undue extent, and may be used mainly to shadow forth doctrine which is illegal within the limits of the Church of England. They must also be aware that Ritualism has frequently proved the worst

enemy to the High Church. How many districts are there where there has been a distinct Church movement, and the Church for years has been doing a steady and increasing work; then some church in the neighbourhood has received a full-blown Ritualistic development; the other church congregations fall off; by-and-by Ritualistic novelties are at a discount, the church is discredited, and there is a material diminution of members in all the churches round, especially, perhaps, in the Ritualistic church. Whatever sympathies such bishops may have with such men personally, such sympathies do not extend to the virtual Romanism within our borders, a movement that has a dangerous liability to cause discredit and misapprehension to the old-fashioned High Churchman, who is frequently held up as the *beau idéal* of an Anglican bishop.

The prelates we have named have all come from the active care of populous and important parishes. Dr. Atlay came from Leeds, where he successfully carried on the work which was prosperously inaugurated by Dr. Hook, who has, we believe, refused a bishopric, and since that time has been successfully carried on by Dr. Woodford, who has accepted one. We hear golden opinions of the wisdom and kindness with which Dr. Atlay rules his rural diocese. Dr. Mackarness had the great advantage, or great disadvantage, of succeeding, through the influence of Lord Coleridge, to the see of Oxford when vacated by Bishop Wilberforce. It is almost impossible that he should be overshadowed by a great name in such an exceptional way, so singularly splendid and illustrious. Bishop Wilberforce might in one sense have been

called the Bishop of all England, while Dr. Mackarness, in a very strict and limited sense, is Bishop of Oxford. But he does his diocesan work firmly, actively, and impartially, which is a bishop's great and real business. He is one of the few bishops of whom we have heard, who have sought out distinguished men and offered them preferment—certainly very small—on the simple ground of services rendered to the Church. The Bishop of Rochester came to his diocese, having won himself great Church renown through his administration of the parish of Kidderminster, a parish possessing a good deal of political ferocity, as would be testified by Mr. Lowe, the late Chancellor of the Exchequer. He has been carrying on in the crowded neighbourhood of the West India Docks the same active work which he did in Worcestershire. Bishop Durnford, on the other hand, had simply the experience of a country parish, but then he had been a friend of Mr. Gladstone's both at Eton and Oxford, and obtained a greater share of academic distinction than was obtained by the "town parish" bishops whom we have named.

About the least emphatic and important of Mr. Gladstone's appointments was that of Dr. Durnford to the see of Chichester. A cold, clear-cut face, pleasant and garrulous, kindly and refined, is the aged bishop who was called to the administration of the smallest of English dioceses, the only diocese conterminous with a single English county, a diocese wholly bucolic save where the fringe of sea-coast is broken by a succession of watering-places. The average sermon and the inevitable charge make up the usual Episcopal quota of contribution to literature. He appears to be

a mild, wise, and not inactive ruler. As a platform speaker, so far as manner and utterance are concerned, he is rather above than below the average of his diocese. He has also exhibited at times an amount of energy for which we should hardly have been prepared. It must be no slight difficulty for him to sit in the chair of Shuttleworth and others. The Church Congress of 1874 being held at Brighton, the Bishop was its President, and held his place, if not with the power and capacity of other chairmen, at least kindly and impartially.

Dr. Woodford, the new Bishop of Ely, must be especially regarded as the pupil and product of the late Bishop Wilberforce. Bishop Wilberforce, like the late Sir Robert Peel, formed a school of his own, and had a singular ability in eliciting individual strength and character. As a constant Examining Chaplain to Bishop Wilberforce at Oxford and Winchester, Dr. Woodford had a long training in all Episcopal ways. He will probably become to the University of Cambridge very much what Bishop Wilberforce was to the University of Oxford. The Bishop of Ely is a great preacher of sermons, having published some volumes, besides a great number of single discourses. He will have difficult work in following such footprints as those left by his late predecessor in the diocese of Ely.

The diocese of Salisbury has for many years past had a very happy history. In no other diocese, perhaps, has there been such a succession of bishops of high and saintly character, each of whom has made his mark and left a bright memory to the Church. Burgess, Denison, Hamilton, the last three Bishops

of Salisbury, and assuredly we may add Dr. Moberley, the present prelate, present a line of succession such as is not often found in diocesan annals. Biographical memoirs, of more or less extent, are before the public that give quite a modern episcopal history of Salisbury. Shortly before the commencement of the present reign, Dr. Burgess was bishop, one of the most saint-like and scholarlike of men. A saying is attributed to him, worthy of those former Bishops of Durham, Butler, Barrington, Van Mildert :—"As for money, I regard it no more than as dirt when an important object calls for support." When Bishop of St. David's, Burgess sacrificed £30,000 at a stroke in surrendering fines. He used to say that avarice was the vice of old age, and he sought to guard against its first approaches. The college at Lampeter is the great work which will always endear his memory and name in the Principality. There is something simple, solid, scholarly about his character, profound in learning, truly pastoral in duty; and those who look at the life of Bishop Burgess will find a most delightful account of what a good working modern bishop may be.

He was perhaps the greatest benefactor to the See of St. David's which it ever had during the long period of its existence. By a splendid exercise of magnanimity, he greatly increased the income of his See, which before that time had been at a very low ebb. He held the bishopric for twenty-two years; and although he was eventually translated, like so many of his predecessors, he never expected it, and would often say that he would be contented and happy to live and die where



he was. "If I had looked for translation," he said, "after I was appointed to St. David's, I should have done nothing." He is often mentioned by Hannah More, and was actively associated with most of the good men of his day, and was one of those who in evil times, at the commencement of the present century, took part in promoting those great religious societies which had their origin at that period. He was one of the most learned, as well as one of the most hard-working, of our prelates. The bare enumeration of his learned writings would suffice to fill pages.

Hannah More thus mentions her first acquaintance with him. She had been staying at Bishop Barrington's, where Burgess was chaplain. "We were all to have gone, on one of the evenings, to a concert; but I was prevented from being of the party by a furious tooth-ache. The Bishop's chaplain, Mr. Burgess, a tall, grave, and sensible young man, rather reserved and silent, begged to be allowed to bear me company. His reserve when we were left alone gradually wore away. Our conversation became various and animated. I was struck by his learning and good sense; and out of this interview sprang an intimate friendship, and a correspondence which has been carried on for upwards of forty years." An interesting memoir of Bishop Burgess was published by Mr. Harford, the son-in-law of Baron Bunsen. In it the Bishop himself relates how he was nearly lost by sea in travelling down to Wales; how active and anxious he was about his college; and we have many pleasing particulars of his goodness, piety, and resignation. The change to Salisbury was accepted because at his age he could ill bear the journey to Durham, where he held a stall, the

income of which was necessary to him, and because his wife needed a change for her health, He speedily endeared himself to the clergy of the diocese of Salisbury, as he had done to the clergy of St. David's. An affecting account is given of his charity and patience in old age. His first stroke of apoplexy struck him while he was engaged in a confirmation at Warminster. "It is a pleasing reflection to me," he afterwards said, "that it was in the act of prayer that I sank down at Warminster."

The three last bishops have been distinct High Churchmen. In no other diocese have the High Church traditions been more constant. We do not wonder that a certain class of the clergy have watched each Bishop's language with suspicion, and have been disposed to attach to it a harsh interpretation. For each Bishop of Salisbury of the time being is an avowed High Churchman, and many of the clergy of the diocese of Salisbury are avowed Low Churchmen. "Conscious as I am of many grave faults of character," said the last bishop but one to the clergy of the deanery of Amesbury, "I am not conscious of being a coward in the avowal of my principles. I have never concealed from anyone that I am what is called a High Churchman. I was not so when I was ordained, but I became so many years before I was Canon of Salisbury. And when I declare that I number this charge among the many mercies which I have received from my God, I can truly say that these my adopted principles have ever made me the more anxious never to bear false witness against others, and that, instead of drying up, they have cherished in my heart a spirit of charity towards those who, whether in our Church

or beyond its limits, are in some matters not one with me." This humble-minded language was the very noblest expression of catholicity and toleration. The remarkable avowal of High Church principles by the late Bishop of Salisbury may be paralleled by a remarkable public avowal of Low Church principles by the Bishop of Durham. In each case we admire the integrity and directness of such an avowal. But at the same time, if these party distinctions were brought less prominently into publicity, it would perhaps be a step towards the "unity of Christendom."

The Bishops of Salisbury have always given a strong adhesion to the principle of unity. It is the daily prayer of our branch of the Church on behalf of the whole Church Catholic, "that all who profess and call themselves Christians may be led into the way of truth, and hold the faith in unity of spirit." "*Ubi Christum agnovimus ibi et ecclesiam agnovimus*," is the saying of the great Latin father who next to the inspired writers has most largely moulded western thought. It cannot be doubted that the yearnings of the holiest and best minds in Christendom, never more than at the present time, are in this direction. We know that there are multitudes in our own country who daily raise the prayer that this blessed unity may be brought to pass. Many of our readers are doubtless acquainted with the Paris periodical, "*L'Union Chrétienne*," edited by the Abbé Guettée, and we cannot doubt that the learned editor, though in a manner discarded by the Gallican church, reflects the aspirations of the purest souls in that degenerate branch of the Holy Catholic Church. Even in Sardis there are those who shall walk in white, for they are worthy. Most

strikingly did Bishop Hamilton enforce the remarkable admission of the Count de Maistre, that the Church of England touches with the one hand the different Protestant bodies, and with the other the Roman Catholic Church. Such men as De Maistre and Guettée are the evidences of the latter assertion, and despite the sad contrasts which they suggest, the forerunners, we believe, of an infinitely great number. Still more cheering is the prospect which we see in the direction of the Greek Church. We point to the intercourse which has lately taken place between Anglican bishops and Greek bishops. We know that the clergy of the Greek Church will give a more cordial reception to an Anglican clergyman than they will feel justified in giving to a Roman Catholic priest. Anyone who has made himself acquainted with the condition and prospects of Dissenting and Presbyterian bodies in Great Britain, will see the full force of that remark of the Count de Maistre, on which Dr. Hamilton dwelt. In this direction also there are sad contrasts, but no one can watch the literature and the course of the events among the worthiest members of these bodies—how the old historical violence is repented of; how its inveterate prejudices are wearing away; how the written sermon and the liturgy are beginning to prevail; how church music and church architecture are carried to a high degree of excellence; how Presbyterians, as in the case of the late M. Horatio Monod, are dwelling on the importance of frequent communion, without seeing that, insensibly but surely, and in manifold ways, there is a real approximation to that blessed unity for which all Christian hearts must long. What would old Covenanters say to such writings as those

of the Glasgow divines, the late Dr. McLeod, Dr. Caird, and some divines in Edinburgh? In the Free Church, which is the most rigid type of Presbyterianism, the self-same traditions are most deeply cherished which, *mutatis nominibus*, actuate those among ourselves who are most anxious for the revival of the full powers of Convocation and the establishment of a Final Court of Appeal. This is proof of substantial identity more and more appearing beneath the widest outward differences.

Once Bishop Hamilton suggested the idea of a retreat for the clergy, where they might enjoy for a space an immunity from their labours, and dedicate themselves to prayer and meditation. This, we believe, was considered in some quarters to be Popish. By and by it appeared that some of the so-called Evangelical clergy at Liverpool were thinking of the very same thing. The imputation of Popery would then probably be withdrawn. The Bishop only spoke, as others have spoken before, of a need never more urgent than in the present day. The Presbyterian Chalmers complained how religious men were "bustled out of their spirituality," and the Puritan Milton tells us how "Wisdom's self seeks out sweet retired solitude." Some years back, we saw a pamphlet in which some unknown author modestly but earnestly pressed upon his brethren the great need for such a retreat from the world once a year or so. We imagine that the experience of most men, in an age of such incessant activity as this, would sympathize with the expression of such a need.

Dr. Denison, the last bishop but one, had been a Fellow of Merton, and took the living of St. Peter-in-

the-East, Oxford. Mr. Hamilton became Mr. Denison's curate, he succeeded him in his vicarage, and he subsequently succeeded him in his bishopric. It was in 1841 that Mr. Hamilton came to Salisbury. He there became the examining chaplain and right hand man of Bishop Denison, with whom he had been previously so closely connected in the same college and in the same parish. While a canon of Salisbury, Dr. Hamilton addressed to his brother canons a letter on Cathedral Reform, showing how a cathedral ought to be made available for modern necessities. In the prime of manhood, Bishop Denison was struck down by a mortal illness. We know of few narratives more affecting than that in which Dr. Hamilton, in the course of a funeral sermon, gave an account of the last days of his beloved friend and bishop. It was said at the time how much the dying Bishop's heart would have been cheered if he could have known that his friend and chaplain would succeed. We have already given a slight sketch of Dr. Hamilton's memorable Episcopate of Salisbury. He was succeeded by Dr. Moberley.

It is said that the See of Salisbury, as in the previous instance, was offered to one or more before it was accepted by its present occupant. Happily, our Church has now several eminent divines who have resolutely turned away from the proffered mitre because the path of duty seemed to lie elsewhere. Dr. Moberley was so much older than Bishop Denison that he had examined him in the Schools at Oxford, and "knew him ever since as one of the truest, most holy, most earnest, most conscientious, most generous of mankind." This touching allusion belonged to

Bishop Moberley's primary charge, and he only did not dwell longer on Bishop Hamilton's character and work because they had been treated of by Canon Liddon, "the man who was probably more deep in his confidence and love than any man living." The Bishop spoke of the restoration of the choir of Salisbury Cathedral as a most appropriate memorial of his goodness and the love which that goodness won.

An extremely interesting man is this Bishop Moberley, one who was made late a Bishop, and hardly imports into his diocese the vigour which distinguished former Episcopates. But in a long life he has taken a vigorous and prominent part in all great questions amid which he has been called to speak and act. As an Oxford don, as the master of a great public school, as a retired country clergyman, as the bishop of an important diocese, he has made his mark. Some of his sermons will never be forgotten by those who heard them; some of his books will always be loved and studied by those who know them. His has been a fruitful career. He has mixed largely in public questions. Did the Essayists and Reviewers trouble the peace of the Church? He had his say, with a peculiarly valuable argument on one department of the great issues raised. Did the Dissenters claim admission into Oxford? he had his say on that subject. Did questions arise respecting our great public schools? he spoke with authority. He was one of those who, when the question of Bible revision was yet young, showed practically how it might be done. He did his best for what was long a despairing but now a successful cause, the institution of a Theological School at Oxford. It is with the more permanent, instead of the more transitory phases of religious life that his reputation

will be associated, with such a work as his "Bampton Lectures" which will rank high in that remarkable library of theology, or his Brightstone sermons, which appeal to every intelligence, from the University audience to the simple country flock to whom they were addressed.

We need hardly say that in speaking of High Church Bishops we are only adopting a rough classification. In one point of view Dr. Moberley is a distinct High Churchman, but there are High Churchmen who condemn him. Thus Dr. Pusey, in one of those publications remarkable for power and learning which he puts forth from time to time, has some hard words against the Bishop in reply to his argument against the warning clauses of the Athenasian Creed. He calls that argument, as strong as it is sad and unlooked for, "in these days of severance, old age itself has no exemption from these severances between those who hoped they had fought the good fight together as friends."\*

The diocese of Salisbury is remarkable for its synodal action, and the Bishop justly claims that in the diocese has been shown the working of a freely elected Synod. Synodal action has now extended to sixteen English dioceses, but it is admitted that in no other diocese has synodal action worked so efficiently. We often hear the claim that the laity ought to be admitted to a full voice in Church councils, but where the opportunity has been given them, as in the diocese of Salisbury, it has been found that the laity required a great deal of coaching and educating before they

\* Dr. Pusey's profound sermon on the Responsibility of the Intellect in Matters of Faith.



would take part in the movement, or, if elected, take part in the discussions. One layman gave a significant anecdote. He fell in with an agent of the Labourers' Union, who pointed to the parish church and said, "You will never get your rights so long as these last." The layman replied that the Rector had only just over a hundred a year, and that if he had started in any other profession he would have been much better remunerated.

It must be said also that in the diocese of Salisbury, in addition to the system of synods and conferences, there has been an attempt to establish a Board of Missions, a course which will also probably be adopted by Convocation. There is something truly Catholic in the tone which the Bishop used.

"They were not met for the purpose of encouraging specially the work of any one Society. They had not the smallest reason or ground for disparaging, to any degree, the admirable work which had been done by the great societies of the Church of England. On the contrary, they remembered that there were days when the Church of England had not awakened to a sense of its duty in regard to the evangelization of the heathen, and they were ready, therefore, to give due honour and to pay due reverence to those good men who, through the agency of those societies, had been thrown into the missionary work with unstinted labour, pains, and liberality, and who might almost be said to have covered the face of the heathen world. They thanked them; they prayed God to bless them; they hoped that their work had been blessed, and that it would be increasingly blessed from year to year. But there was something of far

greater importance than the interests even of societies; and in the proceedings of to-day they were endeavouring to do a new thing. He hoped that they had present many supporters of the one great Church Society, and also many supporters of the other. It was a great thing for the whole diocese, represented as it was in that room, to meet together for the higher object—the great and sacred object—of promoting Mission work, without at all ignoring, and still less of undervaluing the method by which that work had hitherto been carried on. It had so happened that in the course of the last year or two there had been a great drawing together of the minds of Christian people in the diocese of Salisbury; and one of the first effects of that drawing together was that they had been enabled to form a Board of Missions. That Board had a particular and specific duty to perform, which he particularly wished his friends to understand. It was not intended to interfere in the smallest degree with Missionary operations in different parts of the world. Its duty was to look over the diocese, parish by parish, to remark upon, to record, and to call to mind what the various parishes were doing in respect to this great work of helping Christian Missions. The Board did not ask people to take this complexion of thought or that—all they wanted them to do was to recognise the great and paramount duty of extending a knowledge of the Gospel of Christ in every part of the world.”

This mention of Missions will appropriately lead up to the mention of another High Church Bishop, whose great distinction is that he is England's great Missionary Bishop. The enterprising and

colonizing instincts of the British nation are admirably represented in the English Church. You might as well expect a physical organization without life as a branch of the Church without propagandism. By the very law of its being, a Church must possess both a defensive and offensive character; if it ceases to be a Missionary Church it ceases to be a Church at all. The Church of England in a wonderful way has lengthened its cords and strengthened its stakes. The network of Episcopacy overlies all the colonies and dependencies of the English Crown. The character of the Missionary is easily traduced, but it is happily a character that can well sustain any amount of envious detraction. Only the other day the Government of India bore solemn and thankful testimony to the blameless lives and self-denying labours of their six hundred Protestant Missionaries. The Indian Government owns that these men have infused fresh vigour into the stereotyped life of the vast populations placed under English rule, and own that they are "preparing those populations to be in every way better men and better citizens of the great empire under which they dwell." This language affords a striking contrast to that settled antagonism and dislike which the English in India had for many years against the great Missionary cause. In the last century, Hyder Ali sent the Indian Government a message, which contained a well-merited reproach. "Do not send to me any of your agents, for I trust neither their words nor their treaties. But send to me the Missionary of whose character I hear so much from everyone, him will I receive and trust." The reference was to Schwarz, the Dane, and it is a

remarkable fact that in the first few years of its existence the Church Missionary Society was unable to obtain any Missionaries in England, and borrowed them from Germany. The first great English Missionary, Henry Martyn, did not belong to any Missionary Society, but was simply a chaplain on the Bengal Establishment, who like Howard, "sought an open but unfrequented path to immortality," by flinging himself with all the vigour of an earnest generous nature into the great work of evangelizing the Asiatic myriads. Since that time, the vitality of the Church of England has been most strikingly manifested in her Missions. There may be little done in contrast with the vast area of heathendom, but comparatively what is done is immense when contrasted with the indifference and neglect of past generations. It is now proposed that Convocation should establish a Board of Missions, that the Church of England should recognise her duty as a corporate body, and not trust to the desultory action of societies. This is a move in a good direction. But Convocation might first seek to reform itself before it seeks to reform the universe, and having first cast the beam from its own eye, it will then see clearly how to extend its action and its usefulness.

In his so called lecture on Missions, Professor Max Müller gives a comparative classification of religions. They are eight in all, he says, putting them very much upon terms of an equality, and introducing into the Abbey the theology of Pope's Universal Prayer. All the religions are divided into the Non-Missionary and Missionary religions, and of these religions there are only three which have a

strictly Missionary character—Buddhism, Moham-  
medanism, and Christianity. He adds that the Mis-  
sionary character is the very heart-blood of a religion.  
He holds that the non-missionary religions—the reli-  
gions strictly opposed to proselytism—the Parsee, the  
Jewish, the Brahminical, are dying or dead religions.  
The Germans are very fond of generalizing, of formula-  
ting some great historical law, but considering the vast  
extent of Brahminism and the stability of Judaism,  
which last is little less than a standing and enduring  
miracle, that bids fair to be permanent, we feel the  
generalization to be unsafe. The Professor rightly  
objects to the rough coarse test of the number of con-  
verts; an intellectual harvest must not be calculated  
by adding simply grain to grain, but by counting each  
grain as a living seed, that will bring forth fruit a  
hundred and a thousand fold. We may not like  
Christianity being bracketed with Mohamedanism and  
Brahminism, and may regret that more is said about  
Keshub Chunder Sen than about Christ, but we are  
glad to obtain a testimony in favour of Missions from  
one who has arrived at his conclusions on indepen-  
dent and philosophical grounds. We should imagine  
that neither the sermon nor the lecture of that day  
would have any practical results. When Bishop  
Selwyn preached his famous Missionary sermons some  
twenty years ago, many young men earnestly pressed  
forwards and offered themselves for the Missionary  
service. We should be very much surprised so hear  
that any one person had his heart warmed either by  
the Dean or the Professor to the extent of offering  
his services, or even of putting any unusual offering  
on the plate.

There are often many tastes and talents that harmonize very well with Missionary life. Perhaps many a Missionary, unconsciously to himself, has been biassed by circumstances that accorded well with his natural predilections. Englishmen are fond of adventure, of pioneering, of hunting, of colonizing, of collecting new facts and examples, and the Missionary penetrating into untrodden regions, is not only claiming new soil for the banner of the Cross, but is also employing himself in an Englishman's natural pursuit as an investigator and discoverer. It is remarkable, however, that the Missionary hardly ever penetrates into the wilderness of a new country but he finds that some adventurous English wanderer has been there before him—if only the hunter constructing his lodge in the wilderness, for the sake of fish, fowl, and venison. The whaler, or perhaps the slaver, has been initiating the natives in the ways of trade before the Missionary can instruct them in the ways of truth. It is well if the first Christian comer has not instructed them in cheating and oaths, in fire-arms and fire-water. The Missionary is a pioneer of civilization as well as a standard-bearer of the Cross. He observes and registers phenomena, he settles the geography of a wide region. He adds to the stores of natural science. He teaches the English tongue and all the Western arts. He helps to reclaim a vast district to civilization. He maintains the integrity and prestige of the English name, which is the surest basis of our empire. Sometimes he volunteers with the courage and enterprise of the forlorn hope to do some daring deed of good, as when one has abolished a Suttee, or another has landed on

an arrow-threatened strand, and another has freely given the years which in an English home might have been fruitful with the human love so dear to the hearts of men. Sometimes the Missionary learns to love his station better than home itself; he seems to realize a quiet, a freedom from passion and poetry, a rectitude and independence of judgment, such as he never had before. In any case the Cross is raised, the hopes and longing of humanity are met, and beneath that tender shadow the harmful things of heathenism decay. The wilderness and the solitary places are glad for them, and the desert rejoices and blossoms as the rose.

English Episcopal biography has some eminent Missionary examples. The See of Calcutta has given us the life of Reginald Heber, and the memoir, only a few degrees less interesting, of Bishop Cotton. The life of Bishop Patteson will henceforth be added as a great intellectual and spiritual gain to religious biography. In Bishop Selwyn of Lichfield we have still a great Missionary in our midst. The public has lately been familiarised with much of his career through the recent publication of the *Life of Bishop Patteson*. This Bishop has all the industrial knack of a pioneer missionary. Suppose any bishop to be wrecked on a desolate island, with little about him save his ermine and rochet, we should tremble for most of them. If Bishop Selwyn was, like St. Paul, twice to suffer shipwreck, or to be "a night and a day on the deep," he would rise to the occasion. We believe he would know as a carpenter how to run up a cot upon shore. He would know as a pilot how to guide his vessel over the seas. Sailors have felt

every confidence when they knew that the Bishop was at the helm.

His was a name and a fame throughout England while he was yet living at the Antipodes. We have called him a High Churchman, but he was not "high" enough in the estimation of some High Churchmen. Keble writes, "When is the great Bishop coming to you? for I am very desirous of having a finger in that pie. . . . I am afraid though I must confess that my courage has a little cooled as to going along with him, since he was here. Impossible as it is not to admire and love him, he makes me shiver now and then with his Protestantisms, crying up the Church Missionary Society, abusing Becket at St. Augustine's as a haughty prelate, and encourageing in his tendencies the same way. I am told his Ordination sermon at Cuddesdon was altogether Anti-Roman, as if there was no other evil spirit than Popery now possessing Oxford."

The missionary career of Dr. Selwyn may, we trust, be one day exhibited in a complete form. He has indicated the true method of Church expansion and shown the way. He formed the plan of visiting the Northern islands in his extensive diocese. To develop the plan of making the islanders the means of eventually evangelizing the island, his idea was that he would make friends with the people and obtain some of their children for the purpose of instructing them and training them in New Zealand. In 1848 he commenced his famous cruises in the *Undine*, visiting the Loyalty Islands, New Caledonia, and the Isle of Pines. The people were willing to send out their children when they understood that the



object in taking them away was a kindly one, and that they would certainly be restored. They never felt quite sure that the lads would not jump out of the boat into the water, until they were safe on board, when in a few days they would begin to wash off their paint, wear clothes, pick up English words, and begin to grow civilized. Year by year the Bishop repeated his cruises in these waters. Even then the trading vessels had done mischief, causing suspicion among the islanders, shadowing forth the sad tragedy of later years, but on the whole the work was fairly prosperous. In 1854, Bishop Selwyn revisited this country. In this memorable visit he sought to gather volunteers for his great work. He preached some sermons before the University of Cambridge which will never be forgotten by those who, like the author, had the privilege of hearing them. It was the time of the Crimean war. Twelve hundred young men had volunteered their services to the Commander-in-Chief. Bishop Selwyn in vigorous enthusiastic terms, seconded by a splendid voice and presence, called upon young men in like manner to volunteer their services for Missions. Many young men volunteered their services, and to those who did, the Bishop put faithfully and seriously the drawbacks and difficulties of their position, and some of those who offered saw reason to reconsider their determination. Among others was John Coleridge Patteson, a former Fellow of Merton, and then a curate in Devonshire, a son of one of the most distinguished of English Judges, who was destined to be a Missionary bishop in those equatorial waters, and to cement the foundations of that branch of the Church

with the blood of his martyrdom. The Bishop, with the assistance of friends in Eton and elsewhere, was now in possession of that new and better vessel, the *Southern Cross*, linked with so many sacred recollections, with which he now resumed his work among the islands. One of these islands was Norfolk Island, once a very hell, and now a very paradise, once inhabited by the foulest and most violent of convicts, and now by the gentle Pitcairners, the entire native population with small exceptions being now converted to Christianity. In the course of time the Bishop handed over his work in the islands to Mr. Patteson, who had shown a remarkable aptitude for this kind of work, and a singular gift in picking up the many languages of Polynesia, which enabled him to contribute some useful hints to Max Müller. Bishop Selwyn departed, and Bishop Patteson, who almost broke down under the parting, died; but like the ancient Lampadophoria, one Missionary hands forward the sacred lamp to another, until at last the golden goal is reached.

One argument for the large incomes of bishops is, that the bishop should show hospitality; though we suspect that hospitality is oftener shown to county grandees than to the poor clergy in the immediate neighbourhood of the episcopal palace. That argument about hospitality may, however, be considered to be disposed of in some pleasant talk in Convocation by the bishop, who knew what it was of old to navigate his own bark among the islands of the Pacific Ocean: and who was not only a gig bishop, but a bread and cheese bishop. Dr. Selwyn once gave some

autobiographic touches of the ups and downs of an episcopal career.

“ With regard to the question of income, that has been said to be a matter of great moment. Many bishops have spoken of their own experience, and I may speak of mine. I began with an income of £1200 a year. After thirteen years, it was reduced to £600. After eighteen years, it was reduced to £400. At the end of twenty-six years, it was raised to £4,500. But amidst all these changes, I never found the slightest difference in position, in influence, or in my means of exercising hospitality. I carried out in my diocese abroad as much hospitality as I have been able to carry out in the Diocese of Lichfield. The only difference was in the style of entertainment :

“ *Bene erat, non piscibus urbe petitis,  
Sed pipere et perna.* ”

The experience of the gig bishops in the United States would fully confirm the Bishop of Lichfield's view of the subject.

In his own diocese, the rule of the Bishop is admirable and exemplary. He rules by kindness. He has strengthened himself with the aid of two coadjutor bishops, whereas many prelates seem averse to parting with any portion of their authority. He gives and receives hospitality most heartily. There is no clerical home so humble, where he will not make himself a cheerful and welcome guest. And the Bishop's kindness is not the result of any average courtliness and urbanity, but springs from entire forgetfulness of self, the feeling that all the showy adjuncts of his office are entirely swallowed up in the

office itself. The Bishop holds a confirmation every year, in such a way that there is no church which he does not visit, and no clergyman with whom he is unacquainted. If, at times, he is an absentee from his diocese, in a way which is unlike other bishops, when at home he is busy in his diocese, in a way that it is often unparalleled.

Bishop Selwyn appears to us to be the knight-errant of English bishops. He has, probably, travelled more than all the rest of the Bench put together. There is a kind of restlessness about him which contrasts strongly with the usual episcopal calm. He lately went over to America as representative of the English Episcopate. When he was lately on the point of going out to the Synod of the great Provinces of Canada—and that led to the far greater Convention of the Bishops of the United States—the Bishop, with pardonable pride, referred to the one hundred and sixty bishops of the Anglican Church, in the extension of which he has himself borne so conspicuous a share, who are now scattered over the face of the earth. He asked his clergy “whether they would fritter away, in unworthy strife of words, those powers and capacities which God had given them for the evangelization of the world below.” The Bishop laid his finger on the great peril which the Church incurs in spoiling the great heritage to which it has attained. Our ‘Greater Britain’ has now a broad belt thrown around the whole circumference of the globe; the English tongue has superseded both Latin and French, and promises to become the universal language, and wherever the tongue of England is spoken, the Church of England will have its office

and mission, unless the "spirit of disobedience" make her sons unworthy.

That visit to North America was still going on at the close of the year 1874. The Bishop made his intended and wished for appearance at the Synod of Canada, the Synod of that Church which first suggested the idea of the Pan-anglican Synod. During its sitting, the Bishop of Lichfield entered, and was greeted with loud and long-continued applause. The Bishop apologised for not having been present, as he had intended, at the opening of the Synod. He said :

"It was their bounden duty to do all that lay in their power to unite all the branches of the Anglican Church in close fellowship and bonds of union, and this reason was quite sufficient to induce a deputation, if he might dignify his small company by that name, to come from the Mother Church and country to visit them assembled in synod. He came as a representative of the Church Missions. Having spent the greater portion of his life as a Colonial Bishop in New Zealand, he could not but take a deep interest in the Provincial Synod of the Church of England in Canada. Each synod had the same end in view—in New Zealand they had the same object in view as in Canada—to make the colonial branches real, effective, and zealous branches of the Church of England ; to bring the various dioceses into united action, and to form such an organisation as would make the Anglican Church a real, vital Church of Christ throughout the habitable globe."

"Bishop Selwyn and those who have accompanied him from England," writes a correspondent from Canada, "may find it difficult to remember the ever-

changing panorama of prairie lands and pathless forests, inland seas and rushing rivers, settlers' clearings, and busy, thriving towns, through which they have been journeying; but they are not likely to forget the kindness and hospitality with which they have everywhere been welcomed, nor can there be any doubt that the one great object Bishop Selwyn told the Synod he had in view in visiting them has been attained, and the feeling of love for the Mother Church, and heartfelt desire for unity of action with her in all things, has been largely strengthened by the presence of the English Missionary Bishop."

## CHAPTER III.

## LOW CHURCH BISHOPS.

THE number of Low Church bishops is not now what it once was. Lord Palmerston's bishops, whose nomination was popularly supposed to rest with Lord Shaftesbury, have had their good time, and the party can now only expectantly await a similar beatific shower of mitres. It was sometimes invidiously said that these divines were appointed less because they were Low Church than because they were men of family. Bishop Villiers of Durham, and his successor, Bishop Baring, Bishop Bickersteth of Ripon, and Bishop Pelham of Norwich, are all of noble family, and the fact may have been a strong link in the chain that led to promotion. Bishop Baring may be almost said to stand at the head of the Low Church clergy, and of him we have had to speak when discussing the Sees of London, Winchester, and Durham. Their rank was, however, a very secondary element in their promotion. They had set their mark upon the Church by far higher distinctions than a family name could confer. A few of our bishops, those of Durham, Ripon, and Norwich, stand forth conspicuously as Low Churchmen. Other prelates, such as the two

Archbishops—we might add the Bishop of Bath and Wells—if their opinions were to be brought under a classification of High, Low, or Broad, would be labelled as Low Church. But these distinguished prelates have stood so conspicuously aloof from party names and party spirit, that it would be unfair and inaccurate thus to label them. A party bishop is one who as a ruler looks straight forward and discerns clearly what lies within his vision, but his vision is limited. He cannot take a look all round. Some men run best in blinkers. If Low Church bishops are narrow, they seem to move also steadily and firmly on that narrow path of which all Christians hear so much. Such bishops work hard and faithfully; perhaps they often do injustice to worthy men, whose mental attitudes they are unable to realise; perhaps while they speak the truth, they do not always speak it in love, but they furnish bone and fibre to the Episcopal order.

Montague Villiers was in every respect a typical bishop. His appointment was greatly sneered at, since he was the brother of a great political peer; and the sneers that greeted the appointment of his son-in-law to his best living are supposed to have broken his heart at last. He made a great mistake, not in appointing his son-in-law, but in professing that he was the best man to be appointed. There are some prelates who have aimed at a cheap popularity at the expense of their relations, by refusing to promote worthy men because they had the misfortune to belong to their family. No one could blame Bishop Villiers for promoting a deserving relative, but there was much unwisdom in his trying to extricate himself from the



obvious imputation of nepotism, however qualified and even praiseworthy. But Montague Villiers was faithful to his lights, humble, laborious, sincere; one who did admirable practical work. While other classes of men have been represented on the bench, the working parish priest ought to be represented, and of this class Dr. Villiers was an admirable representative. We have laid our hands upon a story told by a labouring man of Bishop Villiers, which is a fair illustration of the work of prelates of his order. "I was a downright scoffer and infidel, Sir; and one day, when I was not very well, Mr. Villiers' curate came in to me, and began to speak to me, and I got very angry with him, and kicked him out of the house. Next day, who should knock at the door but the Vicar himself. When I opened it he walked in, and quietly shutting it after him, took a chair, and placing it so that he pinned me into a corner, sat down. 'B——,' says he, 'I hear you kicked my curate out of your house yesterday.' 'Yes, I did; what does he want to come bothering me for?' 'Well, I've come to-day, and you can scarcely kick me—I'm too big; so I'll give you a bit of my mind.' And he did give me a bit of his mind, and I'll promise you I never was so talked to before or since; and after a while, though I was very angry at first, I began to listen to him, and when he knelt down to pray, I knelt with him."

The Bishop of Ripon is an excellent example of an Exeter Hall prelate. There are not many of them now that go to Exeter Hall, and they are largely made up of "Colonials." The Bishop of Ripon has a larger experience of this kind than, perhaps, any bishop on the Bench; we observe that Bishop Ellicott and

Bishop Lord Arthur Hervey have in recent years very largely assisted thereat. Anyone who wishes to obtain a clear idea of the vast charitable and religious work done by the Church of England, should take in some periodical which chronicles the proceedings of Societies during the month of May. We may be offended at times by the bad taste and false rhetoric; but the work done is enormous, is good in its aim and its results, and the large mass of it is fairly to be set down to the so-called Evangelical party. The Propaganda of Protestantism is largely represented in these Societies; especially, for instance, in such a Society as the Irish Church Mission to the Roman Catholics. This furnishes, in somewhat extreme form, the proselytising and propagandist element.

The Exeter Hall speech is a speech with a style of its own; just as a Church Congress speech is a speech of a peculiar character. Each speech is carefully constructed to suit its audience. The Exeter Hall speech deals with anecdotes, and is emotional; the Congress speech delights in "making points;" its best style is terse, incisive, argumentative. Each, however, is constructed too much on the *ad captandum* principle. A speaker of a really good speech assumes a real and touching tone of brotherhood with the members; gives some details of personal experience; gives some striking anecdote; always adopts a cheery, hopeful tone; has a word of pathos for lost dear friends, and a true and positive humour for present ones, and imperceptibly glides into a sort of conclusion which is not very distinguishable from the conclusion of a sermon. This free, full, flowing style is very different from Congress speaking, where there is a tinkling bell

that will act as an extinguisher. You have to pack a good deal into the numbered minutes; put it in a portable form, and make it palatable to your audience.

The series of religious meetings known as the "May Meetings," commence at the end of April, and are not over until some time in June. Both in their processes and their results they present many phenomena worthy of careful observation. It is to be admitted that, at times, there is much that is grotesque, exaggerated, and in ill-taste at these remarkable gatherings; but when satire and criticism have performed their easy task, it is also to be conceded that they present points not only of social but also of political and national importance. It must be allowed that all over the country, in religious as much as in political matters, public meetings are not now the power that they once were. Although an imposing assemblage is presented by some favourite societies, yet on various occasions there is "a niggardly display of empty benches;" while one society may exact tickets of admission, another is so anxious for an auditory, that it advertises that it will convey its friends gratuitously in omnibuses to and from different parts of the metropolis. But although the popular element has waned, the business element has progressed, and in the machinery of a society a very high degree of organization is generally maintained. Secular interest in these societies is certainly of a very languid description. A rather brief paragraph appeared in a corner of the *Times* the other day, giving an account of the meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, in which, among other eminent speakers,

Lord Devon, Lord Carnarvon, and Mr. Gladstone took part in the proceedings. If the meeting had related to beer or tobacco, or the suffrage question, several columns would, no doubt, have been assigned to the speeches. It will be perceived that the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and that other venerable society, the Christian Knowledge Society, having kept aloof for generations from oratorical demonstrations, now swim with the stream, and come over to the custom of May Meetings. A fair amount of "extra-Parliamentary utterances" are heard at them, one of which, though laconic, received much deserved attention. "Instead of my hundred a-year," said an M.P., "put me down for the future for a subscription of a thousand a-year." As for Lord Shaftesbury, he is a kind of laical Pope in these great Protestant Propaganda colleges. It was stated at one of the meetings that when one of his most humane schemes was in a state of great pecuniary depression, Lord Shaftesbury stood, hat in hand, at the entrance to the House of Commons, and begged a sovereign from everyone with whom he was acquainted. We should say that Lord Shaftesbury, a double first at Oxford, forms an admirable popular speaker on the religious platform. The noble Lord unfortunately at times receives a very unpleasant amount of adulation, of which gross instances might be given. Mr. Macgregor, of canoe celebrity, is a well-known and effective speaker, and the not unfrequent presence of American orators is a graceful example of the national courtesies which are never wholly useless. It would not be difficult to give the ludicrous incidents of these meetings. Thus one Irish prelate is capable of perpetrating such

feeble, worn-out pleasantry as this:—"You are only now getting into warfare with Romanism; you are only warming to it. I hope you will continue to warm, and if a fire be really kindled in your breasts, I know how well the English can fight. If some sparks be thrown off, I hope they will not frighten you. As to the ladies, they rather like sparks, and will not be frightened by them."

In the same quaint vein of Episcopal humour, the Bishop went on to say, "We will not be satisfied if our clergy, our bishops, and our archbishops have mountains of silk upon them; give us those who have real stuff in them." The Dean of Carlisle made himself humorous about his "poor old brains." A Missionary from the Fiji Islands gave an account of that interesting group, as vivid as anything by M. Du Chaillu. He adduced the instance of a chief who calculated that he had eaten nine hundred human bodies. But to relieve their minds from distressing thoughts, he told the ladies, who occupied the bulk of the hall, multitudes of whom bring their "work" with them, quite a little love story connected with a Roman Catholic convert. "The convert said, 'I feel that it is not good for a man to be alone, and I have been thinking whether I could settle out here.' My answer to him was, 'Mr. Martin, next to the salvation of your own soul, the most important thing in life for you is to get the right sort of wife. Do not settle here; come along with me to Sydney, pray to God, and look out.' He came with me to Sydney, and next on to New Zealand, and he there saw a young lady to whom he told his case. She was of like mind with himself, and I shall say nothing more in com-

mendation of her than that she was a wife meet for such a man." The practical element in these meetings is very distinctive. The speakers sometimes resemble Mr. Silas Webb, who "declines and falls professionally, and as a friend drops into poetry." It is not merely that poetry is quoted, which is common and allowable enough, but that we have the introduction of original compositions. Thus one speaker recited what was apparently part of an unpublished epic, and, from the specimen given, we could hardly advise him to go to press. At the Ragged School, Mr. Joseph Payne, a late Judge of the Middlesex Sessions, described different children as

"The clever and cute,  
The modest and mute,  
The ragged and rough,  
And sturdy and tough."

We understand that it was a regular practice of this learned gentleman, who was much distinguished for his practical benevolence, to conclude his oration with an extemporaneous piece of poetry. These, however, are mere oddities and eccentricities that lie upon the surface, and are hardly deserving of being taken into serious account when we seek to estimate the practical and philanthropic work professed to be done.

We take up one of the many different speeches made on the Exeter Hall platform by the Bishop of Ripon. It shall be one about the Irish Church Mission. From such a society a High Churchman would, we suspect, keep steadily aloof. Perhaps some Ritualist would even envy the Irish Romanists their assured ecclesiastical position. We know one who tells us that, when he is abroad, he always considers

himself under the diocesan care of the Roman Catholic Bishop of the district he is visiting. We now turn to the Bishop's speech, of which we give the personal and anecdotic part. As in the case of Bishop Villiers, there is a touch of "muscular Christianity" about it.

"I may mention one anecdote in illustration of this. One Missionary in Dublin told me that he recently went down to conduct a Mission in some distant part of Ireland. The priest of the parish had heard of his coming, and he thought it his duty from the altar, on the Sunday before, to tell the people on no account to listen to that emissary of Satan, who was coming down amongst them to turn them away from holy Mother Church. They were told not to look at him, but especially not to speak to him. Mr. Garrett went down on his Mission the next morning. He saw a man digging up potatoes, and said to him, 'A fine morning.' The man took no notice of him. He again spoke, and said, 'Good morning.' Still the man went on digging. Mr. Garrett then said, 'Really, I was not aware that there was a deaf man in the parish.' The man was strictly obedient to the instructions which he had received from the priest. Now what would an Englishman have done under such circumstances? I am too dull, as an Englishman, to know what I should have done. Mr. Garrett said to the man, 'May be, if I hit you, you'll speak to me?' The man immediately exclaimed, 'I'd like to see you try.' The door of his mouth was now opened, and from that time he could converse quite freely. I saw that, with one exception, the testimony of these Missionaries was very encouraging. Let me

tell you the exception. The exception was in the case of Mr. Padham, who labours at Ballyconree. He began in a melancholy tone. He said they had done all that was in their power, but the results were very meagre, few and far between, and he felt that they must go on praying and looking for God's blessing; but as it was, he had not seen any examples of the showers of blessings for which they had prayed and toiled. I listened attentively to Mr. Padham; his tone was so unlike the tone of the other speakers. But as he went on he fell into the most delightful self-contradictions. I took down his words, and, in the course of his speech, he let out these very remarkable facts. He said that many of his converts had gone abroad—had gone to America—and I hope you will have the gratification of hearing something about these converts from Père Chiniquy to-day. He went on to say that he was bound to admit that there was a wonderful spirit of prayer prevailing throughout the Mission—that the children in the schools were so marvellously instructed in the Bible that he found it unnecessary to keep a Concordance, for if he wanted to know the end of a quotation which he had forgotten, or the beginning of one, he referred it to the scholars, and found an excellent Concordance at hand. He went on to say that it was a matter of surprise to him that, notwithstanding the number of converts who had gone to America, his church still kept full. He said further that the power of the priests is perceptibly waning, and that the schools were invariably full. I could not help feeling that this was about the most valuable testimony of all the testimonies given on that occasion; and I ventured



to tell Mr. Padham that the first opportunity I had of quoting his speech in England, I should tell the good people of England what he thought to be a discouraging feature of the Mission."

The Bishop of Ripon belongs to a family that of late times has made itself eminently distinguished in Church and State. In the last half of the last century a family of Bickersteths was established in the little Westmoreland town of Kirkby Lonsdale, on the pleasant banks of the Lune. Mr. Henry Bickersteth was a surgeon there, and has a modest name in authorship as the writer of a little book entitled "Medical Hints for the Use of Clergymen." He had a family of five sons and two daughters. The mother of these children, according to an interesting notice in the Memoirs of Lord Langdale, was a lady of great ability and elevation of character. Two of his sons rose to very great eminence. Henry Bickersteth was senior wrangler at Cambridge, and, going to the Bar, he became Master of the Rolls, and might have been, had he chosen to accept the appointment, Lord Chancellor. He was created Baron Langdale, and died in 1851. Another brother, Edward Bickersteth, attained to a still higher distinction. He was the famous rector of Watton, whose name and praise is in all the churches, who did so much for evangelizing his countrymen at home, for the promotion of missionary work abroad, and spread by his many writings the truths which he illustrated in his own life. A younger brother was Robert Bickersteth, who attained to deserved distinction as a medical man in the town of Liverpool, and was generally beloved, especially by the sick poor, to whom he was a faithful

friend. Another son was rector of Sapcote, in Leicestershire, the father of the present Bishop. To such positions have the scions of the obscure Westmoreland family advanced by great force of character, great energy, abilities, and industry, and the Divine blessing upon all. In one of Edward Bickersteth's letters he writes: "I am sometimes almost overwhelmed with the sense of God's goodness in placing me in such a scene of usefulness, and permitting me to take any part in those great works which are now going on in the world. How highly has God honoured our family, in calling so many of us, in different ways, to labour in advancing the kingdom of Christ!"

Bishop Bickersteth was born at Acton, in Suffolk, in 1816. It is well known that he was originally intended for the medical profession, but he was providentially led to change his views in life, and resolved to enter the ministry of the Church of England. With this purpose he entered at Queen's College, Cambridge, which, it will be recollected, was the college of the Milners. In 1841 he graduated as B.A. among the junior optimes. It does not often happen that men entering the University under circumstances similar to his go out in honours at all. In the same year he was ordained on his father's curacy at Sapcote, and afterwards he officiated at Reading. He was afterwards curate to Archdeacon Dealtry, and was appointed incumbent of St. John's, Clapham Rise. In 1851 he was appointed by the late Lord Truro, who was then Lord Chancellor, to the important living of St. Giles-in-the-Fields. This was a post of immense weight and responsibility, which must have fully taxed all his energies and resources. It so hap-

pened that the income of the living, which was in a great measure derived from fees, was materially curtailed by the operation of the Metropolitan Burials Act. It was, therefore, no more than an act of justice when, after the lapse of several years, he was presented by the Crown to a residentiary canonry in the Cathedral of Salisbury. As canon in residence, it became on one occasion his pleasing duty to explore and explain the Cathedral for the guidance of Her Majesty the Queen. It was highly probable, also, that upon the resignation of Canon Melvill he would have obtained the Golden Lectureship at Lothbury, but before his election he became apprised of his coming elevation to the See of Ripon. The See had just become vacant by the advancement of Dr. Longley to the Bishopric of Durham, when Dr. Maltby was allowed to retire on a pension, pursuant to Act of Parliament. In this elevation, besides Mr. Bickersteth's personal claim, it would not be forgotten that he was the nephew of a great magistrate, wise and upright, and also of a most distinguished clergyman who had rendered the highest services to religion and the Church.

The diocese of Ripon is generally considered to be one of peculiar difficulty. It is one of the latest formed English dioceses, having had for its first bishop, Dr. Longley, who presided over it for many years. His charges give us a comparative view of the state of the diocese, and a delightful account of the general progress of the truth. The Bishop is able to give his clergy statistics of an increase of churches, of schools, of parsonages, of the number of celebrations of divine service, of the number of

communicants, of the number of scholars in school. Special attention has been always drawn to the state of the most important towns in the diocese, Leeds and Bradford.

Only on three occasions has the present writer heard Dr. Bickersteth, but each is indelibly fixed upon his memory. It is now many years ago since the first of them. It was one Sunday evening at St. John's, Clapham. There is no sermon of which through so many years the writer has retained such a vivid recollection. That which most struck him at the time was the fervent eloquence with which the sermon was delivered, although this was of very inferior importance to the fulness and faithfulness of its message. The church was thronged, and he had never witnessed an audience that seemed rapt and impressed in a higher degree. After several years the writer once more heard Mr. Bickersteth one Sunday evening at Exeter Hall. The subject was the Resurrection. It was a sermon supposed to be especially directed to the working classes. Mr. Bickersteth related a striking conversation which he had had with a working man. There was a great deal of close argument in this sermon, the preacher well knowing that a thoughtful, argumentative style, and, at the same time, one that is deeply earnest, is best adapted for the intellectual and spiritual wants of working men.

The last time on which the writer heard the Bishop was at the York Church Congress. It was on the first day of the meeting, in a large temporary wooden building which had been erected for the purposes of the Congress, there being no public room sufficiently

large. The Bishop read a paper on the observance of the Lord's day, to a larger audience of educated persons than was ever assembled together within a single chamber; except, perhaps, at some of the meetings of the British Association. His success was as marked as when addressing the working classes at Exeter Hall. The Archbishop of York took occasion to remark that he, Dr. Bickersteth, was the first bishop who had ever read a paper at a congress. There had been no congress without bishops, but hitherto no bishop had taken this working direction.

A friend of the writer, well acquainted with the diocese of Ripon, thus writes of the Bishop's arduous labours: "He is eminently a preaching prelate. (I think it was John Bradford who in his day denounced 'unpreaching prelates.')

When staying with a manufacturer, an old friend of mine, near Barnsley, I had an example of the Bishop's labours. He was a guest with the manufacturer, and that Sunday preached three times, each time extempore, with great power and feeling, and wonderful simplicity. The Bishop was quite forgotten in the earnest preacher. He preached that day in three different churches, which were all well filled with attentive congregations. The intelligent artizans of the manufacturing districts, I believe, know how to appreciate the devotion, simplicity, and natural eloquence of their good Bishop. His presence in the pulpit is noble and impressive, and his manner dignified, and yet at the same time humble. As I accompanied the Bishop that Sunday from church to church, I could not help rejoicing in the immense amount of good his preaching must effect throughout his diocese in the course of success-

ive years. And I understood this was a sample of his ordinary Sundays. There are few of our bishops who are 'serving their generation' more faithfully, and self-denyingly, and successfully."

The Bishop of Ripon made an extremely good President of the Leeds Church Congress. His calling upon his auditory to speak after him the Apostle's Creed, was one of the most effective electric touches that has ever thrilled a public meeting. The Bishop was able to give a remarkable account of his diocese, which illustrates in a remarkable way the development and progress of the Church of England. The diocese is a modern one, carved out of the county of York in 1836. Archbishop Longley's great work was done here during the twenty years of his Episcopate. Since he first came, the number of the clergy has been doubled. A single Diocesan Society has raised more than a hundred thousand pounds for Church extension, which has evoked from others more than half a million towards its objects. Every year some eight or ten new churches are consecrated. The diocese raises, every year, more than a hundred thousand pounds for Church services. The chairman of the Congress was a Nonconformist, who stated, at the conclusion of the sittings, that he thought he had received no harm, but rather some little good from the proceedings.

There is something extremely winning and kind about Bishop Pelham. We have heard some of his Norwich clergy speak gratefully of the consideration he shews them. Some of his admirers say of him that he is a man born and bred to be a bishop. He was a hard-working metropolitan clergyman, and passed

through various grades before he entered upon Episcopal office. He has produced the average yield of sermons and charges, but has varied the monotony by the publication of a volume of hymns. He is honourably distinguished, as we have intimated, by his endeavours to promote the increase of the Episcopate, and has sought to take practical steps, even at a considerable private sacrifice, to put his ideas into action.

In one of his charges to his clergy, he said: "Another great need is the increase of the Episcopate. The unwieldy size of this large diocese may lead me to over-estimate the importance of this measure in reference to the whole church; but I believe that, wisely carried out, it would very materially promote healthy discipline and active extension in the Church. The chief hindrance is generally stated to be the cost. I am satisfied that the whole cost might be provided out of existing endowments, without lowering the social status or the real influence of the Bishop in his diocese, or in the country. By reducing all episcopal incomes, and the incomes of all, except those of the Archbishops, and the Bishops of London, Durham, and Winchester, to £3,500 per annum, a sufficient sum would be provided to found eight new Sees with incomes of £3,000, leaving, in each case, £500 per annum to be raised locally. There need be no change in the number of bishops sitting in the House of Lords. Retaining the Archbishops and the three Bishops before mentioned, let the remainder, either by seniority or election, be represented according to the present number. Residences would have to be provided for the new Sees,

and in some of the existing Sees changed, or reduced in size, but all this could be effected by existing powers of mortgage. Legal enactment could only, of course, effect this gradually as vacancies should occur, and the time thus lost would greatly retard and impair its influence; but I should be reluctant to doubt that, if such a measure approved itself to the Church and to the country, the Bishops would concur voluntarily in giving immediate, instead of prospective effect to it, and I feel sure that the moral influence of such a course upon the Church at large, would be only second to the result of the measure itself, and would tend to stimulate the laity to increased efforts for Church Extension."

The proceedings of Convocation must have convinced Dr. Pelham that he never made a greater mistake than when he thought the Bishops would give immediate instead of prospective effect to his scheme. It must always be remembered that it was from a Low Church Bishop that the idea of this "self-denying Ordinance" proceeded.



## CHAPTER IV.

LIBERAL BISHOPS.—THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER AND  
THE BISHOP OF EXETER.

**B**ISHOP FRASER is a man of more varied experience than many of the bishops. He is one of the capital scholars whom Shrewsbury, under the old *régime*, used to turn out. He was for years a country parson, his happiest years, as we have heard him intimate at a Church Congress. The great subject of education is one on which he early made himself an authority, and on which he has done much practical work. He was Assistant-Commissioner in the Inquiry into Popular Education, 1858-60, and also served on the Schools Inquiry Commission, to which he reported on the educational systems of the United States and Canada. In 1867 he was appointed on the Commission to inquire into the employment of women and children in agriculture. Mr. Gladstone had, we believe, long marked him for a seat on the Episcopal Bench. His advent, eager, honest, bustling, must have let in a torrent of ozone on the atmosphere of the Episcopal Bench. In his ubiquity and volubility, he seems a revival of Bishop Wilberforce. From

our point of view, we bracket the Bishops of Manchester and Exeter; but Dr. Fraser is Liberal mainly on the side of politics, and Dr. Temple mainly on the side of theology.

Bishop Fraser's volume of University Sermons shows him in a very favourable light; a scholar who has his gold, not in block and bar, but in ready coin; who can make it available for the wants and problems of the day passing over us. He shows a love of peace, of conciliation, of comprehension that is very delightful. He constantly shows his tendency to take up the subjects which from time to time crop up in the newspapers. He spoke with authority on the subject of the Revised Code in a published letter to the Bishop of Salisbury—he once held a prebend in Salisbury Cathedral. He fully accepted and endorsed the Revised Code. The volume of sermons has a good deal of interesting annotation, and a characteristic Preface is given, in which Dr. Fraser makes some very clear, incisive, interesting statements of his opinions. He is Liberal to the extent that he would agree with Burnett, who would not even make the doctrine of Transubstantiation an occasion of schism. He wishes that the Church parties would leave off fighting. "We ought to be able to see that there are other points of view from which religious questions may be regarded, other aims with which schemes of practical usefulness may be advocated, than what are so invidiously and offensively called either Tractarian or Evangelical. All really good and earnest hearts among us are yearning for peace." Accordingly he laments that any minister should leave his church on a subordinate question of

order and form, as happened in the case of Mr. Liddell. He believes that overtures ought to be made humbly and charitably to the Wesleyan Conference, with a view to the restoration of unity. He believes that in crowded populations there might be a college of clergymen, who might live together and minister in some central church; or, rather, he would have missionary priests sent out by their bishops into the streets and lanes, with Bible and Prayer-Book. The Bishop is prepared for every useful innovation in order to promote the great ends of the Church. The line which the Bishop of Manchester especially takes up is the "popular line." And if there are bishops who take up the political, classical, archæological, literary line, there should also be bishops who identify themselves with the fresh recurring contingencies of daily social life. This department the Bishop of Manchester seems specially to take upon himself. He has acted as umpire in trades disputes, and we elsewhere notice that Trades Unions have been ready to submit their disputes to clerical arbitration. He acted as arbitrator between the operative house-painters and their masters in Salford and Manchester, and mainly decided in favour of the men. He took up the position, which was repellent enough to many minds, that the relief of the Bengal famine should be left to the State, and that the people of this country were not called upon to subscribe. One day he is advocating Miss Leigh's admirable plan of looking after and befriending the two thousand English girls who live in Paris. At another time he is vigorously denouncing the fallacies and follies of our modern civilization.

There is no mistaking the characteristics of our

Radical prelate. He has courage, but he lacks caution; he is carried away with half notions; in all his hurried great efforts he exhibits flightiness and displays a flaw. It is chiefly because he is right that he puts himself in the wrong. He is dominated by an idea, but lacks the patience and forethought to see its relation to other ideas. He was right enough in insisting that the State, as a State, should take up the Indian famine. When the sharp alternative of famine was understood, every theory of political economy was thrown to the winds, and it was resolved that at any and every cost our fellow-subjects should be saved. But the same generous impulse blunted the Bishop's suggestion that the entire aid should be left to the State. It is a dangerous thing to discourage a nation's generous sympathy, and to abandon individual help for the sake of corporate action. Similarly it was a good thing that a Bishop in his high place should defend the cause of the poor. Our Church is essentially the poor man's church. But an eager, partisan feeling against the rich is not in reality the best way of helping the poor. We are alluding to the position which the Bishop took up on the Labourers' question. This question between the farmer and the labourer is a very difficult and delicate question, as everyone must have felt who has gone carefully into the labourer's side of the question, and then into the farmer's, and has seen how difficult it is to strike a balance. In fact, we have known many able and conscientious men, who first took the side of the labourers, come over to the side of the farmers. The Bishop brings forward the argument of terrorism, and holds out the impossible threat of a peasants' war.

Among other accomplishments of the Bishop's may be reckoned that of introducing an ampler and bolder style into the pulpit than is ordinarily found there. The Bishop has imported both the leading article and the popular harangue into the sermon. If the value of an example consists in how far it may be susceptible of imitation, there may be differences of opinion respecting his example. People who are very fond of newspapers will like leaders on Sundays; but people who prefer old-fashioned sermons will regret a custom that is obtaining some currency, of putting a great deal of the newspaper into the sermons. The Bishop once discussed a part of one of Mr. Bright's Birmingham speeches which related to the Education Act. "If Mr. Bright would allow him to say so, the problem they had to solve was how to apply compulsion in the matter of attendance at school. The present system of compulsion was utterly ineffective, and until they could apply something like the Prussian system, under which every child in the State received a thoroughly good education, he was afraid they would not have a more satisfactory account presented to them of the yearly results of education in this country." This is very sensible, and deserves quoting as a valuable opinion on a very important subject by a competent authority. But it seems that the press rather than the pulpit is the proper place for such discussions. It is not good that his hearers should always be on the look-out for a social or political sermon. Similarly the Bishop has sketched out in the pulpit schemes of Ecclesiastical Reform. All this is very well, but there is a place even better than the pulpit where such schemes can be ventilated. The Bishop is a Peer of

Parliament, and in his place in the House of Lords he might point out the evils of the system, and meet the great want of our Church and time by a Bill for Ecclesiastical Reform.

One result of this chronic cotemporaneousness is, to use a common expression, that the Bishop is constantly "called over the coals." Here is one of his unguarded utterances, "I do not believe in a clergyman mapping out his parish, and saying 'On Monday morning I will call at every house in such a street, and on Tuesday morning I will call at every house in such another street.' It will be done mechanically, and I do not believe any spiritual fruit will flow from it." This is just the sort of episcopal cynicism which would elicit an easy sneer at a Church Congress. One Saul of Tarsus made a rule of visiting from "house to house," and he would be amenable to the criticism. But probably many a modern bishop would have blamed St. Peter for *trop de zèle*, and have suspended St. Paul as a revolutionary character. What right has the Bishop to say that self-denying, self-sacrificing work must necessarily be of a "mechanical" character? What right has he to assert that "no spiritual fruit will result from it?" What moral right has he to show contempt and discouragement towards men who from the highest motives undertake this most fatiguing and anxious work? There is a homely proverb that is constantly verified, "that a house-going parson induces a church-going people," and we are assured that congregations vary according to the amount of visitation. We should say that the great drawback in many parishes would be that the visitation is neglected or

too inadequately performed. Such sweeping inconsiderate remarks cannot be too much deprecated. The Bishop of Manchester has a powerful mind, but it is a mind with a twist in it.

At the Bath Church Congress the Bishop of Manchester made rather a strange remark for himself and other prelates, "When I heard my Right Rev. Brother, the Bishop of Chichester, plead for a life of devotion, I hoped that the word 'devotion' might be meant to include devotion to duty as well as devotion on the knees in prayer, for we Bishops, who have the care of so many churches upon us, have but little time to give up those hours to prayer which yet we feel we do most earnestly need. . . . I trust that even those to whom long prayers and hours of meditation are an impossibility, by reason of a difference of temperament, are able, even if it be but in a moment of time, to pour out earnestly their souls to God, and get from Him as effective and as sustaining an answer as if they spent long hours upon their knees." Such language cannot but suggest curious reflections to the reader. We have no wish to penetrate into the private sacred history of any man, or to discuss his peculiar idiosyncrasy. But it was a pity to let it go to the world that, while hours of devotion may be expected from the inferior clergy, bishops may be satisfied with moments. Bishops, like other divines, must not only look to their work, but preparation for their work, and if they do not give the necessary time to meditation and devotion, it is hard to see how their work can be adequately done.

The Bishop of Manchester is certainly one of the

most interesting and vigorous men of our time. He is best seen upon the platform, and on the platform his foot is on its native heath. As he stands there, vigorous, ruddy, compactly built, with clear, trenchant voice and earnest manner, you are at once favourably impressed. You are not surprised to hear the remark that the Bishop makes, on an average, three public appearances a fortnight, and you venture to feel pretty certain that each public appearance is more or less of a success. You feel certain without being told, but you are told all the same, that he is a man who works laboriously, honestly, successfully in his diocese; that he is admirable in his family relations, and that many who have the happiness of his intimacy almost adore him. But yet, somehow, the Bishop leaves you a little restless and dissatisfied; there is a joint in the harness, a crevice in the armour; and you make up your mind that he is crotchety.

We have heard the Bishop say that he had seen advertisements from curates who had said they would take curacies anywhere but in the diocese of Manchester. He seemed to think that they were afraid of hard-work. Perhaps also they might be afraid of a hard bishop. He has frequently ventilated his opinions on curates. He did so at the Bath Church Congress, where it is noticeable that no curate had anything given to him to say. He denounced the appearance of curates on the croquet lawn, he denounced their appearance in the character of young husbands, a position to which the croquet lawn frequently leads up. He seems to draw too hard and fast a line between clerical nature and human nature. Similarly,



when he sees great crowds of young people moving about in showy raiment on a Sunday evening in the streets of Manchester, he forms the gloomiest opinion of their condition and prospects. He does not appear to realize that young people manumitted from the long unwholesome hours of week-day work, may feel entitled to take their Sabbath day's journey in the cheerful streets. The Bishop might take more hopeful views both of curates and commonalty. He is a genial man, but he does not always talk genial talk. It is perhaps allowable, and perhaps more consonant with Christian charity, to take a more cheerful view than he sometimes expresses.

Anyone who deems that either bishops or curates can do without a certain amount of recreation and relaxation is hopelessly mistaken. The laity know well enough that clerics are men of like passions with themselves. Any attempt to make them a decidedly distinct order of human beings is fallacious. A bishop may ride a cob for two or three hours every fine day. A curate cannot afford a cob, but he consoles himself with croquet as the next best thing to a canter. Cob and croquet are both innocent, but like other innocent things they may be carried to an extent that is not innocent. *Perimus licitis*. There is a disposition in many of the laity to abridge the clergy of a liberty which they claim to the full for themselves.\* Anything that supposes that there are

\* A distinguished clergyman lately told us the following anecdote. There was an unpopular curate whom a churchwarden wished to be dismissed. Many imputations were brought against him but they all broke down. At last an accuser arose, and the churchwarden went to my friend, prepared to show that the curate had been detected *in flagrante delicto*. He had been coming along a lane, quoth the church-

strained unnatural distinctions between clergy and laity is a delusion. When clergymen meet together, they have as definite and enlightened ideas about recreation as any layman. "After all," as Lady Mary Wortley Montague observed, "there are only two classes of people in the world—men and women." Archbishop Whateley has somewhere pointed out the true principles involved. What is good for the laity is good for the clergy. What is harmful for the clergy is harmful for the laity. As things stand, there is a tendency in some of the clergy to deny themselves lawful recreations; a tendency in some lay churchmen to permit themselves unlawful recreations. When any relaxation is attacked, the question arises whether it would be for the good of society as a whole that this relaxation should be abolished. It ought to be abolished, retained, or modified in the interests both of clergy and laity. Whatever is lawful for the one is lawful for the other, except when the cleric may think himself called on, as a matter of Christian expediency, to surrender his liberty. Such considerations might settle the question of the bishop's cob and the curate's croquet.

Similarly on the marriage question. A curate is entitled to marry on the broad simple ground that he is a human being. But he is bound also to recollect that he is a human being with a small income and hazy prospects. If he has the happiness to find the

warden, and it was a dark night, and he saw the curate before him, and the curate stopped suddenly by the gate of a gentleman's house, and presently he saw him strike a Vesuvian and light a cigar. "And I am sure, Sir," added the churchwarden, "you will never approve of that." And I suppose he went back, self-satisfied, to the familiar clay which bears the title of his office.

sensible bride who is content to surrender much because she also gains much, who will abide by those hard conditions and make the most of them; who will not mind dusting the small rooms, cooking the slight dinner, and ironing the scanty finery, he is entitled to marry on the ground that he is a man as much as a curate. The curatrix may do almost as much good in the parish as he may be able to do himself. Only let him not be ashamed to be a thorough curate, even according to Dr. Fraser's ideal. Let him not be on the look-out for fancy curacies, where there is a pretty neighbourhood and good society. Let him go into the dense populations where his help is so earnestly wanted, and where every effort will doubly tell. Don't let him be ashamed to take a humble house in a humble neighbourhood. If the medical practitioner can live among his patients, the curate may live among his people. The Bishop of Manchester has given up his palace and lives in an ordinary house. The hardness of his surroundings will prove our curate, and make a man of him. In the course of time his way will open up to him. Let not Bishop Fraser deter him, *qua* parson, from matrimony, otherwise than any prudent advice should be conned by a prudent man. The laity of the district may recognise that it is their duty to support their minister. And Bishop Fraser has publicly stated that this is the kind of man whom he recognises as possessing the greatest possible claim on him in the distribution of his patronage. Such a declaration did Bishop Fraser the greatest possible honour, and though by

no means unparalleled, may be held up to the imitation of some of our prelates.\*

The appointment of Dr. Temple to the see of Exeter was very strongly opposed, and there are many in the diocese who have never been reconciled to the appointment. His preferment was a triumph to the Broad Church, and in a corresponding degree a source of confusion and disappointment to very many. Technically there was nothing against him.

\* Sometimes bishops make extraordinary blunders in their Greek, not through ignorance we imagine, but because it did not suit a popular exigency to go into the real meaning of a text. Thus Bishop Fraser represents the angel to tell St. Peter to preach Secularism "all the words of this life" πάντα τὰ ῥήματα τῆς ζωῆς ταύτης i.e. the true side of Secularism, the words of this life, not of the next life, a meaning which is simply impossible. To give another instance. A speaker at Exeter Hall excited great applause by warning his clerical brethren against moderate men. Archbishop Tait said it required considerable courage to avow himself a moderate man, that he sheltered himself beneath the words "let your moderation be known unto all men." Of course the word translated "moderation" *ἡσυχία* gives a totally distinct sense to that in which it was used by the Archbishop. Again one of the Colonial Bishops, the Bishop of Victoria, stands up and says, "Correspondents of newspapers can see nothing of success in any Christian effort. I believe that if any of those gentlemen had followed St. Paul into Athens they would have written to the *Times* that it was a failure. There was only one woman and two or three score of the lowest of the people. But after all it is not a failure. St. Paul's visit to the Athenians did away with idolatry there and so it will be elsewhere." We do not expect Colonial Bishops to be scholars, but it is not unreasonable to expect they should be acquainted with the facts of the New Testament. It is utterly incorrect to say that St. Paul's visit to Athens did away with idolatry there. He found it full of idolatry and left it full of idolatry. Idolatry existed in Athens long after the visit of St. Paul. We find a mention of one convert of distinction, an Areopagite, but the two or three score of the lowest of the people, are evaporated out of the worthy bishop's imagination. It is a bad habit to try and invent texts. This is even beyond the objurgated newspaper correspondent.

The law of the land had put far from the Essayists the legal pains and penalties with which they had been threatened. But the people of "the western land" would have preferred a prelate who was not on the right side of the law by a mere hair's breadth, and so to speak, had escaped by his teeth. After his elevation he cut himself free from his former associates, but it must be recollected that he had allied himself with a body of men who by a very free handling of the Bible had discredited the doctrines of which they were the accredited teachers. The Essayists contrived adroitly to evade the meshes of the law, but the position that could be taken up by a layman of avowed and advanced Rationalistic views would hardly suit clergymen of the Establishment. Even Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, the counsel for the defendants in the great ecclesiastical suit, strongly dwelt on the dishonesty of using distortionate equivocal in religious language for the purpose of procuring a merely colourable concord with the formalities of the Establishment. It was very remarkable that Mr. Gladstone, who made himself in the session of 1874 so distinctly the Coryphæus of the Ritualistic party, should have made at times such distinctly Latitudinarian appointments. But Ritualism often allies itself with free thought and with the free handling of religious matters, as if liberty of thought would avenge itself upon mechanical sacerdotalism. Everyone who recollects how he sympathized with Mr. Lecky, and advertized Mr. Bradlaugh, will recognise this element in Mr. Gladstone's mind. The appointment of such a man as Dr. Temple was the outcome of such a tendency of the late Premier's.

The Bishop of Exeter has essentially a growing mind. It is a common remark respecting him that he has matured greatly since he became a bishop. One advantage of his promotion has been that he has been able to give some attention to theology. He was an admirable head-master; made Rugby so prosperous that it has become difficult to ruin it altogether. He seemed to revive the old prestige of the Arnold days. The whole cause and question of education, in its broadest and most comprehensive aspects, is familiar to him. It is evident, also, that he took the keenest interest in the intellectual life of the day; and, unless we mistake, was an ardent politician. Scholar, litterateur, social philosopher, with all his hours busily employed in scholastic pursuits, it was hardly likely that he should be theologian as well. In fact, the thoughtful "Rugby School Sermons," so far as theology is concerned, were hardly above the level of a seriously-minded Rugby school boy. But they had a literary, personal tone about them that was exceedingly attractive. Rugby boys, under his care, thought him a capital master; and the opinion of schoolboys goes for something. The volume is a favourite with many; and going to a country church one day we heard him preached with much unction by one of his own clergy. But the Bishop has advanced greatly beyond the standpoint of that University sermon which he afterwards incorporated with the "Essays and Reviews." We are afraid his most latitudinarian friends must admit that he shows symptoms of becoming orthodox. He has left Messieurs the Essayists behind him. We believe that he has also left his own great friend, Professor

Jowett, behind him. As bishop he has work to do with which he has diligently coped. That work must have brought an honest and powerful mind into constant contact with the whole range of theological questions. It has made him vividly acquainted with all the practical necessities of the Church's life.

Some time ago, he went into a remote district of Cornwall to take a clergyman's duty for a month, while a clergyman took the holiday which, as a rule, the clergy earn so well. He took the whole of the duties, no doubt visiting the old rheumatic people as well, which would enable him to gain that acquaintance with what we may call clinical theology, which is sometimes only scantily possessed by our great dignitaries.

There is a northern burr about the Bishop's voice that renders its tone ungrateful to those who have listened in the same Cathedral to the mellifluous accents of those eloquent preachers—Dean Boyd and Canon Cook. There is even a harshness of tone that must be repellent to some. Occasionally he states doubts and difficulties so very broadly and honestly that we have met country clergymen in his diocese in a considerable fog about his meaning, and inclined to believe that he held opinions which in very truth he had been combating. He always gives us the impression of an earnest rugged nature, of one who in no conventional fashion, but through earnest striving, has won his way to a firm grasp of the convictions he holds, and may rise to the heights of the great opportunities he enjoys. There still appears to be some haze and indistinctness about his views. One of the governing notions of his mind, which he constantly reproduces,

and which he broadly restated when he first preached in his Cathedral, is the supremacy of a certain moral sense, or verifying faculty, by which everything revealed and unrevealed is to be judged. But he will remember, as a reader of Locke, how this moral sense varies from country to country, and from century to century. As a divine, the Bishop would probably admit that, as the watch is set by the dial, so the human conscience must be regulated by divine teaching. This was, perhaps, the main point against which the voluminous criticism of the famous Essay on the Education of the World was directed; an Essay which was simply an expansion of a thought of Pascal's. But when the Bishop withdrew his Essay from the volume, that was a sign that in many other ways he was withdrawing from that "free handling" of sacred things for which the work was notorious; and we have no doubt but the Bishop will advance, wherever the truth may lead him, even in the unfashionable ways of what his whilom school regarded as outworn orthodoxy.

At a very early period of his public career, Dr. Temple made up his mind that he would make himself a public speaker. Nature had neglected to make him an orator, but he thought he might make himself one. He adopted and endorsed the last maxim: *Poeta nascitur, orator fit*. The maxim contains only the half truth which lurks in so many generalizations. Some men can train themselves to be public speakers, others can be made good speakers by no amount of training. Dr. Temple acted upon the principle: *Omne experimentum fiat in corpore vili*. He spoke, we are told, in all the little meetings which were held in Rugby



and the vicinity. It was not so much that he was enthusiastic about the grand or petty interests that arose, but he was probably acquainted with the precedent of celebrated speakers forming themselves at the expense of their auditory. He thereby acquired a certain readiness and flow of words, but after all this is not the real basis of oratory. Sympathy is the true secret of eloquence, but except with certain orders of mind the Bishop is defective in sympathy. He is a heavy speaker.

He falls into a certain kind of mistake which is not unfrequent with speakers of his class. This is no mistake with orators of the first class, but it is a great mistake with orators who are no orators at all. A Pitt or Fox would take up an opponent's case; state it fully, clearly, broadly, then grapple with it fairly, and couch the contrasted case with all the powers of an oratory both spontaneous and cultivated. This is, however, one of the highest feats of oratory, and few men have the strength and will to wield this bow. The modern controversial divine sometimes throws all his strength into the statement of his opponent's case, and has none to spare for its necessary refutation. We know of a celebrated modern preacher who discussed the subject of prayer, and stated all the objections with frankness and fullness, and then, with broken voice, jaded manner, and hurried brevity, explained to a fatigued audience the orthodox answer to the objections. We should not wonder if such a preacher was met with the remark once made to Bishop Blomfield by a rustic. "Well, Sir, you be very clever, but somehow I can't help thinking there must be a God!" We once heard

Bishop Temple deliver an ingenious address at a Missionary Meeting. He stated purely and impartially the various objections to Missionary Societies. He then, in a comparatively limited and inadequate way spoke of the answers to these objections. He evidently had no doubt of the validity of the answers, as when he said that all such objections might be urged against that small Missionary body who went forth from the Upper Chamber to subdue the world. But the objections were given so fully, and the replies comparatively so feebly, that various clerical faces looked alarmed, and there must have been a feeling that no particular good was done at the meeting. We shall not soon forget the joy of an old Evangelical clergyman, who heard a statement that horrified him, but was unable to follow the gist of his argument, when we categorically declared that the Bishop was not an enemy to the cause of Missionary efforts, but, on the contrary, appeared to possess a belief in their efficiency.

While going about the diocese of Exeter, one hears a great deal of unpleasing discussion respecting the character and conduct of the Bishop. Such a discussion is in itself unpleasing, for, as Cæsar's wife ought to be above suspicion, so a bishop's proceedings should bear a character for manliness and sincerity that would make a discussion about the manliness and sincerity impossible. Bishop Temple seems not more popular in Exeter than was Bishop Philpotts, but the Exeter people have always been irrational in their episcopal mislikings. Those who have been brought into close contact with Bishop Temple and his work, speak of both with hearty

admiration. But the country gentlemen of the diocese were deeply pained and annoyed by the line which he adopted in reference to Dr. Hayman. The instincts of hospitality and honour are very dear to the hearts of the men of Devon and Cornwall, and that a man should offer his guest bread and salt, and at the same time should chronicle and store up anything that might turn to his disadvantage and ruin, seemed something simply revolting to a high-hearted gentry, who may not care very much about a free handling of theology, but who will object to a "free handling" of the code of hospitality.

It is not often that a bishop has the opportunity of hearing his conduct and character frankly described by a judge of the land. This is the somewhat dubious advantage which has been enjoyed by Dr. Temple. When a demurrer to a bill filed by Dr. Hayman was argued, the Vice-Chancellor strongly stigmatized "the preconceived, and, to his mind, most unjustifiable opposition of the Bishop of Exeter." The Vice-Chancellor added other very hard words, which need not be recalled here, but which will not be soon forgotten in the diocese and in the country. Similarly we hear complaints that the Bishop will grace with his presence large gatherings when dissenting interests are fully represented, but that he is not equally to be found in the promotion of the old-fashioned church work of the diocese. There is the danger of his becoming the centre of a clique or caucus. He takes the deepest interest in the common schools and the working of the Education Act. He was once principal of a training institution at — Hall, and has never forgotten such interests, but he has not shown

himself equally interested in the cause of higher education in the diocese.

The proceedings adopted against the Dean and Canons of the Cathedral in the matter of the Reredos were of a very unfortunate kind. They went far to disturb the peacefulness and kindly relations of the ancient and ever-faithful city. The odium does not so much belong to him as to the well-known dignitary who has improved by practice an inherited taste for litigation. The personal residence of the Bishop in the cathedral town had done very much to improve the neighbourly and social relations of the clergy and laity of the city. The old Bishop hurried to the ease of his almost Sicilian retreat, near Torquay, and had practically ignored the society of his diocese. It was a new thing that the palace of Exeter should be inhabited, and have a common ground for pleasant meetings and society. Even those, who objected most strongly to the Bishop's Liberalism in politics and theology, could not resist his hospitality and the grace of his personal kindness. It was a sad interruption when the Reredos, erected in all munificence and honesty of intention, became a source of internecine strife. The remarkable phenomenon was exhibited of an extremely Evangelical Dean defending what was denounced as a Popish mummary, and so prosecuted by a Rationalist Bishop who had suddenly become intensely Protestant. It can hardly be thought that the very Protestant and distinguished divines who concurred in the erection of the Reredos, nourished any disloyal thoughts towards their Church, or that the figures could in any way be provocative of Popery. It is satisfactory to know that this is the ultimate view of the highest Court of Appeal.

## CHAPTER V.

THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH AND ANGLICAN ORATORY.

THE Bishop of Peterborough is the greatest orator the Church of England possesses. So far as we know, he is the greatest orator in England. He stands aloof from the great mass of public speakers as distinctly as Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Bright. It was said, even while Bishop Wilberforce was still among us, that he was the greatest orator in the House of Lords. In our humble judgment, he is at least as great an orator as any that could be named in the House of Commons. There is nothing that in the slightest degree is slipshod or hesitating about the speech of Dr. Magee. No *Times* reporter could ever put his words into better form, as is sometimes the case even with Mr. Gladstone. Each speech of the Bishop's has a unity of design and an elaborate construction which have that highest art, the art which conceals art. The clear, bright, fresh-flowing river of speech rushes forth with the light and sparkle and music of a mountain stream. Each speech is replete, not only with the natural wit which we might expect from that Irish land which has given us some of our best Parliamentary orators, but with a severe logical

power, a depth of reasoning, which belongs only to profound thinkers. The wonder is that the Bishop is always effective, though not always equally effective, in the pulpit, on the platform, and in Parliament. And he is this without materially altering the style of his speech. He is very much the same when addressing his peers, or addressing the thousands of a Congress Hall. Only in the House of Lords he may take his own time, and at a Church Congress he is strictly limited to ten, fifteen, or twenty minutes, as the case may be. We have seen him hold up imploring hands to check the diapason of cheers which would rob him of some of his precious minutes. The other very great orator of the Anglican Church is Canon Liddon. Canon Liddon's sermons stand beyond all other sermons, even the Bishop of Peterborough's. The whole mental energy of the former is thrown into his sermons. They possess great depth and extent of theological learning and thought, and the deep vibrating tones of his last sentences have a charm that we recognize nowhere else. But it is absurd to speak of Dr. Liddon as an orator in the way that we so speak of Dr. Magee. Dr. Liddon adheres closely to his manuscript; he wants the fire and spontaneity of the born orator; he is a splendid declaimer, with the very soul of solemn eloquence within him, but it is not that spoken speech essential to the full idea of oratory. We believe that Dr. Magee formed his style originally—all orators have their own way of working—by carefully writing out his speeches, but now they have attained to the ultimate excellence of combining all the strength of preparation with the charm and readiness of unpremeditated speech.

The rise of the Bishop of Peterborough has been very rapid and remarkable. He commenced in a suburb of Bath—St. Saviour's Church—and drew together immense congregations. The youthful graduate of Dublin had only scanty means, but Bath has, we believe, been always honourably indifferent to the claims of mere plutocracy. It was recollected, too, that he was the grandson of a great Archbishop, who had written a work which is one of the classics of theology. St. Saviour's, Bath, was under the pew system, and it was thought by vicar and churchwarden that it would be a judicious thing to make a private entrance from the vestry to the pulpit, in order to economize space for the making and letting of additional pews. Mr. Magee published a volume of sermons preached at St. Saviour's. It was rather an immature work, dealing fiercely in denunciations of the frivolities of Bath society, and was, of course, thoroughly Low Church. It was little to be expected that he would ever be called to account, as he has been very sharply, for alleged favouritism towards the High Church. The volume showed traces of the eloquence and logic that were afterwards so splendidly developed. There is a somewhat famous chapel at Bath, called the Octagon, where the good people assembled in considerable numbers, and afforded an example much to be imitated—in giving a fair maintenance to the minister. It was a piece of promotion for the curate of St. Saviour's to be made the minister of the Octagon. A volume of "Octagon" sermons was published, a distinct advance on the volume of St. Saviour's sermons. But the Octagon itself proved only a stepping-stone to a wider field of distinction. The Octagon people had done

him great kindness and service, and felt it a little hard that their celebrated preacher should give them up to go to Quebec Chapel. That now well-known chapel had been brought from its obscurity by the late Dean Alford, who had drawn together one of the most earnest and well-educated of London congregations. Mr. Magee, with all his vast powers, was hardly so acceptable to the Quebec people as his predecessor had been. Alford had been essentially scholarly. His afternoon discourses were lectures on portions of the New Testament, and we have heard him request his auditors to bring their Greek Testaments with them. Those favourite morning sermons by Dean Alford were published in sets as soon as completed, and were models of quiet, terse, thoughtful pulpit teaching. It is hardly any disparagement to Dr. Magee to say that he is no scholar, in the sense in which Dean Alford was a scholar, and his intrepid oratory was not likely to take by storm an auditory accustomed to a quieter style, and who were trained with a regard to matter rather than manner and form. Such an auditory would agree with the clergyman who said, "I don't like preaching to the nerves instead of the judgment."

From Quebec Chapel Dr. Magee was transferred to an Irish deanery, but things could hardly have been satisfactory to him during his tenure of that high office. When the Church Congress held its meeting in Dublin, the Dean made a most effective sermon on a most effective text: "And they spoke unto their brethren which were in the other ship, that they should come over to help them." That Irish Church question was one much larger than could be settled by a Church



Congress. Mr. Disraeli, with his keen eye for available talent, discerned plainly that he could import into the House of Lords an orator who would argue most forcibly for the Conservative policy in Ireland, and also would himself be a living argument for the truth and strength of the Irish Church policy. The expectations of the Premier must have been exceeded. The reputation of the Bishop became a national reputation when he delivered his great speech on the Irish Church in the House of Lords. We had the pleasure of hearing that speech. Of all speeches in Parliament or at the Bar, in the pulpit or on the platform, that speech seemed the finest.

Bishop Magee once wrote a memoir of a well-known Bath clergyman, Edward Tottenham, prefixed to a volume of his "Remains." We will take a passage which is interesting, as showing the Bishop's idea of eloquence. "The greatest charm of his oratory was the air of deep conviction and simple truthfulness which accompanied every word he spoke. Without this the orator is no better than an actor; men listen to his most affecting appeals with just the same feelings that they listen to the artificial passions of the stage; it is wonderfully well done, and very moving, and deserves applause—but it is not real. One touch of Nature, one honest, earnest word from the heart, is worth it all." These words give us the Bishop's theory of what should be "Anglican eloquence," the eloquence of the Church of England. That eloquence is to aim at thought rather than style, at substance rather than manner. Just as we do not ask whether the physician's manners are graceful, so much as whether his treatment is successful, so the aim of the

sacred orator is not to fill the eye and charm the sense so much as to do that great work with the human intelligence which his office commissions him to fulfil. This seems truly the ideal of the Bishop, at which he ever aims, though, like other men, he sometimes rises above himself, sometimes falls below himself.

The Bishop of Peterborough is now one of the most active debaters in the House. He rejoices in the fray of debate; rejoices "to drink delight of battle with his peers." He is a very militant member of the Church Militant. He talked of "crossing swords" with Lord Shaftesbury, to whom a performance of that kind would be hardly pleasing. To the Public Worship Bill he gave a large amount of strenuous support, illustrating it with an amusing touch of his own experience. But perhaps the Bishop never made a more unfortunate mistake than when, at a later stage of the Bill, he brought forward his series of resolutions. These resolutions were brought forward in pursuance of Lord Cairns' suggestion that there should be a neutralization of a certain area of arguable ground. Such a motion would really be one for extracting all the bones and sinews from Anglican theology.

It was remarkable that so adroit a prelate should have fallen into so absolute a mistake. A murmur of indignation ran into a chorus. A Colonial bishop wrote to his newspaper to say that, if this were made law, he for one would resign. It is true that he was only colonial—which is a very different thing from being baronial—but still he was a consecrated bishop, and would have his share in the *jus divinum* of Episcopacy. Anyhow the Bishop resolved to go "back again." He

managed his retreat in the neatest of ways and with the adroitest of speeches. But men marvelled greatly that the very clever Bishop should have made such a blunder. His apology was received with ironical cheers and still more ironical smiles.

The Bishop has endeavoured to grapple with the great and difficult subject of simony and patronage in the Church. His speech in moving for a Select Committee of the House of Lords was one of his most remarkable efforts, and the plans which he foreshadowed were statesmanlike and large. He truly put before the House, the Church, and the country that thought which we trust is ever present in this work, the necessity of a searching ecclesiastical reform in these present quiet days, that we may not have a revolution in unquiet days. It was difficult to bring forward such a subject in an assembly more or less made up of patrons, but the speech was constructed with admirable temper and prudence, and with consummate rhetorical skill. It so happened that the Archbishops' Bill on Public Worship in some degree diverted public attention from it, for public attention is wont to concentrate itself on the subject of the hour, and cares not to be drawn off into various channels. The Bishop shadowed forth the kind of legislation which he would suggest, not, indeed, so radical and far-reaching as might be desired, but which, if carried out, will be a genuine and extensive measure of necessary reform. In this Session of 1875 he is introducing a Bill dealing with Church Patronage, based on the Report of the Select Committee which he obtained in 1874. The regret is that some such measure should not have been sketched out generations ago, because it generally requires the

space of a generation for an idea to penetrate the public mind and produce legislation. In the present day, however, there is happily a tendency to expedite such a process.

Shadowed forth in the speech of 1874, the whole scheme appears to have been very carefully thought out, and contains in it the germ of better things for the Church than in any other ecclesiastical measure we can recall. The Bishop is very much given to elaborate perorations, and the latter part of the present one, in its compliments to the Lords, is a little too much in the style of Tertullian the rhetorician. There is no prelate from whom greater expectations are to be entertained than Bishop Magee. He at least clearly sees that a great searching work of ecclesiastical reform must be attempted; he at least says manfully that the Church must have the power of self-regulation; he claims for the Church of England the same power that is possessed by the Church of Scotland—a power of self-government. Prelate after prelate has had his attention directed to the subject of simony, and altogether lacked the moral intrepidity that would bring the matter before a chamber of patrons. The Church will owe a debt to the prelate, who, beyond any other prelates, is consecrating his genius and courage to dealing with the practical evils under which she has groaned so long.

Let us pass on for a brief while to that subject of clerical oratory, which Bishop Magee suggests, What is the exact position which preaching at the present day occupies in the 'world and the Church?' The critics and cynics say that the noun-substantive "sermon" is the most dreary and repellent of all noun-substantives;

and as a rule, society is very much disposed to endorse such an expression of opinion. When the silly season of the "Times" sets in, laymen often seem disposed to repay to the clergy a titling of those denunciations under which they themselves have groaned. One such writer ingeniously suggests that the sounding-board of the pulpit should be constructed like an extinguisher, and by a process of machinery should descend upon the pastor's head at the end of twenty-five minutes. Another considerably proposes that Westminster Abbey should be handed over to the permanent use of Mr. Spurgeon. Another insists that sermons should be confined to ten minutes; that it should be allowable to the congregation to withdraw before they commence; or, happiest expedient still, that the effete institution of sermons should be totally abolished. We believe that this is the object practically sought by those who would assign very curt limitations to the sermon. The question of short sermons is, however, distinct from the doctrine of no sermons at all. The clergy sometimes, but much too rarely, preach very short sermons indeed; and we do not see why the practice should not be indefinitely extended. The Abbé Mullois, who is a great authority in France on such matters, argues that sermons of seven minutes' duration might suffice in a very great number of instances. Some of Dean Stanley's sermons—take the volume of those which he preached before the Prince of Wales—can be read in three minutes, and could be heard in five. Archdeacon Denison says that his sermon never exceeds ten minutes. Some of the late Canon Kingsley's sermons are hardly a shade longer. The sermons preached in college chapels—sometimes,

and with too much reason called "commonplaces"—rarely, if ever, exceed ten minutes; and if they did, there would probably be a College row. It would be a great accommodation to the public if a list of London churches could be issued where it would be guaranteed that the length of the sermon should not exceed from seven to ten minutes. We suspect that these churches would be much better attended than those where the incumbents slip over their half hour. In fact, there is hardly any limit to the possible brevity which may belong to the sermon. If the divine simply wishes to make a little exhortation, or give some sound religious advice, he can do so in a very brief space; sometimes the briefer the better. We have heard of a sermon which was hardly any longer than its text. The preacher took the wise saying in the Proverbs about giving to the poor and lending to the Lord, and then only said: "My brethren, you have heard the terms of the loan, if you like the security come down with your money." This veracious anecdote closes with the assertion that the collection which ensued was of the most triumphant description. But while a merely practical or hortatory discourse might be included within a very few minutes, it is obvious that a line of argument or a course of instruction would require an ampler allowance of time. It is also generally asserted—with a solid substratum of truth—that the length of a sermon is in inverse proportion to its excellence. The clever remark of Dr. South is continually being repeated, that he had written a long sermon because he had not time to write a short one. There are limits, however, even to the power of condensation. Not even Dr. South could materially abridge a propo-

sition of Euclid's, or the Binomial Theorem. It would, perhaps, be about as difficult to abridge Butler or Barrow. A great deal of time is unnecessarily consumed in extemporary preaching; and, perhaps, an equal amount by extemporary writing. Perhaps if we could venture to be generous and candid, it would not be difficult to show that a portion of the blame might equally be divided between the preachers and the public. The public can stand contentedly a frightful amount of twaddle in Parliament, on the platform, and in the law-courts; but they are utterly intolerant of what they may choose to consider half-an-hour's twaddle in the pulpit. We are bound to say that we never, or at least very rarely, hear downright twaddle talked in the pulpit. We get much verbiage, poor illustrations, thin inconsequent reasonings; or sometimes the discourse is a mere cento of texts with desultory, ill-arranged remarks thereon. But the sermon has generally a meaning, and always a good purpose, and it is odd if there is no crumb at all worth carrying away. We are afraid that George Herbert's old-fashioned consolation will hardly, in these days, be accepted; that if we get a lesson in patience, and the benediction which comes at the end of the sermon, we have hardly lost our pains.

The reason of the weariness felt frequently is that people really do not care about the subject matter of the sermon. It is like picture-criticism for those who do not care for pictures, or music criticism for those who do not care for music. In many congregations, many persons resemble schoolboys puzzling over authors whose meaning they do not understand. Such persons are not the best judges of the limits of time

within which a preacher should confine himself. The instances of the University sermons, both at Oxford and Cambridge, sufficiently prove that it is possible for pulpit orators to rivet the attention of cultivated audiences for upwards of an hour. We do not mention the case in Scotland, which we confess imperfectly to comprehend, where congregations consider themselves defrauded if they get off with much less than that time. Without in the least degree vindicating the use of long sermons, and thinking strongly that most sermons might well be abbreviated, we believe that there are circumstances and conditions under which long sermons could hardly be avoided, and in the interests of public education it is undesirable that they should. A contrast is sometimes drawn between the French and English pulpit, very much to the disadvantage of the latter; we noticed such a contrast in a recent number of the "Pall Mall." The French carefully avoid the error of mixing up preaching, almonry, and the confessional. They choose their best men for preaching, and assign them, temporarily, positions in which they are to do their best. Hence we get the conferences and such brilliant examples as Père Felix and Lacordaire. The French preacher makes preaching his business, and he does it well. The English preacher has an infinite variety of other business to do, and he does it execrably. He resembles the hero of the Homeric fragment—

" Many things he did, but none he did well,  
Him the gods made neither a fisher nor a hunter."

He is obliged, on every hebdomadal occasion, what-



ever his inner feelings may be, to be devotional and hortatory. He has to give the inevitable sermon, in the conventional manner, at the regulation length. He has not got the moral courage to limit his sermons to ten minutes, if that will include all that he has really got to say, or to confess himself unprepared and read aloud the sermon of some better man, or to have a system of exchange with neighbouring clergymen, which would enable him to write fewer and better sermons. The clergyman is surrounded with many secular influences: he is frequently little better than a relieving officer. He has to carry tracts to old women and play at croquet with young ladies. In fact he is always fetching and carrying, after the fashion of a tame poodle. He has little time for that broad, generous culture which is necessary for excellence in any special branch. He who knows nothing but theology will be a very poor theologian indeed. Yet, after all, we are by no means disposed to admit that the real superiority rests with the French preacher; we question whether the services at Notre Dame and the Madeleine are better attended than those at the Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral, although in these the same discrimination in the choice of preachers does not seem to exist, neither is the same high standard of excellence maintained. The churches in France are practically given over to women and children, but this is not yet the case in our own country. The country church is still filled by all the respectable families of a neighbourhood. Dean Hook mentions some sharp fellow who was in the habit of making himself extremely witty in the periodicals at the expense of the clergy; but who, finding an opportunity

of convincing himself of his own utter incompetence for public speaking, has since repentantly declared that he will never do so again. The "Saturday Review" has occupied its readers with an appalling enumeration of the number of sermons preached every week in England. After stating the average number of thousands, it proceeds to meditate on the frightful amount of bad preaching, verbiage, and wasted power suggested by such statistics. It would be easy, however, to give a much more appalling calculation. Only imagine the immense number of dinners that are cooked every day in the British isles, with the waste, excess, and bad cookery connected with them. Yet it would not be easy to convince an Englishman that he ought to omit a dinner in order to lessen that appalling average. In the same way so rooted is the sermon in popular habits that it would not be easy to induce the average congregation to do without it. Moreover, as a man cannot recollect any particular day what he had for dinner, but is quite sure that the dinner did him good, so the average Christian, though he cannot recollect what the sermon was about, is sure that it was a good influence that helped to keep him in good ways.

Yet it may be admitted that in several respects the influence of the pulpit is a declining influence. Popular preaching is not now what it once was. We remember the time when everybody seemed to have a pet parson and a pet doctor. But now there is a great deal of unbelief both in parsons and in doctors. Cheap literature has had a very great deal to do with this. A hundred subjects of intellectual interest are now generally discussed, and in London life these

subjects are treated with peculiar intensity. If you would wish to know what the full power of the sermon can be, you should observe it in dissenting congregations in Wales and Cornwall. There they like their sermons "hot and strong." The sermon is there everything to a highly excitable and imaginative people—poetry, literature, gossip, criticism, the drama, and what not. It is the one great intellectual stimulus of the week. The craving for intellectual pleasure can hardly be satisfied in any other way than this. Londoners have hardly got an idea of all that a sermon may be capable of being and effecting.

Yet surely Dr. Liddon might give them such an idea. We have heard Dean Stanley remark—and we fully endorse the remark—that he is the greatest preacher of the age. But it is not too much to say that if Dr. Liddon were not recognised as a great orator, he would be more widely acknowledged to be a great writer. He contradicts the shallow criticism that the great objection to the sermon is the objection on the score of length. Whoever goes to hear Dr. Liddon preach makes up his mind that he is going to listen to a sermon of at least an hour's duration. "On the evening of Good Friday, 1868, the author heard the Rev. H. P. Liddon, at St. Paul's, and listened to him with unabated interest for an hour and twenty minutes." Thus writes Mr. Binney, an eminent Nonconformist minister, who has himself written a volume of sermons or essays of a very high degree of excellence. Moreover, his sermons are by no means of that merely hortatory character which might wisely be compressed within a few minutes, albeit, by weak preachers they are often spun out to any conceivable

limits. We observe that when Dr. Liddon comes to publish his sermons, he includes some passage or other within brackets, as being necessarily omitted at the time of delivery.

Dr. Liddon draws together such an audience as rarely excites the interests or anxiety of an orator. The announcement that he is to preach anywhere is one that widely excites curiosity and interest. A college don, Dr. Liddon has no regular charge, and he ordinarily reserves himself for great occasions, for cathedral or other preaching of the highest importance. Long before the hour of service commences, the cathedral or church is densely packed. If the admission is by ticket, the tickets have been disposed of days before, and hardly any amount of interest is sufficient to obtain one. On these occasions the clergy number very largely. The white ties and black coats are scattered everywhere about, including many of the most eminent clergy of the day, and at times various of our most eminent prelates. Many other eminent men are gathered together, eminent in politics, in literature, in science, and art. The people are there in their thousands, with an enormous preponderance of the educated classes. Dr. Liddon's great reputation commenced with the High Church party; but since that it has grown familiar to every educated man, and is fast fermenting the great mass of our London population. There is an indefinable thrill of emotion amid the vast crowd that assembles to hear words of truth and teaching from a great man—a contagion of emotion belonging to the hour and the scene. With a quiet, rapid tread the preacher makes his way to the pulpit. With a natural, earnest gesture he at once

buries his face in his hands to pray. When he fairly faces you, you are at once impressed with his striking and somewhat monastic appearance. Very probably he at once impresses you irresistibly with his likeness to St. Augustine in Ary Scheffer's celebrated picture of Augustine and Monica. The impression deepens upon you if you have ever been a student of Augustine's, as you follow the chain of the discourse, and think you grow better acquainted with the orator. For a moment you might fancy that there was a monk before you. The impression is helped by the rapid and almost imperceptible act of adoration with which Dr. Liddon accompanies every mention of the Name. There is a basis for this impression in the fact, which we have heard stated on the best authority, that Dr. Liddon has spent years in studying preaching as it is on the Continent, and has formed himself on the best models in France and Italy. When you hear such a preacher as Mr. Lyne—Brother or Father Ignatius as he is called—you see merely the external mannerism and the imitated costume of the monk. But Dr. Liddon, disregarding mere externals, reproduces what is best in great Catholic orators, what is deepest founded in the deepest sense of humanity—the passion, the tragedy, the will, the emotions of mankind. We think that it was something in this way that Fénelon preached in the Cathedral of Cambrai, or that Bossuet thundered in the chapel of Versailles. Dr. Liddon need shrink from no comparison with contemporary foreign eloquence. He is essentially our Lacordaire or Père Felix.

Almost in his first sentence we see the essential character of his oratory. His manuscript is by his

side, but he is almost liberated from the chains which a manuscript imposes. He almost knows it by heart, and he declaims it in a grand but a peculiar kind of declamation. It is very remarkable how the greatest pulpit orators of the day are men who read their sermons, which is certainly contrary to the general idea and to ordinary experience. This was the case with such renowned pulpit orators as Dr. Chalmers and Mr. Melvill. The late Bishop of Oxford is skilled in both plans, but seems to prefer the manuscript. The Bishop of Peterborough is, at least at the present time, strictly extemporary. Dr. Caird compounds, by learning his sermons off by heart. It is utterly impossible, the human mind being constituted as it is, that any sermon such as Dr. Liddon's could be spoken in extemporary sentences. You might as well expect a man to speak in lyrics or in epigrams. Those sermons have evidently been polished and repolished to the last degree of point and finish. This is an advantage which you may have with the written, but cannot have with the extemporized discourse. It is easy to see that Dr. Liddon's sermons have had an amount of thought and elaboration bestowed upon them which, in these days of swift writing and speaking, is, unfortunately, extremely rare. The leading characteristic of his oratory is the uniform high pressure of his impassioned speech. So to speak, there are no eminences or depressions in his oratory. He hardly ever slackens and then puts on speed. There is almost a monotony of eloquence. It is the equable speed and rush of the express train. The eye is kindled, the head is thrown back as a war-horse; you detect the nervous, sinewy clutch of the fingers.

No sooner have you been startled and attracted by the vivid original manner of the speaker than some modern name or allusion, some clear and trenchant thought seizes your attention, and at once brings you fairly abreast with some religious controversy of the time. As he clenches some argument or summarizes some analysis with a keen remorseless logic, for a moment the face becomes illumined with a smile of thankful triumph. That noted electric link that exists between orator and auditory is touched and thrilled; and the speaker feels that he is carrying with him the convictions as well as the hearts of his hearers. There is a pause—only too slight—before the preacher branches into another section of his subject. The mind is at extreme tension as you attempt to follow the course of the argument through those terse, glittering, incisive sentences, which follow so keenly and swiftly, like the steps of a mathematical demonstration. Presently that reasoning of the “severe impassioned” order has reached its climax. Hitherto he has been logical, but he is now slightly rhetorical. To use the Greek image, the closed fist is relaxed into the open palm. The orator now turns to the practical part of his subject and its peroration. If up to this point he has sought to convince the reason, he now concentrates his efforts on piercing the heart. There is some touch of exquisite pathos, of heart-stirring appeal, as when one Easter Day, at St. Paul’s, he quoted the lines from the “*Lyra Apostolica* :”

“And with the morn, those angel-faces smile,  
That we have loved long since, and lost ere-while.”

And very probably the final peroration is thrown into the form of simple earnest prayer to the Deity, with an effect of awe and sublimity almost impossible to be described.

As the congregation issues forth from the church or cathedral portals—and it is long before such masses are broken up—on every side you hear eager discussion of the sermon. There is no doubt, in the first place, that the preacher has supplied his auditory with an immense intellectual stimulus. On the oratorical question there is, we think, no doubt; but great as the effect has been it would have heightened if the manuscript had been absent. We have been assured by an eminent dignitary, who had the rare good fortune of hearing Chalmers preach an extemporary sermon, that the effect considerably transcended even the immense effect of his written orations. This might have been the case with Chalmers, whose sermons, after all, are somewhat too expanded and verbose; but such a mode of address could hardly co-exist with the literary and dialectic skill of Dr. Liddon. After you have heard Dr. Liddon preach, you find considerable difficulty in reconstructing even the skeleton (to use that Simonian word) of his discourse. You remember many a striking phrase, apt illustration, powerful appeal, but your attention has been so overpoweringly absorbed by the magnificent oratory, by the rush of vivid musical language, that you would willingly listen again untiringly to the sermon, or would desire to read it over quietly again and again. When you really come to read it in print, you perceive how closely it is articulated into divisions and subdivisions, which the preacher omitted in the



preaching, probably because in the lapse of time the system of divisions has grown somewhat pedantic and old-fashioned. With most popular preachers the sermon dies in its birth, and is lost into thin air. But in the delivery of Dr. Liddon's sermon is only comprised a sectional part of its office. Dr. Liddon is now a considerable theological writer. We have his large volume of the "Bampton Lectures," a volume of University sermons, various scattered sermons, and we have the intimation that another volume of sermons will be shortly forthcoming. Multitudes who do not know him as a preacher know him as an author. In sacred authorship he occupies a very peculiar and distinctive place.

His first volume of sermons was originally entitled "Some Words for God." In deference to friendly criticism Dr. Liddon withdrew that title, and substituted the indistinctive title of "University Sermons." We rather regret this, because the original title gave an idea of the leading characteristic of all Dr. Liddon's written oratory. To him it is emphatically given that he should contend earnestly for the faith, and meet the shifting forms of mental conflict and doubt. He is an Athanasius; if necessary, an *Athanasius contra mundum*. He has the keenest sympathy with all the stir and movement of the contemporary intellectual life of Europe. He is fully abreast; more than that, he is often in advance of the thought and philosophy of the day. He clearly discovers wherein lies the true stress and brunt of the religious battle of our time, and does not disguise from himself that the real issue is with sheer atheism and profligacy.

There is something intensely vivid and life-like in

the mode in which Dr. Liddon meets the seething religious and ethical opinions of the day. He reproduces, exactly at the right moment, the thoughts which are uppermost in the minds of thinking men, and finding expression in the more serious and earnest of current publications. As we follow him from sermon to sermon, it is not difficult to detect the various intellectual tendencies of his sermons—to see at one point how he is combating some of the opinions of Mr. Mill, and at another how he has risen fresh from the perusal of the writings of Mr. Lecky; how, again, he is combating the English forms into which the French system of Comte has thrown itself, and how, again, he is meeting the latest German rationalists before their newest errors have become naturalized in England; once more, how he is crystallizing vague floating thought and difficulties on sacred subjects, or combating the full tide of secular opinion as found in such periodicals as the “Pall Mall Gazette” or the “Saturday Review.” To anyone who, in these days of turmoil and unrest, is dissatisfied and unhappy on those ultimate problems which must beset the mind of any thinking man, we would earnestly recommend the writings of Dr. Liddon, whether, as in the “Bampton Lectures,” he makes a systematic and scientific exposition of orthodox truth and its counterfeits or opposites, or whether, as in his occasional sermons, he meets the desultory and guerilla attacks which are often best thus met, by similar system of defence.

There is sometimes greater audacity, sometimes a more familiar vein of reference and allusion, than some persons might think befitting the dignity and

tranquil atmosphere of the pulpit. But there are times in which *frappez vite et frappez fort* is the general motto. There is undoubtedly a subtle spirit of the age which he ought to be able to apprehend and seize, if he would truly meet its wants and necessities. The great secret of Dr. Liddon's power and influence is that he so thoroughly comprehends and meets the special characteristics, difficulties, peculiarities of the present time. As truly as Socrates has brought down philosophy into common life, does Dr. Liddon, who is often Socratic in his method, bring all details of life into a religious reference. It would be easy to adduce isolated passages of that bold, familiar way in which Dr. Liddon treats many subjects. A reader ought to repeatedly peruse and make a careful analysis of a sermon of his before he can form an adequate idea of the consummate art and ability by which it is characterized. Here is a home-thrust at the periodical literature which is adverse to religious truth: "Look around and mark the varieties of intellect which enter in various ways into this conflict with religion. There is, first of all, mercenary intellect. This intellect writes or talks at the rate of so much per annum, and one given understanding. 'You take so much, and you write up that minister, you advocate that line of policy, you denounce this institution, attack that theory, you blacken that public man.' 'Done.' Necessity, it may be said, knows no law; and there is an inexpressibly sad proverb about poverty to the effect that it cannot afford to have a conscience. We need not care to examine that saying too narrowly. Some of us, perhaps, have known cases in which really noble souls have

bent to a degradation from which they shrank in secret agony, and from which, long ago, they would have torn themselves away if the comfort and even the life of others had not been dependent on their sad, unworthy toil. Gladly, indeed, would I here be silent. But sometimes this hired intellect, in bondage to sharp necessity, or to the mere spirit of gain, passionately asserts its monopoly of freedom. It even tells us, the ministers of Christ, who have freely entered his service, and who rejoice in what it calls our fetters, that we are not free." Here, again, is some outspoken language on the difference between the legal and medical professions, such as is not often heard in the pulpit: "If you are hesitating between law and medicine, it must be admitted that modern English society seems to award a social pre-eminence to law. Yet surely the study of the framework of God's noblest earthly creatures is a higher study than that of any system of human jurisprudence, dashed as every such system must be by human caprice, by human shortsightedness, by human error. Surely the practice of a profession, almost every activity of which is a fresh corporal work of mercy, must have an increasing attraction for those who, in the moral sense of the expression, seek 'things above.' Pardon me, brethren, if I speak too boldly in a matter on which there may fairly be difference of judgment; but I venture to hope, nay, to believe, that as public opinion becomes more Christian, a higher, nay, the very highest social consideration will be everywhere assigned to the members of that noble profession of medicine, which ministers with the one hand to the progress of advancing science, while with the other it daily lavishes its countless deeds of unknown, un-

acknowledged generosity and kindness on the suffering poor." Here, again, is a most interesting anecdote. "There is a well-authenticated tradition of a famous argument between that great scholar and divine, Bishop Horsley, and one to whom I may be permitted to refer with something of the reverent admiration due most assuredly from the members of a great society to a name which it must ever cherish with love and honour—Dr. Cyril Jackson, Dean of Christ Church. They sat, it is said, late into the night, pouring forth thought for which men would have given one of them at least scanty credit. They were debating the question whether God could be better reached by His creatures through the exercise of their intellect, or through the exercise of their affections. Unwillingly, but step by step, the Bishop, who advocated the claims of intellect, retreated before the arguments of his friend, till at length, in a spirit which did no less honour to his humility than to his candour, he exclaimed, 'Then my whole life has been one great mistake.'" Dr. Liddon subjoins in a note, "I am indebted to Dr. Pusey for this account: he received it from Bishop Lloyd."

We had marked a number of passages which we would willingly like to discuss, where the religious interest is united to a popular interest, a literary interest, and the interest that belongs both to mental and natural science. But our limits, and the difficult nature of the ground to be here traversed, warn us to forbear, and merely to entreat our readers to study the writings of one of the brightest and fullest-orbed minds in the Church of England. That mind rises fully above the dwarfed controversies of the national

church, and takes in with keenest glance all their respective relations to the Catholic Church throughout all the world. There is hardly any thought or difficulty that has agitated Christian Europe but is here honestly and boldly stated and discussed from the Christian platform, whether connected with the names of Rousseau or Rénan, Hegel or Schleiermacher, Hobbes or Mill.

We think, therefore, with the utmost confidence, that we may place Dr. Liddon in the first rank of the contemporary orators of the Anglican Church. Doubtless in the metropolis itself, and also in the provinces, there are men who may hereafter rise to great eminence; but those who have been accustomed for years past to watch the condition of the metropolitan pulpit will probably admit that at the present time there is in London a considerable dearth of pulpit oratory of the highest excellence. It is sometimes said, with what justice or injustice we do not pretend to determine, that the same is the case throughout the country. It must, however, be recollected that in all professions, the Church especially, character rather than ability is the true test of excellence. More than eloquence, learning, fancy, there is need for Christian sincerity and active goodness. But though we willingly concede that these are the highest things, we see no reason for submitting to a low standard of excellence in matters on which depends the fundamental principle whether people will care to come to church, and whether they will be attentive when they get there. We do not think that Dr. Liddon's eminent example is one that is susceptible of much general imitation. He would not be able himself to make such

a prolonged and exhausting effort week by week, and no regular ordinary congregation would be competent to follow him. But there are certain demands which the laity are entitled to make upon the clergy, and the Church, if it is wise in this, its time of trial, will seek to meet them. The one accomplishment which brings some one to a level with the best and most cultured clergyman, is the power of extemporary speech, an accomplishment which in nearly every case is to be obtained by diligent effort. This generally succeeds in procuring the attention of the audience, and is a practice fraught with reflex good to the orator himself. But let the clergyman not read mere homilies which would suit equally well or ill any age of the Church's history, but let him comprehend and meet the special character and wants of the times in which his own lot is cast. Then let the preacher be sincere and true to himself, going just so far, and no further, as his own thoughts and feelings take him, avoiding all conventional goodness and assumption of mellifluous unction. Let him have the moral courage, if demands on his time, and not idleness, have driven him into a corner, to give a seven or ten minutes' sermon, something "short and sweet," or tell his people that he is going to read them some other man's sermon. Above all, let the clergy be men of broad thought and reading, cultivate habits of sympathy, toleration, and catholicity, that they may meet the moral and intellectual needs of their followers. The Anglican clergy need not so much to be great orators, as the present elevation of the standard and tone. They may make themselves, through care, trustworthy guides of the people, and be a means of promoting balance and har-

mony in the State. It may not be given to them all, as to Dr. Magee and Dr. Liddon, to be Sons of Thunder, but they may all be "Sons of Consolation."

The recent Capel-Liddon controversy drew attention from these broad characteristics of Dr. Liddon's mind to the relation which he bears to the Ritualistic party. But we will venture to say that that relation is much less close than it was even a few years ago. As the Monsignor advanced passage after passage from different works, including one which Dr. Liddon had himself edited, establishing the point that there was a substantial identity between Romanist and Ritualistic teaching, the Canon could at least declare that their language was not his. Although Monsignor Capel may have established his point against the party, we are glad to believe that he has failed to establish it against the Canon.



## CHAPTER VI.

WELSH BISHOPRICS.—LLANDAFF, ST. DAVID'S, BANGOR,  
ST. ASAPH.

THE Welsh Church is of peculiar interest, as representing the earliest form of Christianity in this country. The tradition carries us back to the mythical King Lucius, and Dubritius the High Priest of Caerleon-upon-Usk. Both Tertullian and Origen refer to British Christians of the third century. British bishops are present in the fourth century at the Councils of Arles, Sardica, and Araminium. The redoubted Pelagius, whose followers "vainly talk," was a Welshman, and answers, without doubt, to the name of Morgan. When Christianity was swept away from Britain at the departure of the Roman legionaries, it still lingered in the western regions of Damnonia. When Augustine once more replanted a British church among the English, there was a schism between the English and British Churches, nominally on account of some ecclesiastical differences, but essentially through differences of language and nationality. The Reformation in England was unaccompanied by any corresponding Reformation in Wales. There are three cases recorded of martyrdom in Wales during the evil

Marian days; but all three are Englishmen. At the time of Queen Elizabeth we have authentic and frightful pictures of the immorality, irreligion, and social disorganization that prevailed throughout the Principality. We have much information by John Penry, whose execution by Queen Elizabeth is one of the worst blots on her reign, and is regarded by Nonconformists as positive martyrdom. It is stated in such a writer as Strype, that the Welsh were living in gross ignorance and superstition. The ecclesiastical settlement made by Queen Elizabeth did very little for the good of the country. A certain bishop of St. Asaph in 1587 held sixteen rich livings *in commendam*; the owners of the best livings were absentees; one man, who had two of the best livings in the diocese, lived in an ale-house; only three preachers resided. The Reformed religion had been established thirty years before the Bible was translated into the language of the Welsh people; thirty-four years passed before there was a whisper of separation; for eighty years the sway of the Church was supreme and undisputed. The rulers of the Church set themselves in steady antagonism to every glimmering of religious life, and so gradually drove all earnest men from their positions in their dioceses. In a sporadic way there constantly arose holy men in the Anglican Church whose names are embalmed in the Welsh Hagiology. Such a one was Rees Richard, the Vicar of Llandovery, whose work is sometimes called the Welshman's Candle. The singular story of this conversion is well-known. He had a he-goat, who used to follow him to the ale-houses, and drink all the ale. One day his master made him drunk. The goat would never again touch ale, nor

enter an ale-house. The clergyman was so struck by this that he renounced his evil habits, and dedicated himself to the work of an Evangelist. Such a one was Thomas Gouge, a Welsh clergyman living in England, whose good works were commemorated by Archbishop Tillotson, who took the first steps in promoting the circulation of the Bible and Prayer-Book, and in sending the poor Welsh children to school.

But a fatality seems to have rested upon the Church in Wales. It is sad to say that for a great deal of this heavy misfortune the Bishops have been mainly responsible. Half a century ago Wales might have been preserved to the Church. Twenty years ago the happy chance was not gone. There are persons who think that the cause of Church revival is still possible for Wales; that as people grow more educated, and our order and liturgy increasingly commend themselves to an increasingly cultivated mind, there will be a rekindling of popular attachment to the Established Church. Other persons, however, including those who are best informed in such matters, have grievous doubts. The ecclesiastical rulers of the land, among a people singularly fervid and enthusiastic, have been utterly devoid of fervour and enthusiasm. They have utterly failed to understand the people, or to sympathize with them. Worthy men, good men, admirable men, as some of them in some respects have been, they have been utterly unlearned in the signs of the times, and have carried the climate of the cloister or the academy into the mountains and valleys of Wales. More than that, "earnestness," to use a valuable, though somewhat undefined term, has

been disliked and discredited among them. If any man arose, possessed of a fiery zeal, and endued with the spirit of a martyr and confessor of the truth, he was looked upon with suspicion and dislike; he was regarded as an ambitious, self-asserting, and designing man; and the most ungenerous interpretations were attached to his movements. He would be systematically treated with neglect, and ignored in the disposal of preferment.

We will take a very remarkable instance to illustrate our meaning; it shall be that of the famous Rowlands, of Llangeitho. He laboured for many years as a curate in the Church; he never was anything more; and finally he was ejected by a bishop, whose only claim to recollection will be that he thus insulted a great Saint, and did much to injure the interests of religion in the Principality. Rowlands was, for twenty-seven years, curate to his brother; and afterwards he was curate to his own son; but he never had the living of Llangeitho. The Bishop wished to keep in his own hands the power of summarily suspending him; and at last, in an evil moment, he exercised that power. All that we hear of Rowlands makes us believe that he was one of the most marvellous characters our land has ever produced. He was as remarkable as Whitefield in the last century, or Spurgeon in the present. The churches where he preached were crowded, and the people overflowed into the churchyards. People would think nothing of coming fifty or sixty miles to hear him preach, long difficult journeys in those days, across river and mountain. The people would travel in companies, like the Jews of old, going up to the great festivals. On Sacrament Sundays,

fifteen hundred people, two thousand, two thousand five hundred would stay. But the wonderful thing is, that Rowlands was enabled thus to speak for eight-and-forty years; and unlike the great itinerating preachers, he was always constant to his own church. It is much easier to address fresh congregations than always to be drawing on the same fountains of thought and feeling for the same people. But though the Sunday generally found him at Llangeitho, he was always willing, during the week, to go out anywhere he might be called, for the sake of doing good. He always wished to preach in a church. But if the church were closed, he would preach in a room or barn, or in the open air; he became, in fact, a great field-preacher. He also organized a system of societies on the Wesleyan plan all over Wales, to which the Calvinistic Methodist body in Wales, to the present day, is distinctly related. When we contrast this kind of man with the prevalent type of bishop we are not surprised to find the prelate accusing the Apostle of "irregularities." If the irregularities had consisted of drunkenness, uncleanness, and gambling, the irregularities would have been condoned; or would at least have been most charitably treated. But intrusion into other parishes, an offence against clerical etiquette, was not to be forgiven by an ecclesiastical tyrant. Rowlands answered, in reply to the Bishop's threats, that "he had nothing in view but the glory of God in the salvation of sinners, and that as his labours had been so much blessed he could not desist."

The silly Bishop determined to take action against him. In a manner as absurd as it was cruel, he caused

the mandate revoking the poor curate's license to be served on a Sunday. The notice was served on him as he was entering the pulpit. He immediately gave the information to the people. Then a great procession, not one in which was not weeping, went outside the church gates, where Rowlands preached his sermon. That breach in the church has never been healed. When Rowlands was shut out, the gate was also closed against myriads of warm-hearted Welshmen. The tone of clerical life was everywhere deplorably low; and Rowlands and other men who sought to elevate it, were worse treated than the very lowest. There is reason to believe that Rowlands was intensely grieved at his dismissal, but it is a consolation to know that he did not suffer the poverty and degradation his persecutors probably intended. His people built him a commodious chapel in the parish, and people migrated there in a body. The Bishop's inhibition was, of course, powerless to silence him. He was not even turned out of the rectory house. His son was the rector, and his son did not allow him to leave. Finally, he was buried in the old churchyard, having died "in great peace;" and previously, having told his people that he had a presentiment of his end. A writer in the "Quarterly Review" once attributed his ardent eloquence to ardent spirits, but this has been indignantly denounced as a calumny. The Bishop who ejected Rowlands is said to have died in a state of the deepest mental agony, when he looked back to that hostile line which he had adopted against Evangelical religion.

The character of the ordinary type of Welsh bishop is, however, well-nigh dying out. That type is soon

sketched. Suppose a man, who is not a Father in God, but a step-father to his diocese; who is thoroughly opposed in temperament, education, and tastes to the mass of his clergy, and makes that difference officially felt; who has not the intellect to comprehend or the heart to sympathize with the rapid development, and new thoughts and feelings of the age; who limits his episcopal supervision to the constant use of the *grandis et verbosa epistola* to such an extent that half the work of the diocese might be discharged by a clerk for twenty-five shillings a week; who attends to his great charge in a hard, narrow, technical, legal mode, and had rather sacrifice the interest of an overworked clergy and swarming population than dry rules made under a totally different state of society; who steadily ignored and discouraged, hampered and hindered, all earnest missionary effort to revive spiritual life among crowded populations; who placed under a ban every independent mind and earnest nature; frigid, self-satisfied, supercilious—what a weight and drag on the life of a Church such a man must be!

It is sad to say it, but, speaking historically, it must be admitted that Episcopacy does not show to much advantage in the Principality of Wales. There are many proofs of a great work being done in the Church in Wales at the present time; it may be fairly said that, at least in all the towns, the Church has a vigorous life; the work of the present day is overtaken, and some reparation is made for the mistakes and neglect of the past. But in the past, Episcopacy has driven the Welsh into nonconformity; it arrayed itself against all the earnest, tender, religious feelings

of the population. It has acted as an incubus and restraint on the free development of religious life.

One great drawback to the Welsh bishoprics was the pestilential system of translations. At Llandaff, there have been fifteen bishops in the course of the last hundred and sixty years, of whom eleven have been cases of translation. At St. David's, within the same period, there have been twenty-two bishops and fourteen translations. At St. Asaph's eighteen bishops and fifteen translations. Some of these were translations, not from, but to St. Asaph, which appears to have been better endowed than the other Sees. At Bangor this evil system received its culmination. There have been eighteen bishops of Bangor within the limits we have named, and every one of these was a case of translation. The equalization of incomes by the Ecclesiastical Commission has put a stop to this abuse.

We will take a glance at a few of the bishops in Wales, whose lives illustrate the condition of things. A very strange life was that of Bishop Beaw, who died at the commencement of the eighteenth century. He was a Fellow of New College, but being ejected in the year before the execution of King Charles, he went into Sweden, and there followed the profession of a soldier. After the Restoration, he recovered his Fellowship. A curious letter of his to Archbishop Tenison,\* is preserved. He put down the value of his bishopric, after all deductions, at £230 a year. "I found my little bishopric's revenues wholly swallowed up, nothing more appearing of them than would defray the charges of the quantity of vinegar,

\* Lambeth MSS. quoted in Murray's Handbook to Welsh Cathedrals.



pepper, salt, and fire, spent in the house." When he says he applied for the Bishopric of St. Asaph, "it had been buzzed into the Queen's ears, and your predecessor had swallowed it, that a Welsh bishop ought to be a Welshman; which was in truth the casting of a reproach upon all our late kings and primates, who had indifferently imposed Englishmen for bishops upon the Welsh people; and it was a groundless surmise, there not being a market town in all Wales, wherein they speak not all English; and a sermon in Welsh, with the most, would not be understood." This letter is the more interesting as it applies to the modern cry of "Wales for the Welsh." It is possible that before long all the Welsh Sees may have Welsh Bishops; but whether this may be the best permanent state of things may be fairly open to question.

But the bishops have generally been pluralists and absentees. Take that remarkable man, but bad bishop, Thomas Watson, a total absentee, and that great and good man, Bishop Coplestone, a partial absentee. Watson's well-known autobiography is very amusing. He prides himself on "the consistency of conduct," and "probity of manners, which he maintained from seventeen to five-and-seventy." He might have had an Indian chaplaincy, but quite agreed with the friend that told him that he was "far too good to die of drinking punch in the torrid zone." He applied himself "with great eagerness to the study of divinity. Still the acquisition of knowledge was attended with nothing but the neglect of the King and his ministers," who ought to have contemplated with a lively interest the Bishop's mental

improvement and steady advance in theological acquisitions.

Watson is very severe upon the bishops of his day. He considered that the office was like a pyramid, whose top was only accessible to eagles or to reptiles. "I considered the acquisition of it as no proof of personal merit, inasmuch as bishoprics are as often given to the flattering dependents, or to the unlearned younger branches of noble families, as to men of the greatest condition; and I considered the profession of it as a frequent occasion of personal demerit; for I saw the generality of the bishops bartering their independence and the dignity of their order for the chance of a translation, and polluting Gospel humility by the pride of prelacy."

Before his own elevation, Dr. Watson was very severe on the subject of non-residence. It will hardly be credited that the following were his views on the position of a bishop: "Oblige him to a larger residence in his diocese than is usually practised, that he may do the proper work of a bishop; that he direct and inspect the flock of Christ; that by his exhortations he may confirm the unstable, by his admonitions reclaim the reprobate, and by the purity of his life render religion amiable and interesting to all." It will hardly be believed that Watson was the most non-resident of prelates. He once very appropriately commenced a charge to his clergy by saying, "Reverend brethren, it is not unknown, I believe, to many among you, that I have been your bishop for above thirty years." His excuse for non-residence was the want of a suitable house, as if an earnest man would not have been glad to make shift with any kind

of abode, so that he might do his best to discharge his life work in his diocese. He had the less excuse, as a friend had left him a large estate in Sussex, which forms part of the Leconfield property. He turned farmer on his own account in Westmoreland. "The county of Westmoreland will long have cause to thank the Bishop of Llandaff for the example he has set, not of chaffering with peasants about the price of bullocks, but of making bad land good, of introducing new modes of husbandry, and of flocking mountains." Watson appears to have had the idea that the work of a bishop was simply that of an enterprising agriculturist. What added to this strange inconsistency was the fact that Watson was prepared to bring in a bill to promote residence among the inferior clergy. We find him giving hints that translation to a new diocese "would be peculiarly acceptable to himself;" but alas! his broadest and repeated hints were never reciprocated in a proper spirit. The Bishop made more than a thousand pounds by his "Apology for the Bible," "which sum, had my family been less, or my means of providing for it larger, I should have had the greatest satisfaction in consecrating." As the next best thing to giving the money away, he composed a grand Latin inscription about his intended benefaction, which would have been very appropriate if only he had made it. Among his experiences, one of the most interesting is his account of what, we think, was his last visitation in South Wales. "I went over the mountains from Neath to a place where no bishop had ever held a confirmation before, Merthyr Tydvil. I was, whilst there, most hospitably entertained and lodged by Mr. Crawshay, one of the most intelligent and

opulent iron-masters in Europe . . . . This gentleman, in common with many others, not only of the clergy, but of the laity in my diocese, expressed his astonishment at the manner in which I had been neglected by the Court, and making an apology for his frankness, told me with evident concern that he was sure I should never be translated; that I was considered by the Court as a man of far too independent a spirit for them, and had long been put down in the Queen's Black Books . . . . Just before I left the diocese, my host at Merthyr came to bid me farewell at Llandaff; and when we parted, he took me by the hand, and said, 'If ever you have occasion for five or ten thousand pounds, it shall be at your service.' I was infinitely surprised at this generous offer, and returning my most grateful thanks, assured him that I neither was then, nor had any apprehension of ever being in want of such a sum. Those who in reading this anecdote shall be disposed to attribute Mr. Crawshay's offer to an ostentatious display of his wealth, will, in my judgment, do him great wrong. I was more delighted with this substantial proof of the disinterested approbation of an iron-master than I should have been with the possession of an archbishopric." We are afraid Dr. Watson's opinion would hardly have stood a practical test.

On those rare occasions on which the Bishop visited his diocese, he would dilate on the injustice and neglect with which he was treated by the Court. An amusing story is traditionally preserved in the diocese of Llandaff. He had on one occasion bewailed himself greatly. He was convinced that he had some great enemy, who opposed the paradisaical idea of the

old Welsh prelates, that of translation to some fatter English diocese. "Here am I," said he, "a man who has served my Church and country; a man who has done so much by my works to the support of the foundations of Christianity; a man of merit, and learning, and probity, still the poor Bishop of Llandaff! Now, gentlemen, I say that somebody or other is to blame for this." The Bishop sat down amid deep and indignant cheers from his sympathising clergy. Then uprose a Welsh parson, whom we will call the Vicar of Craig-y-Dinas, who had long entertained the idea that the Bishop ought to have conferred on him some promotion. "Here am I, after thirty years' work in the Church, a man of learning, and merit, and probity, still the poor Vicar of Craig-y-Dinas! Now, gentlemen, I mean to say that that is the fault of somebody or other." Here he looked the Bishop straight in the face, who, it is to be hoped, took the hint, and did unto the poor Vicar even as he hoped the higher powers would do unto himself.

Every now and then the diocese of Llandaff came to great men as a stepping-stone to further preferment. Coplestone of Llandaff, and Dean of St. Paul's, was one of the most remarkable prelates of the day. His life was written by his nephew; and Archbishop Whately, being dissatisfied with this life, did it in a meagre way over again, with some thirty pages of extracts "from the Common-place Book," which he was pleased to speak of as admitting us "into the studies of an eminent artist." Coplestone, however, had a great part in Whately's Logic, a word of terror to the Oxonian passman, but which was of real use in reviving the study of the Aristotelian Organon, which

had been so long discredited by the Baconian philosophy. In another direction he showed himself a profound theological writer. Coplestone was for many years a real power in the University of Oxford, and bore a great part under Provost Eveleigh in lifting Oriel to its position among the colleges. The following story is told respecting him :—

A remarkably astute, elderly man of business, who had made a large fortune on the Stock Exchange, was asked how he had sped as to the renewal of the lease of an important part of his estate, held under Oriel College. "Why, not so well as I expected," was the answer. "I thought I should get a pretty easy bargain with a mere learned, bookish fellow, like Coplestone; but I was rather taken aback, I confess; he is as well up to the value of land and money as I am myself, and seems acquainted with every acre of the property." Coplestone made a great impression on all his contemporaries as a scholar, a gentleman, and an honest man. He became Bishop of Llandaff and Dean of St. Paul's when Dr. Sumner was shifted to Winchester, after a disgracefully brief tenure of that office. A letter which he wrote to his father gives the best account we know of the scenes and events of the day of a bishop's consecration.

"Being just now returned from my consecration at Lambeth, I think it best to employ an hour before I go to bed, and while the impression is yet fresh on my mind, in giving you some account of this day, certainly to *me* the most impressive and memorable of my whole life . . . . We went from the Archbishop's gallery in solemn procession—his own servants leading the way in Court dresses—to the Chapel, where the

service was performed with the greatest solemnity . . . It is the custom of the day to give the new bishop precedence after his consecration. He walks first, with the Archbishop, and sits at the head of his table—formerly it was with his head covered, and even now the ceremony is kept up of putting on the cap after the company are seated, although it is immediately taken off again. The party being all pretty well acquainted, although a day of solemn ceremony, it was, I believe, one of social enjoyment also . . . . There is something that powerfully affects the feelings in a day of solemnity at Lambeth Palace. The historical recollections, which everything around you awakens, are deeply interesting. In the gallery, which is used as a State drawing-room, are portraits of every Archbishop, from Cranmer downwards, with that of Wareham, the last Popish primate. The ground, consisting of about twenty acres, enclosed in the midst of what is now a populous town, is the same which for many centuries has belonged to the Primate of Canterbury, and is, therefore, associated with some events or characters of every reign. The formalities now practised on solemn occasions are such as bring the past before one's eyes, and are never to be witnessed elsewhere."

The Bishop's diary shows how very much he enjoyed being a bishop. He attended Court, he attended the House of Lords, he keenly enjoyed politics, literature, and society; every summer he went to his pleasant retreat in Devonshire; and his autumn months were ordinarily spent in his diocese of Llandaff. The bishop was fond of working at his own pedigree. At Coplestone, in Devonshire, there is a very ancient

stone cross, twelve feet high; in all probability of Saxon date; the Coplestones took their name from this cross; the Bishop exactly reproduced it at his place, Offwell; and there is also a very similar cross on the high road, opposite Llandaff Cathedral. The Bishop seems to have meditated much upon the subject of bishops. He did not think much of Suffragans; he thought that, historically speaking, they were a failure. But then Bishop Coplestone seems never to have applied his powerful mind to the inquiry as to how many superior bishops would be sufficient to fulfil the ends for which bishops exist, say on the calculation that they resided in their dioceses for a few months in the autumn. He always kept his mind fresh and open to impressions, and could not sleep after them. Wheatstone had explained to him the principles of the electric telegraph: "Happy am I in having commenced my sixty-fifth year with this bright vision, which promises to introduce a wonderful reality, and an accession to our intellectual dominion, boundless both in extent and in value." Dean Williams says of him: "Placed in the See of Llandaff, where translations were frequent, and where this diocese was regarded but as a stepping stone to another, he early expressed his resolve to abide amongst us, and here he has remained to die." It must be added that the Bishop always spent on his diocese a larger sum than he received from it. His benefactions were done in a very noble, simple spirit. He once heard that the incumbent of a poor large parish, who had a large family and narrow income, was threatened with imprisonment for debt. The Bishop ascertained from one of the churchwardens the amount of the debts, and sent a sum in payment



of all, stipulating that his name should not be disclosed.

The Bishop did good service by reconstructing the diocese of Llandaff, in raising the fallen estate of the Welsh Church; but he overshot the mark. He was right enough in refusing to appoint to Welsh speaking parishes, any other than Welsh curates. But he would insist on appointing a Welshman, even when the parish was English, and Welsh was unnecessary. In this way he may have done injustice to worthy men, and have done his best to prevent a fusion between England and the Principality. He quite approved of an Englishman being made a Welsh bishop, but altogether neglected to apply his principles to the cases of the "inferior" clergy. The result of this system—the prevalent system—is, that an Englishman has hardly a chance of promotion in a Welsh diocese.

Very kindly memories cling to the late Bishop Short, of St. Asaph. He was a great humorist in his way. One day a gentleman went to him on the subject of deacon's or priest's orders. After some greeting and a hospitable welcome, the visitor was left in the library. Presently the Bishop entered, and going up to his guest said, "What is your name?" The caller thought his name had been forgotten, and said calmly: "John Jones, my Lord!" "Oh dear, dear!" said the Bishop; "I am very sorry!" and made a precipitate retreat. Presently the Bishop made a re-appearance, and going up to his guest said: "What is your name?" The man replied, with some little heat and emphasis, "John Jones." "I am afraid I shall be quite unable to pass you!" said the Bishop. It suddenly dawned upon the candidate's mind that the worthy bishop was ex-

aming him to the Church Catechism. He accordingly tried the monosyllable "John." The Bishop's face beamed with satisfaction, and there was no further difficulty in getting through the examination.

The Bishop's book on the History of the Church of England is one of the most learned and most luminous with which we are acquainted. He had the true historical spirit, and perhaps the only criticism to be passed upon him is that he is a little too hard on the prelates of the Elizabethan age. Another work of a very different kind is his book, "Letters of an Aged Mother, by a Clergyman;" a work known to be his. His preface is very brief and characteristic. "Dear reader, there is reason to believe that these letters were a comfort to her to whom they were addressed. They are printed in the hope that they may prove useful to you. God grant it may be so!" The book is written with wonderful pathos and reality. Dr. Short was a man of the keenest affections. The touching story is remembered how, day by day for many years, he strewed flowers upon the grave of his wife—an incident commemorated by a poet of our days.

"As through St. Asaph's quiet streets I went,  
I saw a sculptured fountain softly flowing—  
A cherished name inscribed above it, showing  
What tearful memories with those streams were blent.  
To the Cathedral next my steps I bent,  
Where in rich glass the same deep grief was glowing;  
While, strewn upon a grave, flowers freshly blowing  
Showed sorrow's early tenderness unspent.  
Thus by three touching symbols was recorded  
A husband's life-love to his sainted wife.  
Through lonely years like precious treasure hoarded;  
A love as ceaseless as the fountain streaming,  
Like flowers fresh gathered, still with fragrance rife,  
And to old age with chastened radiance gleaming.

The sporadic efforts of a few good men could hardly overtake the general evils of the Church. When Keble went to see Snowdon, he wrote (1840) to a friend to say that by travelling to Wales he learnt to realize in earnest the present condition of the Church in Great Britain. He found at Llanberis that the service might take place almost any time between eleven and two, that the clergyman lived sixteen miles off, and the parish was fifteen miles long. There are many parallels to such an instance. A friend speaking at a Church Congress said, "A very few years ago, there were hardly any passable roads in the remoter part of Wales, parishes extended over mountains, valleys, and wide-spread commons, one part divided from another by rivers and streams often swollen into torrents. Through these the clergyman would often have to dash up to his saddle girths if he were so fortunate as to be able to keep a horse, to wade or to swim if he kept neither horse nor vehicle. I am going myself to preach Sunday after next in a parish with an acreage of 32,000, sixteen miles in length by ten in breadth, population under 800. Many Welsh parishes are properly not villages at all, but are made up of scattered farms and cottages, dotted down here and there on the sides of the mountains miles apart. The parish of Llanbadarn Fawr, out of which the fashionable watering place of Aberystwith is formed, was even worse than that of Cwmdaiddwr, which I have just referred to; for its acreage amounted, I believe, to 60,000. I very much wish that I knew Welsh. If ever you heard a true Welshman preach, or the service sung in Welsh, you would admit that it is one of the most beautiful and

rhythmical languages you can imagine. Conceive, then, the state of things when clergymen were appointed to benefices who did not know one word of Welsh. It is well known that in the year 1766 a certain Dr. Bowles was appointed by the then Bishop of Bangor to a living in Wales. In reply to the argument of the churchwardens on bringing an action to deprive him of the benefice, his counsel alleged that Wales was a conquered country, and therefore that it was a wise policy in the English Government to suppress the language."

In thinking of the wants of Wales, we must not forget that there is a large English-speaking population, that the English language is spreading over large districts where Welsh was once exclusively spoken; that English is the only tongue now taught in the day-schools; and that the Dissenters speak of meeting the requirements, not of the Welsh-speaking Welsh people, but of the English-speaking Welsh people. One of the most essential steps is an improved standard of life and learning among the native clergy. The great institution is Lampeter College; it was originally established by good Bishop Burgess. It lies remote, only lately made accessible by rail, screened by the hills of Cardiganshire. For studious devout men, who can be content with high thinking and plain living, there can hardly be a better home than amid the streams and mountains of this sequestered part of Wales. The education is very thorough. There is a great movement at present to have a Welsh University at Aberystwith, but, in point of fact, all the conditions for a National University already exist at Lampeter. The course, as indicated by the three

public examinations, is very similar to that of Oxford and Cambridge; and, in addition, the Divinity students who come from Lampeter generally possess a knowledge of Hebrew, which is very rarely possessed by Oxford and Cambridge men. There is a considerable number of scholarships, so that a frugal young man of industry and ability may almost obtain an academic subsistence. The Lampeter men are, as a rule, quite up to the mark of their brethren at Jesus College, Oxford, and some of the most eminent clergymen of Wales belong to their number. Lampeter has given one bishop to the Bench in the person of the Bishop of St. Asaph. Lampeter theology has, however, been grievously impugned, and it will take the College some time to recover from the effect of the vagaries of such a man as the late Rowland Williams.

Among other improvements some re-arrangement of Welsh dioceses is greatly wanted. The diocese of St. David's is outgrown beyond all proportion. Bishop Thirlwall, we are told, refused to part with the north-east section of it, on the ground that it would involve a loss of patronage. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners recommended that the western portion of Glamorganshire, including Swansea and the peninsula of Gower, should be annexed to the diocese of Llandaff. The same Ecclesiastical Commissioners once contemplated the creation of a diocese that should stretch along either side of the upper waters of the British Channel, and Bishop Coplestone, who had a home in Devonshire, seriously inclined to the proposal!

Let us look, as stating the case of the Church, at

the language used by the present Dean of Llandaff, the only Welsh Dean who gives us anything to quote, as he tells the story of the renovation of his former desolate but now beautiful Cathedral. The Dean is the author of a very valuable article in the "Quarterly Review," in which he states fully, though perhaps in a somewhat *ex parte* way, the case of the Church in Wales. "The Bishop of Oxford came amongst us, when we met to celebrate the restoration of that portion of the Cathedral which, though disfigured by the hand of man, had not been left like the Western end, roofless and ruined, for time and storm to work their will. The support of the public has never failed us, and never for one single hour has our work stopped from want of funds. By God's mercy, however, all this is altered now, our Cathedral is no more a ruin, but has been restored at a cost in the whole, of about £30,000; choir and organ are once more heard within its walls; our Daily Service is again renewed. The office of Dean has been revived. The Canons are resident, as in any other Cathedral city; we have commenced the collection of a Library; which will, we trust, be of use to the Clergy of the Diocese as well as to ourselves, and we may, I think, say, with truth and thankfulness, that, looking to what we were and to what we are, there is no Restoration like our own. And yet we are told that the Church in Wales is dead or dying,—there are no signs of it at any rate in Llandaff, as you yourselves have seen this day; while both at St. David's and at Bangor the like work of Cathedral Restoration is now in hand. There are no signs of it throughout this Diocese, in which, during the last twenty years, more than thirty-

five new churches have been built; every old one at least repaired; many thoroughly restored, others rebuilt from the very ground, the impulse given by the Cathedral vibrating from the centre to the circumference, as the vigorous beating of the heart is felt through every limb—in which schools, which before that time were few and far between, are now to be found in almost every Parish—in which Parsonage Houses, which, within my own recollection, were almost the exception, are now become the rule,—in which the number of the Clergy has been largely multiplied.” No man in his way has contributed more effectively to such a renovation than the Dean of Llandaff himself.

Only a very few words are necessary in speaking of the present incumbents of Welch dioceses. A short time ago there was an extraordinary difference between the Bishops of North and South Wales. A series of contrasts might have been drawn out. In South Wales we had two aged clergymen, English of the English, Cambridge dons, of a temperament thoroughly opposed to the Cymric temperament, and whose resignations under the Act might have been somewhat confidently expected. In North Wales we have Welsh of the Welsh, who preach to delighted audiences in their own tongue, and for whom the delighted audiences find the highest praise in likening them to popular Dissenting ministers, vigorous men in vigorous age, identified with their people and their work, the one devoid of University distinction, the other a literate. Of the great name of the Bishop of St. David's, we have spoken elsewhere. He belongs not only to his remote diocese in South Wales, but

he is a great prelate, whose name is recognised and revered throughout Europe. He is a scholar for scholars, a thinker for thinkers. His successor is Dr. W. Basil Jones, a clergyman who, though a Welshman by birth, is hardly so in education and association. He has, however, the advantage of long familiarity with his diocese, and in conjunction with Mr. Freeman has produced an admirable work on his own cathedral of St. David's. He is an editor of the edition of the New Testament projected by his friend the Archbishop of York, the terse, clear, thoughtful annotation of which is greatly to be admired. The Bishop of St. Asaph has the distinction of being the only "literate" person — "illiterate literates," the Bishop of St. David's used to call them—on the bench. The Bishop of Bangor had a long pastoral connection with the huge parish of Merthyr Tydvil, an experience which he forcibly applies to larger spheres. The Bishop of Llandaff has given us a monograph on his own cathedral. He has been one of the longest bishops on the bench, and he perhaps thinks *bene vivit qui bene latuit*. He once made some important remarks on the condition of the Welsh in London, whom he accuses of habitual drunkenness and irreligion. The Nonconformists keenly contest the statement. The Bishop is now the oldest prelate on the Bench. He still adheres to some old-fashioned ways which are generally given up in most dioceses. For instance, the law gives a certain protection to the licensed curate, requiring that no notice shall be given to him without the sanction of the Bishop. Ordinarily, in any case of controversy between incumbent and curate, such a



sanction can only reasonably be exercised by the old-fashioned way of hearing both sides, and then determining. Bishop Ollivant apparently thinks this quite unnecessary. If an incumbent requests leave to dismiss a curate, the permission is at once granted, and the curate is not permitted to be heard on his own behalf. In vain the poor curate may urge that his dismissal may ruin him, that the congregation of which he has sole charge will provide funds that will save the incumbent any expense, that to act thus towards him is judging unrighteous judgment—the Bishop of Llandaff does not feel himself called upon to adjudicate on the merits, and, no doubt, acts conscientiously according to his lights. Such conduct may be looked upon as a remnant of abuses fast passing away—fossil remains of a perished state of things—but it helps to explain the chronic antagonism towards the Church which exists in the Principality, and its enduring prejudice against Episcopacy.

## CHAPTER VII.

## SOCIAL ASPECTS OF EPISCOPACY.

IN a rather odd debate in Convocation some time ago, to which we have already drawn attention, various right reverend prelates, in discussing the subject of the increase of the Episcopate, also discussed ways and means, and compared expenditure and experiences. The debate would set many persons meditating on the agreeable subject of the social aspect of hierarchical life—that very human, practical side of life which these great beings so freely exposed to the gaze of all readers of the ecclesiastical newspapers. We think there was a certain something in the debate which most readers would like; the Bishops complained of hard times, increased expenses, and insufficient income; yet some of these seemed willing to subdivide their dioceses and to make sacrifices that they might attain this object. The social aspect is one with which the public has grown familiar. Novelists have often had a great deal to say about bishops. Both Thackeray and Dickens introduced them; and the Bishop and Bishopess of Barchester are as well known as any prelate on the bench. We will humbly venture to speak a little

about bishops—as they do not hesitate to speak rather freely about themselves.

Still we think that some of these Confessions, which perhaps the bishops made in imitation of St. Augustine, are open to criticism. The bishops talk a great deal about their hospitality. A bishop, we know, is supposed to be given to hospitality. Perhaps something depends on what he means by hospitality. The amount of actual hospitality exercised by bishops towards the humble curates of a diocese is, we imagine, extremely limited. The practice in different dioceses varies, except on that great event of a curate's life, his ordination. As a matter of fact, we believe that bishops receive from their clergy as much hospitality as they exhibit. Whenever a bishop comes to do episcopal work, preach a sermon, hold a confirmation, preside over a meeting, the local clergyman always "takes him in," perhaps his horses as well, and his chaplain almost to a certainty. Some bishops are more considerate, and make the clergyman they visit act as chaplain for the nonce. Sometimes the prelate condescends to prolong his stay for several days. The bishop's visit is an immense event in the history of a quiet parsonage. Every preparation is made to receive the right reverend prelate; and, as it is supposed he will only eat and drink of the best, strenuous efforts are made to provide the best for him. Of course bishops are as moderate, more moderate, perhaps, than most people, and can take very hard exercise. As a rule, they are a much less rubicund body of men than the judges. There are bishops who would surpass the hardiest of their

clergy in pedestrianism and climbing feats. Still the rural clergyman lays himself out to commit perhaps his solitary extravagance in the course of the year, that he may do honour to his diocesan. It is a good opportunity of gathering his friends and leading parishioners around him and doing things in the style of the old days, before his income was stationary, and his family anything but stationary. We know a place where a bishop's incursion is a sort of pic-nic. One friend sends in grapes; another, pheasant; another, a raised pie; another, a brace of bottles of old wine—and then they rejoice together over these good things and their bishop. The great man comes—gives kindly speeches and gracious glances, deplures the spread of revolutionary principles, makes a number of personal inquiries, whenever he can find common ground, and departs—having conferred as much kindness as he has received. We are not criticising or finding fault with this kind of hospitality; no doubt it is genial and graceful. Our point is, that the bishop shows no such extent of hospitality that requires a large expenditure, or warrants an expression of regret over a limited income. In the first place, he gets as much hospitality as he gives. In the next place, he does not give very much, and what he gives need only be of the simplest kind. The clergyman would value a chop and a glass of sound sherry, with a little real kindness and counsel from his diocesan, much more than coming, as one of two dozen, to a banquet, or one of two hundred to a garden party. The real expenses of a bishop—which sometimes make him complain that he could not get on upon his episcopal income unless a private

fortune were superadded—lie in his large establishment; the many menials, expenses of his horses, the heavy bills with the tradespeople, the competition in appearance with county families; and it is too bad that the poorer clergy should be credited with this heavy expenditure. The bishop is a county magnate, and he associates with other county magnates, and his “light” and “sweetness,” wines and dishes, are generally reserved for them. It is rather hard to charge to the account of poor parsons what is really spent on the great ones of the earth.

Something more might be said of episcopal hospitalities. A bishop's dinners, within living memory, have been very awful affairs. A crowd of guests assembled in the drawing-room and were left to entertain each other. Just before dinner was ready, the great man made his appearance, and transacted some hurried greetings. Then he shuffled downstairs and took his seat at the head of the table. His secretary would take the other end of the table, crack his jokes, call for wine, and keep up the conversation. The bishop would make a few remarks to his right hand neighbour and to his left—and make his escape as soon as he could. He treated his guests after the fashion of a duke of Omnium, but for a very different reason. The bishop was a learned man and a good one, but shy and nervous—hardly equal to the duties of hospitality, but desirous to discharge them and to get out of them as soon as he could. There are several bishops who fill their houses with guests, but the guests complain that they see little or nothing of their hosts. It is rather hard when the

guests are not only friends, but relations, and have seen nothing of their distinguished relative for many long years. There was one very kindly old bishop who filled his nice house with nice people, but only showed at a late dinner. His guests might see him walking about in a part of his garden where none dared to intrude, reading a book and feeding his ducks. He was very nice during dinner, but would fall asleep directly afterwards. The difficult point with the guests was, whether they should wake him up to say good night, or leave him alone. In the latter case the good bishop, being a bachelor, would fall asleep in his arm-chair, in which he was picked up by the housemaid in the morning. There is an amusing traditional story of Bishop Warburton still preserved at Gloucester. Warburton was a warm-hearted, impulsive man, who loved to enjoy himself and see others around him do the same. A young curate was dining with him, who was too modest to take any wine, and too awestruck to enter into conversation. The Bishop passed the bottle freely, and made various attempts to draw his guest into conversation. All his endeavours were fruitless, and at last the Bishop quite lost patience. "Sir!" he shouted, "if you're a man talk, and if you're a fish, drink." Bishops do not always imitate the Warburton hospitality. There was one prelate who succeeded him, who gave a very poor dinner and very little wine. It was assize time, and some barristers on circuit were invited to dinner at the palace. Etiquette led them there, but their own tastes would have kept them away. In the drawing-room a serjeant-at-law was, or affected to be, very ill. "Ah, poor fellow!" said

the leader of circuit to the host, "he is always made ill by a little wine upon an empty stomach." One day a man met a high cathedral dignitary, somewhat of a valetudinarian, who was naturally obliged to pay considerable attention to diet. "I have been obliged to pay considerable attention to what I drink," he said, "and after a good deal of trial and attention I have found out that upon the whole champagne is the most wholesome drink I can take, as an ordinary beverage. I don't take it, however, on Fridays in Lent," he added, and then a deep heartfelt sigh, "I find it a great deprivation."

We are treading on high and difficult ground when we speak of bishops, but episcopal stories are by no means the worst, or afford the least curious experiences. Bishop Blomfield used to tell a story of having been waited on by a deputation headed by a colonel in the army, to request him to make provision that the inmates of lunatic asylums should be regularly visited by the parochial clergy. The Bishop answered that he did not know whether the clergy would like this additional burden, and even if they did, he hardly thought this would give any additional security for the comfort of lunatics. "But," rejoined the Colonel, "we would hail with satisfaction any additional security; for I can assure your Lordship that there is not a single member of this deputation *who has not himself at some time or other been an inmate of a lunatic asylum.*" The Bishop certainly felt relieved when this singular deputation left his apartment. He tells stories rather against his own order. Earl Spencer was introduced one day to a bishop's wife who was accompanying her husband on

a visitation. He found her sitting in a room at an hotel, clad in all the colours of the rainbow, and covered with diamonds. The sight of such a mass of splendour overpowered him, and the Earl is described as being struck "all of a heap." In the meanwhile the Bishop had been inflicting a "visitation" on his clergy of the severest and most violent kind. We know the instance of a clergyman who once suddenly came into the possession of immense estates. His wife invited some visitors to her splendid country residence, and on the first morning of their stay she received them at the breakfast-table, in a low dress with a profusion of diamonds. One extraordinary visitation charge came incidentally to our notice. We are bound, however, to say that it was not by a bishop, but by an archdeacon, a gentleman, "who discharges archidiaconal functions," and is *oculus episcopi*. He concluded his charge with the following affecting language, "I must now, gentlemen, bring these remarks to a conclusion. I suppose we shall presently meet again for the purpose of refection at our customary hotel in this city. I am happy to inform you that since we last assembled, there has been a considerable reduction in the charges of the establishment."

In the mild ranges of clerical anecdotes there are stories every now and then which relate to the Bishops. There was an Archbishop who examined the children of a Sunday school, and afterwards was imprudent enough to ask the children if they would like to examine him. One of the children immediately asked him the name of the man who slew the lion in the time of snow. The Archbishop was



nonplussed. There was a head-master, who probably became bishop or archbishop, who asked a small boy what was the meaning of the word chagrin. The small urchin fixedly stared at him and said, "If a big giant had you in his hands, and was going to eat you up, and a bigger giant came and ate you up himself, then the first giant would feel chagrined." We remember another instance of the fallibility of Archbishops. An Archbishop was privately examining a candidate for orders, and mentioned that he should take for his subject the Second Lesson of the day that morning. The gentleman answered that he did not know what the Lesson might be. "You don't know the Lesson for the day?" exclaimed the Archbishop, a little indignant. "Oh! my Lord, I never read the Lessons for the day," was the reply. "You never read the Lessons of the day!" exclaimed the Archbishop. "What do you read then?" The candidate modestly explained that he had his own private way of reading, which consisted in working carefully through different books and sections of books. "Well, that is a very good plan," said the Archbishop; "but on the present occasion I wish to discuss the Lesson." "What is the Lesson?" quoth the candidate. "I have already mentioned, my Lord, that I do not know the Lesson. Pray what is the Lesson?" The Archbishop looked considerably puzzled, and said, "Why, really, Mr. —, you have the advantage of me, I do not know what the Lesson is myself."

There are, no doubt, many sneers at episcopal characters. Landor, after some fine sentences, says: "This is not the doctrine of the silkenly and lawnly

religious; it wears the coarse texture of the fisherman, and walks uprightly and straightforward under it." Lord Houghton declares that there was a bishop, by no means the least eminent, who dismissed his candidates for ordination with the injunction to improve their Greek, and not waste their time in visiting the poor. This is very different from George Herbert, who advised the clergy to study Plato, that they might have a kind and polite way in addressing the cottagers. Archbishop Harcourt had considerable sympathy with sporting parsons, and asked Sydney Smith if he had any objection to seeing the clergy on horseback. He answered, "Certainly not, provided they turn out their toes." When Lutterell, in declining age, took a tour of country houses, he told his friends that he had been quite put out by the theological talk that prevailed in every house he visited, except at a certain bishop's where he has been staying. The following anecdote of Sydney Smith relates doubtless to Bishop Wilberforce: "I remember his salutation to a young archdeacon, now perhaps the foremost prelate in the Church. You have got your first honours in your profession—the first drippings of the coming shower. I have everything I want, a canonry with pasture, a charming parish and residence, and—what I will tell you privately, but it must not go any farther—an excellent living I never see." Thus Lord Houghton, like many others, regrets the Whig cowardice that would not make Sydney Smith a bishop. He is supposed to have alluded to Bishop Blomfield in the description of the rise of a prelate. "He is all of a sudden," says Sydney Smith, "elevated from being a tutor, dining

at an early hour with his pupil (and occasionally, it is believed, on cold meat), to be a spiritual lord; he is dressed in a magnificent dress, decorated with a title, flattered by chaplains . . . . and this often happens to a man who has had no opportunities of seeing the world, whose parents were in very humble life, and who has given up all his thoughts to the *Frogs* of Aristophanes and the Targum of Onkelos." Sydney Smith rendered the Bishop's first charge into free Pindaric metre—

" Hunt not, fish not, shoot not,  
Dance not, fiddle not, flute not;  
But, before all things, it is my particular desire  
That once, at least, in every week you take  
Your dinner with the squire."

Bishop Wilberforce at least assigns the ridiculous lines to Sydney Smith, on the authority of the Bishop of Winchester, but we believe that Smith always denied that he wrote them.

There appears to be a wonderful unanimity on the part of public writers in attacking prelates. Mr. Ruskin, in his *Fors Clavigera*, speaks of the boredom of showing a bishop through the Academy, who pretended to understand pictures and knew nothing at all about them. Mr. Bright speaks of the foul, the adulterous union between Church and State. We do not know about pictures, but in other matters, about bishops, Mr. Ruskin is simply absurd. As for all that is expected of bishops let us look at the unutterable unreasonableness of such a writer as Mr. Ruskin, who says (*Sesame and Lilies*), "Nearly all the evils in the Church have arisen from bishops desiring *power* more than *light*. They want authority,

not out-look. Whereas their real office is not to rule, though it may be vigorously to exhort and rebuke; the bishop's office is to *oversee* the flock, to number it, sheep by sheep, to be ready always to give full account of it. Now it is clear he cannot give account of the souls if he has not so much as numbered the bodies of his flock. The first thing, therefore, that a bishop has to do is at least to put himself into a position in which at any moment he can obtain the history from childhood of every living soul in his diocese, and of its present state. Down in that back street, Bill and Nancy knocking each other's teeth out! Does the bishop know all about it? Has he his eye upon them? Has he *had* his eye upon them? Can he circumstantially explain as to how Bill got into the habit of beating Nancy about the head? If he cannot, he is no bishop, though he had a mitre as high as Salisbury steeple."

This would be all very well if applied to a bishop in the primitive sense of Presbyter or local clergyman, but has simply no application whatever to a modern prelate. Mr. Ruskin might as well say that ~~that~~ a general ought to know everything about privates in his army.

That great writer, Mr. Browning, has at times taken bishops as his subjects. That is a wonderfully weird piece, "The Bishop orders his tomb at St. Praxed's Church." That was the era of the Atheist bishops under the Atheist Leo the Tenth. There have been modern bishops who could sympathise with "Bishop Blougram's Apology," in the doubt lurking beneath the rigid orthodoxy, and in his theory of having the cabin of human life in its brief voyage across the seas,

furnished as comfortably and luxuriously as may be, making life an ease, and joy, and pride.

“By no immoderate exercise  
Of intellect and learning, but the tact  
To let external forces work for me,  
Which for me's a great point gained,  
Who have a soul and body that exact  
A comfortable care in many ways,  
Thrust power into me and will to dominate,  
Which I must exercise, they hurt me else,  
In many ways I need mankind's respect,  
Obedience and the love that's born of fear.”

Mr. Buckle, with his large generalizations and multifarious learning shows at times a prejudice and narrow-mindedness worthy of the obscurest cliques. He seems to have hated the bishops especially. He says: “In the present day the Episcopal bench only forms one-fourteenth of the House of Lords; in the eighteenth century it formed one-eighth, and in the twelfth it formed sixth-sevenths of the entire House. For more than half a century the Episcopal bench, with one brilliant living exception, has not been occupied by any man of genius.” It is almost sufficient answer to this assertion to say that we are unable to identify the prelate to whom he alludes—whether Blomfield or Philpotts, or Wilberforce, or some other whom he may have taken into favour.

The modern contempt for bishops is indicated by such a writer as Mr. Morley, who, in a strain of unmeasured invective speaks of “one of those hateful documents in which bishops, Catholic and Protestant, have been wont, for the last century and a-half to hide with swollen bombastic phrase their dead decomposing ideas.” Every writer on the public

press thinks it safe game to attack the Bishops. The "Spectator" thus refers to the attitude of the Bishop of Manchester on the Agricultural Question. "So low has the character of an Episcopal order fallen in this country that a bishop who shows real pluck and spirit in defence of any cause other than Church property, Church etiquette, or Church ritual, runs a serious risk of being misunderstood." But nothing more painfully showed the rancorous uneasy feeling abroad with respect to bishops than the language that was used in respect to those in Convocation and Parliament, in reference to Archbishop Tait's Public Worship Bill. It was said, not indeed without a shadow of reason, that if there was a law to summon the clergy for irregularity, there should also be a law to summon bishops. This may be admitted, but the question uppermost at the time was, how is law to deal with the clergy, not with the bishops. The turn of the bishops will come by and by. The present bishops, *ex-cipienda exceptis*, do not deserve the hard things that are said of them, and will probably be increasingly said of them in future years. But just as the first Charles bore the consequences of his father's sins, and Louis the Sixteenth that of bad Kings and worse Regents, so the vast accumulating tradition of the nepotism, grandeur, and shamelessness of bygone prelates—of such bishops for instance as George the Second described as a set of Atheists—has produced a suspicion of prelacy that has become a permanent force in English society.

It was very observable that at a recent Church Congress at Bath anyone who made a hit at the bishops—and a great many such hits were made—might make sure of a cheer from the clerical audience. They

were exhorted to come down from their gilded chariots. The eloquent Bishop of Peterborough complained that they were made the mark of many an arrow not at all shot at a venture. It is interesting to compare the language used at the Congress at Bath with the language used by the President of the Congress of Old Catholics at Cologne: "They did not want a Church prince or Roman grandee, but a shepherd and overseer . . . . What is a bishop in the eyes of the people? He is a very great man, who goes to Court with six horses and two servants." It might be questioned whether the bishops might not look more carefully into the weak points of their own position, and see how they may be rectified. We have mentioned the idea of the late Mr. Buxton about bishops, and there is great force in his language, though we may not fully endorse it. "The question whether it is well for bishops to sit in the House of Lords should be brought to this plain test—What are bishops for? Are they simply for this—to spread religion as widely and as thickly as ever it can be spread among the people? And would they not be likelier to help this forward, were they at home in their Sees, overlooking their clergy and every good work, than dawdling in the House of Lords and in London society? The bishop is to be the driver of his diocese; and how can he make the crack of his whip be heard when he is two hundred miles away? Would not any bank, any factory, any farm go to ruin if its manager's eye were withdrawn for six months in the year? We pay bishops splendidly. We give them greatness as well as wealth. And then we are weak enough to let off half their force, instead of turning the whole on to the

promotion of piety!" The answer is that the clergy are heavily taxed, and as they are the only body of men who are debarred from sitting in Parliament, the compensation is not excessive that permits them to have four-and-twenty seats in the Lords. There are some bishops who appear to be passionately fond of their Parliamentary duties, and others who systematically avoid them. The grandeur and greatness of the Church are indicated by the Episcopal bench in the Lords, but if these temporary interests are maintained at the expense of spiritual interests, why then let the temporal interests go! If there should ever be any re-adjustment of conflicting interests, the Church would do well if it could nominate a small Committee of Bishops for the Lords, and a Committee of Presbyters for the Commons. Or it would perhaps wisely sacrifice the seats in the Lords if it could obtain the same power of sitting in the House of Commons, as has been obtained by such Dissenting Ministers as Mr. Miall and Mr. Richards.

One very vexatious and scandalous subject connected with the bishops is the question of their lay patronage. The Archbishop of Canterbury once said that two learned gentlemen had been speechifying before him who would have the largest part of six hundred pounds for their speeches. But the fees of bishops' secretaries and people of that class are enormous, and bishops appear to be entirely unwilling to surrender the patronage of these lay offices. A large number of churchwardens are entirely deserting bishops' and archdeacons' visitations. Churchwardens, properly speaking, are the bishop's servants, who have to report to him any departures from the law



which may take place in their churches ; but if their presentments are to be practically attended with money payments, it is not to be wondered at if they abdicate their duties. The bishops have the patronage of some seventy or eighty thousand a-year, mainly wrung in fees from the hard-worked clergy, and they permit this atrocious system of blackmail from an unwillingness to repel the crowd of hungry retainers by whom they are surrounded.

Let us take a rapid glance at some touches of old Episcopal life. As an example of the way in which suffragan prelates occasionally communicate with the Primate and Metropolitan of All England, we take a letter from the Bodleian MSS.

“ August 16th, 1672.

“ May it please your Grace, let others dispute your Grace's prerogative in granting dispensations for non-residence out of your metropolitall visitation or in it, I shall not dispute your Grace's power, and I believe your Grace expects it not from me : but this that Mr. Tynt pretends of the unhealthiness of the ayre is a meer pretence, a figleafe without sense or reason. Mr. Tynt is a great fatt man, succulent and full of juice, no Benedictine abbot or Popish priest, fatter ; and now he is afrayd to dwindle away into a consumption because he wants the fresh ayre of Newmarket heath or Salisbury plain. Yet his immediate predecessor, whom I knew well, Mr. Berrier, both Prebend and Vicar of Yatton, liv'd in that place over forty years, and never chang'd or sought after other preferment, and when he died he was upward of fourscore and 3 years, as I am credibly informed. But the

truth is, my Lord, I have received many clamourous petitions against him and his curate, subscribed by the Parishioners' hands; and he brags that neither I, nor my Chancellor, nor the Prebend shall force him to reside there or put in any curat; so much he brags and glories of your Grace's favours, and truly he has another example of your Grace's connivance, Dr. William Peirse, who hath gott eleven months ever since he was suspended by me, and appealed to yr Grace's Alma Curia, which is neer a year ago, kept in a non-canonical house by equivocating with the words of the Charter, and letts his own canonical house out to rent, contrary to the custom of all well-govern'd cathedrals, and ours especially; but of this yr Grace has had enough, I say no more. I thank yr Grace for your inquisitiveness into my health and wellfare. I am a very old man, a crazie and dayly perishing worme, but whilst I live I will ever profess myself

“Your Grace's most faithful servant,

“ROBT. BATH AND WELLS.”

Bishop Bathurst's son and biographer, Archdeacon Bathurst, mentions “the great desire of some preferment, with a comfortable residence, for his son, Robert, who altogether, with a wife and eight children, had not above four hundred a year clear in the Church; which with his (Robert's) *liberal notions* and aspiring mind, and that just sense of those claims which his talents, birth, and indefatigable exertions, and unexceptionable conduct gave him, did certainly bow down this excellent young man's feelings with much sorrow.” The Archdeacon's own preferment amounted to more than two thousand a

year. The Bishop, the good old Bishop as the Whigs called him, was willing enough to do what he could for his offspring and his offspring's offspring. Bishop Bathurst was a kindly, a most gentlemanly, most venerable old man; among very many he is still a beautiful tradition. He was a thorough Whig, appropriately succeeded by another thorough Whig, and sought to do a little bit of family jobbery with the Whig Premier, Earl Grey. He wanted to secure a stall in England, and a bishopric in Ireland for his son. The following extract of a letter from him calmly describes this nefarious transaction.

“I said, as briefly as possible, that I had been informed of his cordial expressions of regard for me, and I added that there certainly was a time when the See of Worcester would have been a very important object to me, on account of my own personal ease and comfort, and as affording the means of making a more ample provision for my children; but that it was now too late, as I found myself declining rapidly, and should be sorry to have him throw away, in great measure, that patronage upon which he must of course have so many claims. I then observed that I had two sons, whom, if he would serve, it would be doing me a great favour, and I took the liberty of suggesting to him that an Irish mitre would be acceptable to you, and that probably there were fewer competitions for preferment in that country than in England.”

The following story used to be told of this humorous prelate with immense laughing, though we hope he did not forget the pain and unhappiness he inflicted by his execrable handwriting.

On one occasion a clergyman had written on some business to the Bishop, and the Bishop desired his chaplain to write him word that he would suspend his judgment for the present on it; upon which Mr. —, mistaking what the Bishop said, wrote to the clergyman, and told him that the Bishop had suspended him.

There is a well known correspondence between the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, the brother of Lord Cornwallis and William Pitt. It is very like Bishop Bathurst's letter to Lord Grey, but it met with a very stern reception. The Bishop of Oxford used to quote it from Lord Stanhope's "Life of Pitt." The Bishop was complaining to the Premier of "instances of neglect and contempt, in violation of repeated assurances and the strongest ties. "With respect to the proposal concerning Salisbury, I have no hesitation in saying that the See of Salisbury cannot be in any respect an object to me. The only arrangement that promises an accommodation in my favour is the promotion of the Bishop of Lincoln to Salisbury, which would enable you to confer the Deanery of St. Paul's on me."

Pitt wrote back in his coldest, stateliest way

"Downing Street, Saturday morning,  
"June 11th, 1791.

"My Lord,

"On my return to town this afternoon I found your Lordship's letter. I am willing to hope that on further consideration, and on recollecting all the circumstances, there are parts of that letter which you would yourself wish never to have written. My

respect for your Lordship's situation, and my regard for Lord Cornwallis, prevent my saying more than that, until that letter is recalled, your Lordship makes any further intercourse between you and me impossible.

“ I have the honour to be &c.,  
“ W. PITT.”

Whereupon the Bishop had to write a very humble letter, and make an abject apology.

One day a pious clergyman, Mr Cadogan of Reading, called upon Bishop Lowth, and found him in great suffering from a violent and severe fit of the gout. “ Ah, Mr. Cadogan,” said the Bishop, “ you see what a poor thing it is to be Bishop of London.” “ Truly, my Lord,” answered his visitor, “ I always thought that it was a poor thing to be Bishop of London, if a man possessed nothing better than a bishopric.” The outside world little appreciates the real pains and responsibilities of the Episcopate. When Davenant was made Bishop, he said on parting with an old college servant that he desired him to pray for him. The other modestly replied that he needed his Lordship's prayers. “ Yes, John,” said the Bishop, “ and I need them too, being now to enter into a calling wherein I shall meet with many and great temptations.”

Dean Alford, preaching at the consecration of Bishop Ellicott, truly said: “ None can mistake the engrossing nature of a bishop's employments; none can suppose that there remains anything for him except to give himself up henceforward simply and entirely to the work he has undertaken. A bishop

has almost to bid farewell to leisure, that ever more and more valuable luxury of the advancing years of busy men; the great tide of overwhelming responsibility has flowed in and filled up all the chinks and intervals of disposable time. He has only become greatest that he may be the servant of all. You are passing out from among us into the heat of public gaze, and under incessant question and criticism—where the least trip will be exaggerated, and the most trivial error magnified.” Old Fuller has some good remarks on bishops, as indeed that innocent lambent wit flashes freely forth on every side. He gives his notion of what a good bishop ought to be. He holds that the true bishop meddles, as little as may be, in temporal matters, having little skill in them, and less will for them. “Not that he is unworthy to manage them, but they are unworthy to be judged by him. Yea, generally the most dexterous in spiritual matters are left-handed in temporal businesses, and go but untowardly about them. Heaven is his vocation, and therefore he counts earthly employments avocations; except in such cases which lie, as I may say, in the Marches of Divinity, and have connection with his calling.”

We revert to the social aspects of prelacy as exhibited in the society of our own days. The very essence of a prelate, at least, under this point of view, is to be popular. It is his final cause, the *raison d'être*. He has probably risen by the art of pleasing, and that gay science remains. When people were once discussing the character of a certain bishop, Dr. Parr turned round and said: “Sir, he is a poor paltry prelate, proud of petty popularity, and perpetually preaching to petticoats.” Dr. Parr’s

language here, as so often, is exaggerated, and let us hope that, for the sake of alliteration, his phraseology has been peculiarly paradoxical and parabolical. Whatever else a bishop may be, he is generally an astute man of the world. He studies society and character. He is as well read as any novelist in the love of the human heart. He is a safe guest, and his presence always ensures attention and confers distinction. The bishop knows society well. He might perhaps have given a hint to Chesterfield, or have deepened the cynicisms of Selwyn. Those who wish to know to what heights the charm of manner may be carried might study the social ways of bishops. The gracious accent, the honeyed tone, the beaming eye, the affectionate interest, not to mention the neat repartee, flow of eloquence, and store of anecdote, all make such a prelate popular. No wonder that such a prelate is eagerly engaged for a dinner weeks and weeks beforehand, and that his engagements are several deep a night in the height of the season.

It does not follow, however, that such a prelate is equally gracious and popular outside the limits of the society which he adorns. The Proudie portraiture is hardly an exaggeration. He may lead a cat and dog life with his wife; he may quarrel with his son, who has had a discreditable career at the University; and with his daughter, who wishes to make a match, of which he disapproves. He may be querulous, irritable, and impatient. It is unnecessary to quote instances within living memory, or to resort to biographical literature. Such illustrations would only show that a bishop is very human after all. It

is said of a late very eminent bishop that he once rated a young clergyman very soundly after this style. The fact is given in a published memoir. "My Lord," said the young fellow, "you are called my Father in God. Permit me to inquire whether you consider that you have spoken as a father to the first born." The generous-hearted bishop heard the reproof, and conscience-stricken burst into tears. One day a poor person was seen coming from a bishop's palace. "You have seen the Bishop, then?" "Yes," was the answer, "and I had rather any day meet my Maker than meet my bishop." Bishops know, however, how to combine the *suaviter* with the *fortiter*, and to put the velvet over the steel. A friend once had to see the late Bishop of Exeter on some long and painful matters, and that renowned Henry of Exeter knew not only how to hold his own, but to take, in matters of patronage, "the own of other people." Battle was waged all the morning, and then the guest crossed the little bridge that led into the pleasant sea-swept garden of Bishopstowe. Presently the Bishop was seen running after him from the front door, and exclaiming in his softest tones: "My dear friend, let me implore you, whatever you do, not to turn to the left. You will meet the east wind." Once a young Fellow of a college entertained us with an account of a long conversation which he had had with a right reverend prelate. The Bishop had spent all the time in affectionately urging upon him the necessity of wearing goloshes. We like very much Izaak Walton's account of meeting Bishop Sanderson; how they went into a public-house in Little Britain, and had bread and cheese and beer, and the Bishop talked divinely about the Psalms.



For the most exquisite Episcopal portraiture in any literature we must go, not to our own country, but to France. For tenderness, Christian simplicity and real dignity, there is hardly any portraiture comparable with that of Bishop Myriel in Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables." The French bishops satisfactorily show on how small a stipend Episcopal functions may be discharged. There is one English bishop who is not altogether unlike Myriel in some of his characteristics. The poor know what it is to wait at his gate to receive charitable doles as he issues forth; and often has he paced his cathedral aisles through the hours of night wrapt in thoughtful meditation. There was another popular prelate who had an equally amiable but more picturesque propensity. He had longed in early life to enter the navy, but through family inducements he entered the Church instead, and made a very good thing of it. He contrived, however, to qualify his early nautical propensities by occasionally climbing up the spire of his own cathedral. There was an amiable modern archbishop who could hardly contain his astonishment and surprise at finding himself at that exalted position. We are informed that he would lie back in his chair after dinner and innocently chuckle, saying: "Only fancy, I'm an Archbishop—only fancy it now!" Some bishops apparently lay themselves out for popularity. If one of the clergy causes the slightest inquiry, although he is absolutely unknown to his diocesan, the latter signs himself "Yours ever most faithfully." Another bishop has inaugurated the use of Latin post-cards; but the Latinity is occasionally puzzling to bucolic parsons, who have no near neighbour or dictionary. Another may probably fling

his diocese into consternation by sending his postal communications in patristic Greek. The popular, easy-going prelate is very anxious to avoid identifying himself with a religious party. It is said of more than one of our bishops that they always made a rule of promoting a High Churchman and Low Churchman alternately, which says much for their liberality, if little for their convictions.

A bishop is pre-eminently a safe man. He likes to be with safe people. He will rarely hold out a hand to assist a struggling man, but when he has struggled to shore he will offer him his congratulations. He is generally surrounded by a clique, and rarely seeks out merit for himself. What spoils a bishop most of all is the excessive adulation which he receives from his clergy. Mrs. Cadwallader says of her husband: "He will even speak well of the bishop, though I tell him it is unnatural in a beneficed clergyman." But though the clergyman may grumble at his bishop, he is no sooner brought within the range of the great man's influence than he is transformed. A smile and a good word go an immense way, until such currency becomes debased by incessant use. A mysterious glamour hangs about the bishops. The clergy have given up the right divine of kings; it went out with the last nonjuror; but they still believe in the right divine of bishops. It is astonishing to what an extent men, by no means destitute of self-respect, will carry the principles of episcopal adoration. A man will hold an umbrella over a bishop's head until he is wet to the skin himself. A man will seize hold of the bag in which the bishop carries his episcopal toggery, although the burly prelate is much better able to sustain a

bundle. We know of a young Levite who had a bad egg brought to table when he was at an episcopal breakfast. The Bishop was shocked, and desired that another should be procured. "No, thank you, my lord," he exclaimed, with a gesture of utter abnegation, "it's good enough for me!" and bolted his evil-smelling portion. There is nothing selfish or obsequious in all this. It is simply the right divine of bishops pushed to an extreme. When excellent men, in all sorts of ways, assure them that they are superhuman, they begin to admit the soft impeachment. They forget that bishops once had their confessors, and used at times to make very remarkable confessions.

After all there is an element of popularity in the average church and chapel going community about prelacy, which sounds odd enough when we remember the Martin Marprelates of England, and how prelacy and popery have always been associated in Scotland. Although rank and pay become attenuated, there is always a certain amount of rank in being a bishop, and always a large supply of men at home who are willing to become such. Look at the remarkable development of episcopacy in the colonies. In the last thirty years they have made about thirty sees, and larger plans for further development are sketched out. They have half-a-dozen bishops in New Zealand, with a population half that of Manchester to superintend, the Anglican element being decidedly in the minority. Just as the English fauna multiply more abundantly in Australia than anywhere else, so there is a multiplication of bishops going on in the colonies which leaves things in England far behind. Politically the colonies regard with jealousy any implied claim of pre-

latical superiority. There was almost a civil war in one of the colonies because the Bishop took precedence of the Governor. It seems that the legal right lay with the Bishop, but he had the good sense to concede the point. We hope he became a popular prelate in consequence. Colonial bishops sometimes greatly deprecate being called "my Lord," but they don't much mind it. If you call an American bishop "my Lord," the titillation is perfect. George the Fourth once addressed a Bishop of Calcutta as "my Lord," which is supposed to have set the rule in all ensuing cases. We question, however, whether that "most religious and gracious King" could have greatly heightened their odour of sanctity. Bishops in England in many cases do not coalesce very cordially with bishops in the Colonies, probably because the commonness of the article has a tendency to cheapen it.

Sometimes a bishop loses in dignity what he gains in popularity. No one objects to a bishop being amusing and pleasant. We have known an Archbishop tell stories that were extremely good. But it is rather odd when a bishop has been unable to shake off the ways of the undergraduate. It is not wise when a bishop gets decidedly slangy, and a layman is ready to rebuke him for irreverence. The transparent goodness and simplicity of the man justify him, and no one is really harmed but himself. The gig-bishop is decidedly in advance of the bishop who has a shut carriage. The late Bishop Denison was a gig-bishop, and the feelings of love and devotion with which he was regarded in his diocese have never been surpassed. The bishop who drops in upon a man

suddenly, and, without regard to appearances, asks for a cup of tea and is content to take pot-luck, makes little jokes about his ecclesiastical habiliments, and enters into the small talk of the parish, and at the same time shows how deeply and thoroughly his heart is in his work, is always deservedly popular. If bishops only knew by what simple winning ways they might gain the hearts of clergy and laity, a presence to be loved, a memory to be revered! It is not very often done, and not always is there any fault when it is not done. There are bishops all whose joints have grown very stiff in out of the way places before they received their appointments, who find themselves in armour that they have not proved, and regret their own want of fitness and flexibility. They have come to preside over pastors whom they have never known anything of previously. They own and regret this themselves. They would willingly learn the gentle arts by which they might make their people happy and themselves popular. They must be content to go on steadily in the path of rugged, unadorned duties, content to know that they are continuing to do things as well as they can according to their lights, and that their shortcomings are not so much their own as those of the system of things under which they live.

In a somewhat remarkable book lately published, Charles Buxton's "Notes of Thought," there is a good deal of sensible talk about bishops. He certainly suggests a novel use for them. "Would it not be happy for all parties if idiots and old people, when grown imbecile, could be comfortably shot? I would have it done with the utmost decorum, perhaps by

the bishop of the diocese." The Bishop would have a precedent in that highly intelligent tribe of barbarians about whom Herodotus tells us, who trampled their decrepit relations to death. But the Bishop has many multifarious public duties to discharge. He has to officiate at the marriages of the interesting belles of the Upper Ten, and his wedding breakfast speeches have frequently a neatness and jocoseness which leave the small young gentleman who has to return thanks for the bridesmaids immeasurably behind. Then the Bishop has to take the chair at a variety of public meetings of a religious and philanthropic character, and to preach sermons for all sorts of charities and institutions. As a rule, with a few very eminent exceptions, the speeches and sermons are not lively. People go in order to give their eyes the intellectual feast of beholding a bishop, but they depart with their minds somewhat perturbed on the subject of episcopacy. Of course things vary greatly. There is one bishop who takes rank among the very first parliamentary orators; and another, he of Winchester, who does not come very far behind. When such men preach, the edifices where they are expected become besieged places, and there is something very imposing in the crush of the vast multitude. Then the bishops will do pleasant, manly, somewhat unbishoply things, which will take hugely with people. In dealing with a meeting of workmen, we have known a bishop chaff as adroitly as a cabby. We have known another go to a pit's mouth to condole with colliers after an accident. We have known another preach to cabmen in the yard of an inn. Such incidents are picturesque, and likely to sustain the

popularity of an order. There are eminent men, too, who have refused bishoprics, and whose influence is more than episcopal. Such men as Stanley, Liddon, Vaughan, are far better known than the majority of our prelates. Bishops fall into batches. There were the Greek-play bishops, the Head-Master bishops, the Exegesis bishops, men who have written works on the sacred writings, and what may be called the political prelates, because they have been appointed to satisfy a party, or to meet a political cry. We must not, however, go into matters too minutely. Some men fling themselves with immense energy and great originating power into the work of their diocese, while others are satisfied with routine work and the rules of the service, often discharged in a most mechanical kind of way. The late Bishop Lonsdale, according to his published memoir, insisted on answering all his letters himself; and it is not too much to say that his correspondence, which might easily have been discharged for the most part by a secretary, crushed him. In fact, some bishops spend a great deal of time, which surely ought to be devoted to the larger interests of the diocese. A bishop's private room is often like a lawyer's office, in which the prelate grinds away in the transaction of ecclesiastical business, often discharged in a very legal and technical spirit. Surely elaborate and costly machinery is not necessary for mere matters of form, which might be discharged in an attorney's office. We remember that a Church paper once asserted that bishops were mere "hewers of wood and drawers of water," to men who are mainly engaged in the more religious and spiritual duties of their calling. Such a bishop frequently becomes a

martinet. He acts towards his curates very much as a Head-Master does to the boys of the lower fifth. The reverend gentleman wonders whether he will be favoured with one finger, two or three—or great and glorious event—with the whole hand. He has a distant stateliness and an icy formality of manner. Among the new bishops this sort of thing is very much going out, although traditions are preserved for years in country vicarages of stories of haughtiness and grandeur. The bishop of the present day understands that he must not lord it over men as earnest and good as himself, except from the fact that they have not had the accident of an accident, which, through a political consideration, has conferred the mitre. Even the mitre is not always able to confer real distinction. All those who are versed in episcopal annals know that there have been such scandals as a matter of history. One of the worst things about episcopacy is, that many a good man relapses into insignificance, *pollicitus meliora*. He has promised to be a great reformer, and a sweeping Ecclesiastical Reform Bill is one of the most grievous wants of the age; but his activity simply runs rabid in the way of making about three public speeches a week. Another was a keen thinker, but the busy walks of life now allow scanty scope of meditation. Another began a *magnum opus*, but his pen lies idle. Now and then we hear of a prelate who gets up at six in the morning, lights his own fire, and proceeds to business. But more likely their time is spent in a constant rush, in which all the most valuable material for time and thought is fruitlessly consumed; sometimes in a round of dinners, levées, visits to country houses, fashionable assemblies, parlia-



mentary attendances ; and the Church of England for her great saints and thinkers, for the most part, has to turn away from an Erastian bench to country parsonages and academic cloisters.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## DEANS AND CATHEDRALS.

NOTHING is more characteristic of the present age, or more happily significant, than the profound interest which Englishmen take in cathedrals, a feeling which even now is still growing, and has hardly arrived at its culmination. The taste for cathedrals, like the taste for the higher kinds of natural beauty, is a growth and product of our latter days. Milton's magnificent lines in *Il Penseroso* are, indeed, not without faint parallels in Stuart literature, but the people who delighted in cathedrals were once as few as those who loved glaciers and mountains, or rejoiced in bleak moorland or solitary coast. Gray was a man of intensely poetic susceptibility, yet he would pass through York without apparently wasting a thought upon its Minster; and all that Horace Walpole could say of Worcester Cathedral was, that it was very pretty, and had several tombs. We, at least, in the present century, have educated ourselves into something better. There are, of course, still some utilitarians who speak regretfully of the prodigalities of art, and there was once heard a faint whisper, that the ground on which Westminster Abbey is built

might furnish an admirable site for a new railway terminus. Generally, however, a man is thought worse than a Goth if he does not understand something about Gothic architecture. We have all felt the conversational necessity, especially with ladies of an æsthetic turn of mind, of being learned in all that relates to clerestories and triforia, reredos and sedilia. We must be sagaciously sceptical in respect to Saxon pillars, enthusiastic over the Early English and Decorated, and profoundly critical over the Transitional epochs. Our modern poets—Wordsworth, here as elsewhere, nobly leading the van—have been eloquent over these immemorial structures, and all the resources of art and archæology have been taxed to reproduce and interpret their forms. Our generation has, indeed, accepted the costly duty of repairing the ill effects of the carelessness and neglect of preceding centuries, and of transmitting our cathedrals to a later age in renewed or pristine lustre.

All of us have been, more or less, amenable to the cathedral influence, “the height, the depth, the gloom, the glory” of which the Laureate sings. We have all of us, more or less, experienced the ineffable refreshment, even in this restless and unquiet age, afforded by the coolness and shadow, the music and calm of these majestic shrines. Those who have lived much in the neighbourhood of cathedral cities, where often the town gathers itself together at the base of the cathedral as its guardian and glory, find that the cathedral, though an invisible, is yet a really dominant influence over the hearts and imaginations of the denizens of the cathedral city. We question also, if any one ever regularly attended cathedral

services, and entered fully into the outward and inward influences of the shrine, without imbibing into his spirit something of that calm, and music, and devotion. Great as is the architectural importance of a cathedral it sometimes acquires an added importance from the nature of its site. St. David's, the only cathedral which is not on a line of railway, is almost washed by Atlantic surges, and widely dominates over a bleak country-side and an iron-bound coast. Durham rises on its river-swept rock, and has not been inaptly called the English Zion. Lincoln stands with superb effect upon the solitary hill which, as if for this very purpose, breaks the monotony of a flat country. Other cathedrals nestle in valleys, or rise above the dense foliage of a wooded land, or in large cities uprear their towers far above the forestry of meaner churches. The large bulk of Ely looms far, like a mountain, over the Cambridgeshire fens. The exquisite spire of Salisbury commands a landscape, better adapted, it is said, than any other landscape in England, for the exhibition of a cathedral. Coleridge, whose saying, that "a Gothic cathedral is the petrification of our religion," is so well-known, has a remark on this class of cathedrals, which, from its richness of poetry, might rank rather with "Christabel" than with his prose works. "An instinctive taste," says Coleridge, "teaches men to build their churches in flat countries, with spire steeples, which, as they cannot be referred to any other objects, point as with silent finger to the sky and stars, and sometimes, when they reflect the brazen light of a rich though rainy sunset, appear like a pyramid of flame burning

heavenward." This is the language of accurate description, rising into profound feeling and poetry.

Each cathedral has its special character and features, and suggests analogy and comparison with others, both in the outlines of plan and the details of ornamentation. Each cathedral, also, is islanded in its sacred precinct, whose beauty and seclusion are rendered so familiar to modern readers by the muse of Mr. Coventry Patmore,

" For something that abode endued  
 With temple-like repose, an air  
 Of life's kind purposes pursued,  
 And order'd freedom sweet and fair.  
 A tent pitch'd in a world not right  
 It seem'd, whose inmates every one,  
 On tranquil faces bore the light  
 Of duties beautifully done,  
 And humbly, though they had few peers,  
 Kept their own laws, which seem'd to be  
 The fair sum of six thousand years'  
 Traditions of civility."

At some cathedral or other some curious custom lingers, or some precious associations are preserved. At Durham, every May-day, the choir chants *Te Deum* from the central tower, in remembrance of the great victory of Neville's Cross. At Durham, also, is still seen the broad cross beyond which St. Cuthbert's antipathy to woman allowed no woman to pass. At Christ Church the canons still bow towards the altar as they leave their stalls. At Winchester an annual sermon still commemorates the goodness and greatness of Wykeham. At Wells they point to the spot where Lord Grey of Warkworth drew sword to prevent the desecration of the altar by the soldiers of Monmouth. At Carlisle they point to the last reliques

of Civil War in England, where, little more than a century ago, the Duke of Cumberland shut up the Scotch prisoners within the Cathedral for safety. We have, in a rapid and fragmentary way, only hinted at some leading points of interest; but it is to be greatly desired that the public at large, following the happy impetus which has done so much in this direction, should familiarize themselves with the treasures of art, archæology, and history, which are to be found scattered all over the country in our cathedrals. Beyond this, there is what may be called a regular cathedral literature, rich in biography and history, in poetry and devotion.

In Mr. Murray's series of "Cathedral Handbooks," after each architectural section, we have a biographical section, giving the roll of prelates and brief memoirs of those who have been most conspicuous. A glance at these volumes shows us how important a part, as statesmen, and even as warriors, was played by these bishops in the pre-Reformation era, and prelates since that time have enacted hardly a less important part in the moral and intellectual life of a nation. Still, even such a list as this gives comparatively only a small part of the great associations connected with our cathedrals. We must add a mighty list of the eminent men who have been officially attached to these cathedrals by canonries or prebendal stalls, and if we still further add the great army of illustrious men—kings, and statesmen and warriors, poets and artists, men of science, and men of high renown, in all the departments of human activity, we shall realize Wordsworth's fine expression,

"Sate with its part  
Of grateful England's overflowing dead."

We remember how Mr. Spectator moralized among the monuments, and how Macaulay showed Guizot the spot where he himself was destined to rest. The knowledge that the cathedrals have been made subservient to the pressing necessities of the growing population of our age will open deeper regard for the beauty and art that belong to them. The shrines, the tombs, the sculptures, the old libraries, the rare manuscripts, the canopied niches, the lustrous paintings, the solemn music, the sunshine and shadows on the arches and pillars, are all influences to be acknowledged. Equally so are the antiquities and archæology which belong to these structures. We shall also think without irreverence of the high speculation of those who, in the struggles of Gothic art towards the conception of the Perfect and the Infinite, have professed to see in miniature the promise and symbolism of eternal things.

What is the origin of the term Deans? If we look to Ducange for the word, we see that it was simply the old appellation of Prior. To every ten monks there was a Prior. There is also indubitable proof that the title of *den* or deys was given indiscriminately as a title of honour to religious men. The term would come to be peculiarly appropriate to the head of any religious society. The earlier name was that of Arch-Presbyter. The Dean was inferior to the Archdeacon in point of dignity, but he had the higher state, and was looked upon as the Bishop's Vicar. In very primitive times, say the fourth century, the Dean would exercise episcopal jurisdiction on the voidance of a See, and very frequently succeeded the bishop. "For the guidance of Presbyters," says

Hooker, "the bishop had under him one of the self-same order with them, but above them in authority—one whom the ancients termed usually an arch-presbyter; we, at this day, call him dean." Ducange says the "decanus Christianitatis" was appointed by the bishop.

It is important to remember the distinction between cathedrals of the Old Foundation and of the New Foundation. The cathedrals of the old foundation always had secular canons; that is to say, monks or clergy who lived in the world, and are thus contrasted with the regular clergy, who lived according to the strict rule of the monkish orders. The cathedrals of the old foundation have lived under substantially the same constitution from the earliest days to the present time. Such cathedrals are Salisbury, Exeter, York, London, Lincoln, Lichfield, Wells, Hereford, Chichester, St. David's, Llandaff, Bangor, St. Asaph. The cathedrals of the new foundation are so called because, being served by monks, they shared in the dissolution of the Monasteries. The Priors of Monastic Cathedrals had to surrender their rights into the hands of Henry VIII, in the same way as the heads of the other religious houses. It is happy that in the case of these cathedrals, the very soil and structure were not given away to rapacious courtiers of the Somerset and Russell breed, nor subjected to the hazard of the dice table. There were Canterbury, Winchester, Rochester, Norwich, Worcester, Durham, the still newer Sees of Carlisle and Ely; the churches now made *Cathedrals* by a bishop's See being planted in them—Oxford, Peterborough, Chester, Gloucester; to which should be added Bristol, which is absorbed in Gloucester; and



Westminster, which soon lost its bishopric—until future times of Reformation. Ripon and Manchester, and any other Sees that may be constituted, will similarly belong to the new foundation.

The isolation and irresponsibility of Deans appear to be seriously threatened at the present time. The Bishop of Exeter has established his right of visitation. The Bishop of Lincoln has very clearly, and not to say severely, lectured his chapter on the subject of abuses that have been committed, and duties that have been left undone. The independence of the great dignitaries has been seriously threatened, and it has been suggested that they should do some serious work for the incomes they receive. Many chapters only ask how they may do this? Their work requires to be defined anew by a definite legal settlement. It is not to be wondered at that in these days the bishops are strenuously endeavouring to regain their rights over the cathedral. The very name of a cathedral points to the bishop's presence and power. The difference between the cathedral and any other church, parochial or collegiate, is that it contains the chair or cathedral of the bishop. From the bishop's seat or throne the church takes the name of cathedral, and the bishop takes his title from the church, the city, the district, that make up his See or seat. The size of the structure has nothing to do with it. The ancient cathedral of Athens, most ancient of all, and also the most modern cathedral of Ireland, are very small structures. Cathedral-like churches as St. Ouen, at Rouen, St. Mary's Redcliffe, at Bristol, are not cathedrals, because not the seats of bishops. And yet the remarkable result has come to pass that, although the cathedral is the bishop's own church, his

authority has deserted him, and glided away exclusively into the hands of the Dean and Chapter. The Chapters, following the example of the Old Monasteries, sedulously sought to be exempt from the Bishop's jurisdiction. The cathedral corporation, having found a head in the Dean, became indifferent or averse to the headship of the Bishop. And the Bishop, instead of following the good old rule—insisted on by Coke and Bacon—of doing nothing without his presbytery, withdrew to the cares of his diocese, while the Dean was supposed to concentrate his energies on the material cares of the material structure of the cathedral. And in this way what is called the *cathedralitas* of a cathedral, has been allowed to disappear. Once the bishop had, in a very genuine way, been a "father in God," when he dwelt in a collegiate manner among his clergy as his family—in the way which Bishop Patteson reproduced very exactly in his diocese in the Southern Seas—and the cathedral was "the oracle of the whole diocese, and a light unto all places lying nearest;" when his clergy would act as priests in the city, and on Sundays and festivals itinerate as missionaries in the diocese.

The two main ideas of cathedral reform therefore are, that the Bishop should be the real head of the diocesan Church; that the term cathedral should vindicate its use; and next that the cathedral bodies should do some definite work in return for their honour and emoluments. There are duties assigned to them in their very title deeds, and they need only translate the old language into modern equivalents.

The general theory of Cathedrals, in the striking words of charter and statutes, is "To maintain the

worship and promote the glory of Almighty God; that Christ's holy gospel may be diligently and purely preached, and the sacraments of our saving redemption rightly administered by learned and grave men, who, after the example of the primitive Church, may assist the Bishop as his Presbytery in the weightier matters; that the youth of the realm may be trained up in sound learning, the old and infirm suitably provided for, and that all works of piety and charity may flow forth abundantly all around, to the glory of Almighty God, and the common advantage and happiness of your Majesty's subjects." So perfect are the old rules that it has been truly said that we need only go back to them to ascertain the true function of the cathedral, and that we must really go forwards by going backwards.

Every cathedral at its first institution was, as we have pointed out, the temple or church of the whole diocese, where the worship was to be performed in the most decent and constant manner. For the most part cathedrals were established in large towns, for the sake of greater comfort and security; the town gave a basis and centre for operations. In this way we find that various Sees were transferred from villages to cities, as from Crediton to Exeter, and from Sherborne to Salisbury. At other times a population gradually clustered around a cathedral. This then is one great duty of cathedrals, to endeavour to grasp manfully with the necessities of a crowded population around a cathedral. When there is no such great population around the cathedral, the cathedral clergy ought to be sent to minister to great populations elsewhere.

Other means of usefulness are indicated in formularies. In the statutes of the New Foundation which were mainly drawn up by Archbishop Cranmer, a prominent idea is that every cathedral should be a school of theology, "that there should be under the shadow of the cathedral tower readers in Greek, Hebrew, and Divinity; that around them should be gathered some thirty or forty students, that the Bishop of the diocese there might have a seminary of clergy whom he might afterwards plant out through the length and breadth of his diocese. Cathedral chapters have themselves drawn up most admirable suggestions for the improvement of cathedral foundations, but they have hardly carried them out with any corresponding success.

The whole cathedral system is at present full of abuses. The over-representation of cathedral clergy in Convocation, and the under-representation of the parochial clergy, is one great abuse. There is a great deal of injustice and inequality among the cathedral clergy themselves. Thus a distinction has grown up between canons and prebends which is wholly corrupt and factitious. Every member of a cathedral body is both canon and prebend; prebend, in virtue of his endowment or separate estate, canon as a member of the cathedral corporation. Among other abuses that of the residentiary canons is conspicuous. The residentiary canons are so called because they are non-residentiary for nine months out of the twelve. The residentiary canon resides three months, for which term of service he enjoys a large annual income. Four canons thus glide by in alternating seasons and make up the year among them. The

obvious criticism arises that if we could have one man to do a year's work for his year's income, we might dispense with the expenditure bestowed on the three other men. Their incomes might usefully be bestowed in augmenting the small benefices of the diocese. Of course the theory remains that work might be found for four canons all the year round, but in that case let them stay and do the work, with a three months holiday instead of nine. The whole subject lies in a very narrow compass. If work is to be done, let the residentiary canons reside and do it. If there is no work to be done, let the system of residentiary canons undergo a thorough revision, or abolition. Dean Alford was noted for the outspokenness with which he treated such subjects as those with which these volumes are concerned. He maintained the absolute necessity of a change in our cathedrals. "Set the position and wants of the Church on one head, and the actual life and works of any cathedral body on the other, and it must be plain to fair-judging men that the same age cannot lead both." He was opposed to the extra-diocesan position of cathedrals. "They never can be made available for the purposes of the Church till they become part of the ordinary machinery of the diocese under the direct superintendence of the Bishop."

The question no longer lies between the expansion or the suppression of the cathedral system. A generation ago it was thought that the cathedral system was doomed. Lord Melbourne advised the bishops to set their houses in order. A large measure of Cathedral Reform was adopted, though unfortunately it revived no duties that had fallen into

desuetude, or ordained the necessary steps for meeting the new order of things. Ripon and Manchester have been connected with cathedrals, to be followed, most probably, by St. Albans, and we trust by many others in the course of time. We do not go so far as Bishop Hacket, in saying that these corporations are the strongholds of the kingdom; but we think, with the late Sir Robert Peel, that they are to be regarded with the greatest respect, and any organic interference with them would be a positive evil. The patriotic management of our cathedrals in the administration of patronage so as to give deserved repose to scholars or to parish priests of prolonged standing; the utilizing of them in the way of public ministration and instruction; the carrying out or the extension of their original design so as to meet the new wants of a new age; the beneficent effects of a learned and polished society in these great ecclesiastical centres, are all vast benefits to which the present generation is more alive than was the last, and while these great objects receive a wide and constant advance the permanence of the cathedral institution will be assured, whether tried by the test of taste or the test of expediency. The only practical question is whether Parliament should reform cathedrals, or the cathedrals should reform themselves.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY is one of those few men who naturally rise superior to any accidental preferment, and whose own names vindicate for themselves a distinction beyond any office, however dignified, and any title, however honourable. His great position, as the foremost Dean of the Church of England, will be, perhaps, after all, his least title to enduring fame; for he has been gifted with a genius so remarkable, and has arrived at attainments so varied and extensive, that, under any circumstances, he would not have failed to largely mould the character of his contemporaries, and achieve for himself a splendid name and position. He is one of the greatest living masters of the English tongue. He is the most philosophical and observant of travellers. He is one of those few historians with whom a vivid imagination and the power of pictorial description have not injured the higher faculties of real insight and real justice. Even in his early college days he deserved and won fame as poet, scholar, critic, traveller. His character as a divine is only one of various characters, and the only one which would be

much canvassed or controverted. Circumstances, among which not the least is a generous and chivalrous temperament, have placed him in the van of that modern Broad Church movement which, on the lay side, is best represented by Coleridge, and, on the ecclesiastical side, by Dr. Arnold. We believe that he has effected much good, and if we also feel that he has effected some evil, we humbly trust that that very evil may be overruled to a still larger measure of good. It is surpassingly difficult to write with perfect impartiality concerning the Dean of Westminster; and we do not flatter ourselves that we can quite succeed in doing so. Those who have been brought within the written or oral teaching of Dr. Stanley will never fail to cherish for him some feeling of affection and gratitude. For he has conferred upon them some of the greatest obligations which a human being can render to his fellows. He has extended their domain of knowledge; he has enlarged their mental resources; he has cheered, invigorated, enlightened, and guided their minds. He has given them, as Christians, fresh light and illustration of the blessed words of Holy Writ, and as patriots, new meanings and new knowledge of the history of our Church and land. He has taught them lessons of hope and mercy, and justice and toleration. These are the great benefits which Dr. Stanley has conferred—no man in a greater degree—on his day and generation; and it behoves us to keep this in mind, if we think that something is to be opposed to this fair array; if we think at times that the Church which he has served so faithfully, he has sometimes wounded unwittingly; that the Divine Word, of which he is



so faithful an expositor, is sometimes handled somewhat freely, and perhaps hardly reverently; that that sincere and earnest teaching is sometimes alloyed by elements of human infirmity; that his very catholicity becomes latitudinarianism, and his very virtues at times lean to the side of excess and error.

In these chapters we are simply concerned with such materials and authorities as may be considered *publici juris*. It has so happened that Dr. Stanley, as himself copiously contributed materials from which a biography of his early life might be, *ὡς ἐν τύπῳ* constructed, for he has written a memoir both of his father and of his great teacher, Dr. Arnold. These were both, in a very high sense of the word, great men. Dr. Arnold at least was a great man, and Bishop Stanley had all the qualities of a good man, and many of the qualities of a great man. Between the Bishop and the head-master, who ought to have been made a bishop, there was in very much a close identity of thought and feeling. These two, as might duly be expected, strongly moulded the character of one to whom each may be said to have stood in a double relationship. Arthur Stanley was both the son and the pupil of his father, and to the illustrious schoolmaster he may be said to have been not only a pupil, but a son. No work is better known than the "Life of Dr. Arnold," which has gone through many editions, and may be considered the most masterly and successful biography of the present day. We cannot help thinking that the "Memoirs of Bishop Stanley and his Remains," though very much briefer, possesses an equal degree of value after its kind.

This good prelate occupies a direct position of moral and intellectual ancestry to a son worthy of the sire, as the sire was of the son. His toleration towards Roman Catholics on the one side, and Dissenters on the other, his liberalism in politics which ramified far beyond politics, his opinions on subscription and other cognate subjects, were all faithfully reproduced. The son, however, has laboured to understand and appreciate the High Church party in a way that was foreign to the mind of the elder. From 1829 to 1834, Mr. Stanley was a pupil at Rugby under Dr. Arnold. The great schoolmaster had entered upon his duties in the summer of the year preceding the entrance of the most distinguished of his *élèves*. Mr. Hughes has stated\* that he found Rugby in a very low and disorganised condition, and had to raise it to eminence from the very depths. Very many pupils passed through the Rugby course, without being brought into direct contact with the head-master. This, however, was very far from being the case with one who became the best pupil in the school, and who to the last preserved a close and familiar intercourse with him. The wonderful influence of Dr. Arnold now began to act upon some minds that were peculiarly susceptible to such influences. To the sixth form Arnold was devotedly attached, and did his very utmost for them. He sought to make them sharers in his own responsibilities, and create in them a full sense of such. "You should feel like officers in the army or navy, whose want of moral courage would indeed be thought cowardice." "When I have confidence in the sixth, there is no

\* "Tom Brown's Schooldays."

post in England which I would exchange for this ; but if they do not support me, I must go." On one sensitive mind, on one fertile intellect, at least, such language would not be wasted. One of the most promising of the sixth became intimate with his illustrious schoolmaster both at Rugby and in the retirement of Fox How. Those most interesting chapters in the life of Dr. Arnold which relate to Rugby School life will hereafter possess a portion of the same vivid interest in respect to the biographer which belongs to the subject of the biography.

In the "Life," we thus find Arnold writing to his pupil and future biographer :—"I am delighted that you like Oxford, nor am I the least afraid of your liking it too much. . . . I am delighted to find that you are coming to Rugby ; in fact, I was going to write to you to try whether we could not get you here, either in your way to or from Oxford. I shall be glad to talk over all things when we meet. Be sure that you cannot come too often. I never was less disposed than I am at this moment to let drop or intermit my intercourse with my old pupils ; which is to me one of the freshest things of my life." "Some of my most delightful remembrances of Oxford and its neighbourhood are connected with the scenery of the later Autumn ; Bagley Wood in its golden decline, and the green of the meadows, reviving for awhile under the influence of the Martinmas Summer, and then fading finally off into its Winter brown." "I was much struck by what you say of Constantinople being the point to which the hopes of Greeks are turning rather than to Athens or Sparta. I can well believe it. . . . I suppose that by this time your

thoughts are again accommodating themselves to the position of English and of Oxford life, after so many months of cosmopolitanism." The sudden death of Dr. Arnold seems to have fallen upon all his pupils with the sense of extreme and personal loss. Hardly any teacher has trained so great a number of illustrious scholars, and his direct influence and his indirect influence have both been immense. In the preface to his first theological work, "The Sermons and Essays on the Apostolical Ages," Dr. Stanley says, "If there are fewer references than might naturally have been expected to the name of one to whom, though not living, this as well as any similar work which I may be called to undertake, must in great measure be due, it is because I trust that I may be allowed to take this opportunity of vindicating once for all, for the scholars of Arnold, the privilege and pleasure of using his words and adopting his thoughts without the necessity of specifying in every instance the sources from which they have been derived."

We may take the important work from which we have just quoted as the starting point of his theological and literary career. It consisted of six sermons, preached before the University, four of them in his office of select preacher. He was at this time fellow and tutor of University College, having passed a University career which in its brilliant success can find very few, if indeed any, parallels. A career is commenced, which, whether on its active side or its literary side, is of singular interest, and one which will find its own place in the history of our land and Church. Concerning that public career and that literary career, we shall permit ourselves to make

some remarks in the way of comment and review.

Appointed secretary to the Oxford University Commission, he took a large share in the remodelling of the University. The recent University Commission may have much to do with a redistribution of revenues, but University Reform was effected by the Commission to which he was secretary. We believe that the Report of the Commission—a document with which most of our readers must be acquainted, and which is surely the most interesting blue-book extant—is, to a very considerable extent, to be ascribed to his authorship. His practical work is perhaps best seen here. His labours on the Oxford University Commission were appropriately rewarded by a Canonry of Canterbury Cathedral. We are sure that no position could have been more congenial. Canterbury abounds with those striking historical associations which both afford so much scope to the imagination, and so much room for careful research. It has been the singular felicity of Canterbury that not only has old Chaucer celebrated it, but two of the greatest writers of the present age have made the English world familiar with its past and present aspect. We are all acquainted with the most charming and autobiographic of the works of Charles Dickens, where the scene throughout so many marvellous chapters is laid at Canterbury. And in the ancient, and, so to speak, sacred history of Canterbury, Dr. Stanley, when on the spot, worked away with his wonted enthusiasm and diligence.

Two works of Dr. Stanley are associated with Canterbury. These are the "Memorials of Canterbury" and the "Canterbury Sermons." "It is something to feel that we are servants and ministers, not

of some obscure fugitive establishment, for which no one cares or thinks beyond our narrow circle; but of a cathedral whose name commands respect and interest even in the remotest parts of Europe.”

In the year 1853 the chair of Ecclesiastical History fell vacant by the lamented death of Professor Hussey. He was the first occupant of this chair, to which a canonry at Christ Church had been annexed. To the place vacated by this accomplished scholar and estimable man, Mr. Stanley succeeded, and after a brief interval, according to the act, became Canon of Christ Church. The positions which this gifted man has been called upon to occupy, have always been adapted with wonderful precision to his character and power, and in this perfect harmony to a great extent lies the secret of his eminently useful and honoured career. He has never held a cure of souls; has never been either “bishop or curate.” His general influence has been indirect; he has mainly trained the minds of those who will train the minds of others. No appointment, we are sure, could have been more congenial to Mr. Stanley than the Oxford Professorship of Ecclesiastical History. He had long strongly held the opinion that the work of a professor should not be a mere profession of working, but a living reality. And now he proceeded with zeal and energy to give a living illustration of what a professorship might become.

The lectures delivered by Professor Stanley were either of a very formal or very informal character. We think they made a decided epoch in the lives of many of its members. The formal lecture was in fact a brilliant ecclesiastical essay, partaking of the characteristics both of written and oral eloquence, and reminding us in some measure both of the speeches

and essays of Lord Macaulay. The members of the Universities flocked, in unusual numbers, to the lectures on ecclesiastical history. Besides the set or public lectures, Professor Stanley resorted to various other methods, as might best achieve his purpose. It was evident that his main object was to impart efficient instruction; to aid the intellectual and religious development of his students; to open up fresh paths of knowledge, and win them to a natural taste and love of these; to inform, kindle, and elevate those who were about him. Frequently his lectures were informal enough, familiar, conversational. Sometimes he found it necessary to descend to the most elementary ground for the instruction of those with whose surpassing ignorance of all history he became acquainted. He would release some of his students from some of these lectures, and even tell them not to come, when he felt assured that such ground was familiar to them. He followed most largely a catechetical system of instruction, a system which lies at the foundation of all solid and efficient knowledge. There was need of much patience, much reiteration, "line upon line, and precept upon precept." It became impossible for the most careless and obtuse to attend these lectures without attaining to some extent of instruction, and, better even than the instruction, to some familiarity with the method and the spirit in which the instruction was given. Frequently some subject was given for an essay or theme, and if from some cause or other the undergraduate intermitted a necessary lecture, a short essay, say on some psalm, was accepted as an equivalent. The Professor would always listen to these in a generous and appreciative spirit, ready with any critical or verbal remarks, which were sometimes

extended to a wider scope. It was the custom of the Professor also, in a kind of rotation, to invite his students to breakfast with him, in which kindness and hospitality were always displayed, and sometimes delightful conversation, abounding in keen observation and striking recollections of travel. Other students, who were fortunate enough to attract the Professor's more particular observation, were admitted to a still greater degree of intimacy. Now that these lectures have entirely ceased, the recollection of them will be more than ever prized. Even those who, as the path of life has opened before them, have in some measure departed from the track indicated to them, and in maturer days have seen reason to doubt the absolute truth and wisdom of some things which they learned then, will always look back upon those lectures with feelings of pleasure and gratitude, as they recall that exhaustless play of feeling, and learning, and imagination; the gentle humour, or pathos, or eloquence with which they were pointed; the loving, tolerant, charitable Christian feeling with which they were characterized; and the patience, interest, and forbearance shown by the most renowned of Oxford professors, both to the most promising and the least known and least gifted of his scholars.

The three inaugural lectures of his professional career were delivered in the Lent term of 1857. These lectures were respectively on the province of Ecclesiastical History, the Study of Ecclesiastical History, the Advantages of Ecclesiastical History. When does Ecclesiastical History commence? asked Dr. Stanley; with the Reformation, or with the foundation of modern Europe, or with the close of the first century? Professor Stanley considered that Ecclesiastical History



properly commenced with Old Testament History—with the call of Abraham. Each of these epochs has at times been taken as a boundary of the history of the Church. We believe that Professor Stanley laid his finger upon a great blot in our system, and rendered an essential and permanent service to the cause of theological education. A man may be a good classic, and have a serviceable knowledge of ecclesiastical, literary, and general history, and yet may be deplorably ignorant of the Bible facts on which his teaching must be substantially based. We are fully aware of the very unfriendly criticism which has been brought to bear on Professor Stanley's Biblical teaching, mainly connected with questions relating to inspiration—a subject on which the Church of England in her authoritative documents preserves a guarded silence. In much of that criticism we regretfully concur. But what we wonder at very greatly is this, that those who are most strenuous in maintaining the dogma of verbal inspiration should be blind to the vast services which Professor Stanley has rendered to Christianity in this historical teaching. Is it nothing that he has produced with matchless power, and marshalled in due order, and presented with resistless cogency, the evidence for the truth of Old Testament revelation? Nothing that he has swept away like cobwebs a whole system of objections and hesitations that infidels of little learning and little mental grasp have brought against the faith? Nothing that that ardent and cultivated imagination has bridged over the wide gap of centuries, and has reproduced for us with historic accuracy and vivid colouring and feeling that simple age when the world was yet young? Nothing that men of our day, instead of

instinctively relegating into the region of myth and fable the narratives of the Old Testament, should now distinctively recognize the absolute truth of the minutest details, and that the cold abstractions of history should take flesh, and form, and colour?

Those who are quite ignorant of the application of any historical method to theology often find themselves in a region of abstractions; and while faithful to the precious internal truths—and this, after all, is the real heart of the matter—are ignorant of the scenery and drapery that belong to the exhibition of the truth, and so lose a good deal. Now there is something absolutely startling in that vivid realization with which Dean Stanley brings the facts of the Hebrew monarchy before us, in a manner which, perhaps, leaves both Ewald and Milman behind. Many however will think that the mere vehicle, the mere outward forms of revealed truth, are dwelt upon to such a degree that they overshadow the truth itself, and the mind is so exclusively directed to what is merely human agency, that not much room is left for miracle and inspiration.

It is interesting to see how the Dean blends into his narrative incidents which have fallen within his own travel and observation. Thus we are reminded how, over the tomb of the Cid, at Bruges, “the most famous of mediæval heroes,” we find the words inscribed, *Quomodo ceciderunt robusti et perierunt arma bellica*. He has an allusion to the “Dead March” in *Saul*, and also to the *Messiah*; and he disparagingly compares Christian creeds with the libretto of the oratorio. The Dean rather belongs to a school which sits uneasily beneath definite confessions of faith. He is a little too fond of modern instances. Thus, when we read, “Then Jeremiah took another roll, and gave

it to Baruch, the scribe," we are told that we have the germ of the "Liberty of Unlicensed Printing." We regret that he has furnished us with no guidance through that vast and complex sacred literature which belongs to the periods which he has treated. The Dean frequently pauses to draw out the ethical meanings of Scripture narratives, but he hardly ever speaks of their prophetic and spiritual import. His work renders no elucidation to the difficult but magnificent subject of the Christology of the Old Testament. A man would not gather from these pages that such a subject had any real existence. But think of the wonderful literature which is concerned with the inner life and spirit of the Hebrew Scriptures, in the fathers, in the commentators, in our noble sermon-literature, in the writings of deep theologians on the continent, the striking meanings they have drawn out, the deep spiritual insight which they obtained into the heart of the matter! We should have been glad if there had been the same amount of extract, reference, and allusion to this literature as to other literatures. The Dean quotes Schiller's "bold" expression that the Fall was a gigantic step in the history of humanity; and an unmeaning saying of Göthe's that God judges nations not according to their morality but their permanence; he quotes the poetry of Racine and Lord Byron; he refers to Rénan, and Bishop Colenso, and Carlyle; but there is hardly a single reference to the devotional and spiritual literature which so thickly clusters round all revealed truth in the lives and writings of the saints.

Furthermore, there appears to be too free a handling of the truth itself. We believe there was a feeling among those who originally heard those lectures,

and probably there may be such a feeling among some of us on our first perusal of them, that Dean Stanley has positively supplemented our present knowledge of divine things, and has added to the Old Testament details which we do not find in it. Such is the feeling with which we see that, among his authorities for a period, are various scattered references beyond the sacred text itself. But when we come to examine these additions, we perceive that they are of the slenderest character and exceedingly untrustworthy. The Mussulman legends, for instance, are very amusing, but there is nothing in them; and the wonder is that the Dean should have admitted them into a work of such serious character and scope. Generally speaking, the Dean casts in his voice with writers of so-called Liberal views, who confine themselves to the human and historical side of things, and, with regard to the supernatural, lean to rationalistic theories.\* There is

\* The professorial teaching of Dr. Stanley is embodied in various works. These may be enumerated thus: (1) Lectures on the History of the Eastern Church. (2) Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church; (3) Contributions to Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, of which the article "David" is the most complete and remarkable; to these may be added (4) the Lectures on Solomon, delivered on two evenings before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution. Dr. Stanley's method, which we say should be studied by those who, in any sense worthy of the phrase, would study history, is seen by a glance at his collection of the authorities for the Council of Nicæa. These are (I.) the original documents: (α) the Crœd: (β) the twenty canons; (γ) the official letters. Next (II.) we have the testimony, sometimes curious and always valuable, of eye-witnesses. Such is that of Eusebius of Cæsarea, Athanasius, Eustathius of Antioch; and, to collect every fragment of authentic personal testimony, there is the narrative which Socrates, the ecclesiastical historian, gives, of what Auxano, an aged presbyter, told him, who had been present as a boy; moreover, the testimony of certain old people, eye-witnesses, alive in Jerome's time, and whom Jerome had seen. Next in order (III.) are the historians, both western and eastern, of the generation immediately suc.

always the high and intellectual pleasure which the Dean's matchless style imparts. It is the consummation of literary art, and men must regard it as they look on some perfect statue, or listen to the melody of exquisite music.

In the Lectures on the History of the Eastern Church, the papers on Athanasius, the Emperor Constantine, and Mahometanism are brilliant essays of the historical and ecclesiastical kind. The earlier part of the work, that relating to the Council of Nicæa, is one of the most valuable portions of Dr. Stanley's writings. For English ecclesiastical historians, though they have necessarily devoted a good deal of attention to the subject, have never attempted to describe the epoch of the Council with any degree of particularity. Dr. Stanley's will, we imagine, be found more comprehensive and exhaustive than any with which our readers may be acquainted. In examining any historical epoch Dr. Stanley always appears to have possessed at least one great advantage—he has carefully inspected the localities of the events he describes. How far this may be indispensable, or even how far this may be useful, is a mooted question. Dr. Jowett, in one of his essays, argues strongly against the supposition of such being in any essential degree necessary. Dr. Stanley gives us one of those autobiographic touches which travellers who write on subjects connected with their travels can hardly avoid: "In

ceeding the generation of the Council of Nicæa. Next in order (IV.) later historians; (V.) modern authorities. Such a classification and arrangement of the entire literature of this important subject, shows very clearly the conscientious and exhaustive labour which the Professor rendered to historical subjects, and is an admirable example to all who may be concerned in historical investigation.

the close of the month of May, 1853, it was my good fortune to be descending, in the moonlight of an early morning, from the high wooded steeps of one of the mountain ranges of Bithynia. As the dawn rose, and as we approached the foot of these hills, through the thick mists which lay over the plain, there gradually broke upon our view the two features which mark the city of Nicæa. Beneath us lay the long inland lake, the Ascanian lake, . . . . at the end of the lake appeared the oblong space enclosed by the ancient walls . . . . Within their circuit all is now a wilderness; over broken columns, and through tangled thickets the traveller with difficulty makes his way to the wretched Turkish village of Is-nik (*εἰς Νίκαιαν*), which occupies the centre of the vacant space. To delineate this event, to transport ourselves back into the same season of the year; the chestnut woods then, as now, green with the first burst of Summer, the same sloping hills, the same tranquil lake, the same snow-capped Olympus from far, brooding over the whole scene—but in every other respect how entirely different!—will be my object.”

On Dr. Stanley's expository work our limits do not permit us to dwell, and yet we are unwilling to allude to this work without acknowledging the great obligation of which many students are conscious:—the application of the historical method to the Pauline epistles. The work appears originally to have been intended as a kind of companion volume to Dr. Jowett's works on other portions of the epistles. Dr. Jowett, however, deprecates that attention to geographical and historical matters on which Dr. Stanley lays such deserved stress. A repeated perusal of this valuable

commentary has left upon our mind an abiding impression of indebtedness. With what vivid, graphic power are all the details of history and geography presented to us, by which even the reader becomes gifted with some portion of the insight with which the past and the distant are so faithfully reproduced! In what eloquent language, and with what freshness and fulness, does the paraphrase draw forth the full meaning and connection of the sacred text! With what exhaustive knowledge of the entire literature of the subject does the writer lucidly and unaffectedly sum up various matters without the ponderous learning and discussion, the quotation of conflicting opinions, and that counting of learned noses which is the characteristic of most *variorum* editions! With how many beautiful sentences, whose beauty dwells like music on the recollection, is this work from first to last gemmed!

Some of the events of Dr. Stanley's career have been brought prominently before the public. He was long Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of London, an office for which he was, in various particulars, singularly well qualified. The sympathy and candour of his character, his suggestive wisdom, the mind full of knowledge, the knowledge full of mind, especially fitted him for the Socratic office of ushering the young into their new and higher life. From time to time his various publications kept him prominently before the theological and literary world, the leading characteristics of both of which he so signally united. He performed a great public service to his Queen and country when he consented to accompany the Prince of Wales in his travels to the East, a journey to which

he must have imparted the chief educational value. No promotion to which Dr. Stanley might have attained would have surprised the public, but there appears to us to be a peculiar fitness in his elevation to the Deanery of Westminster.

It was not to be expected that one who so loved Oxford, and whom Oxford so greatly loved, should take a slight or cold farewell. The last time in which he arose, by right of the University position from which he was parting, in the University pulpit, was one of no ordinary interest to himself and his friends. The refusal of the University to constitute him one of the Select Preachers, arose from no personal feeling—for they are few whom the University has so loved and honoured as her late Professor of Ecclesiastical History—but from her regretful jealousy of the views which he most honestly and intrepidly has maintained. We should further allude to Dr. Stanley's very remarkable sermon preached at Westminster Abbey on the day following his installation. Dr. Wordsworth's protest, on the occasion of his appointment, will be remembered, and many parts of the sermon are constructed in careful reference to this protest. No allusion was made, however, to the protest, beyond a generous allusion to the good deeds of him who drew it up, an allusion which never would have been made had not the Dean been deeply conscious of the solemn sense of duty under which that protest had been issued. The Dean spoke of "the adventurous movement for the spiritual aid of Westminster, which was first begun by one of our own number, who threw himself with all the fervour and generosity of his nature into the work of rousing the neighbourhood to a sense of



the need. . . . What a new crown of honour to the great Abbey, which for nineteen years he has thus faithfully served!" Another eloquent allusion was to Archbishop Trench, "the wise, and good, and gentle head, now to be withdrawn from us; under whose auspices the silence of our majestic nave has, after a slumber of three hundred years, been again broken by the trampling feet of vast congregations, by the welcome sounds of prayer and praise, by the eloquent voices of the goodly company of preachers!"

The Dean is a great and deserved favourite with the Dissenters. He gave them the famous title of Nonconforming Members of the National Church. He meets them on common ground whenever the opportunity arises. If there are two men in the history of the religious life of England, on whom the Dean lavishes a passionate love and admiration, those two are John Wesley and John Bunyan. He indeed must have a cold heart and narrow understanding who has not some share in the glow of such fervour and affection. But we very much question whether Wesley and Bunyan would have endorsed Dean Stanley in the way in which he endorses them. We expect that Bunyan would have invented a nickname for him, and that Wesley would have exhorted him to cleave to the simplicity of the Gospel. The Dissenters are naturally flattered by the attentions of a man of the Dean's genius and standing. But they do themselves the credit of holding that "Truth is dearer than Plato," and of preferring their faith to the Dean's patronage, "We need not say," says the 'Congregationalist,' "that we do not approve of the Dean's theological teachings, and with all our admira-

tion of the man we cannot but regard the influence which he is working upon the religious opinion of the country as most unfortunate." No wonder the Dean has a wonderful love for his Abbey. Perhaps he never shows to greater advantage than when he is conducting a party of visitors over it, explaining its history and its associations. His book, in conjunction with Dean Milman's on St. Paul's, gives a complete view of the Metropolitan cathedrals. Dean Stanley's elegant scholarship has sometimes been suspected of inaccuracy, and his earlier pages were ill-fitted to withstand the brunt of a vigorous and exact archæological criticism. The great blemishes were modified or removed in a later edition. His government of the Abbey has exhibited some remarkable phases. When the Pan-Anglican Synod assembled, the greatest convention that the Church of England has ever known, he refused it the hospitality of the Abbey, and laid his ban on its assembling as a body for prayer and praise within its walls. On the other hand he made the daring innovation of allowing a layman for the first time to preach or lecture within its walls, a step, to say the least, of somewhat doubtful legality. The layman himself, however deservedly distinguished, would be hardly acceptable to the Church at large. To Dean Stanley will belong the unique and unenviable distinction that he threw open the doors of the Abbey to the layman, the foreigner, the Rationalist, and slammed them in the face of the most venerable Synod of the bishops of our own Church who had ever gathered together on English ground.

Westminster Abbey sermons have often had pecu-

liar characteristics of their own. Those of Dr. Wordsworth often addressed themselves to the class of politico-ecclesiastical questions of the day. Dean Stanley's Westminster sermons have a distinctive character.\* They have a large infusion of the leading article in them, and it may be conjectured that the Dean is not altogether innocent of writing leading articles. They frequently address themselves to the great stirring events of the day. Not unfrequently they are veritable funeral orations, as befits the English Valhalla, reminding us of the speeches in the Athenian Ceramicus. The sermon on the death of Charles Dickens was one which excited a very

\* Sometimes in contemporary literature we find some curious notices of his preaching. It is said that a few months ago a dignitary of the Church of England who happened to be in London, went one Sunday morning to service at Westminster Abbey, it having been announced that the Dean would preach. "How did you like the sermon?" asked the lady with whom he was staying. "Oh," was the reply, "it was very good; there was nothing to object to; but it was not what I went to hear; I went to hear about the way to Heaven, and I only heard about the way to Palestine." Another periodical writer says of a certain chapel: "On the occasion of my only previous visit, Dean Stanley was preaching, and the rostrum was then a venerable velvet-cushioned three-decker, instead of the elegant open pulpit of to-day. The Dean had three or four MSS., evidently venerable as the pulpit itself, besides the one he was using. He put these aside on the treacherous velvet cushion, having probably selected the one most appropriate to his congregation. By-and-by, in obedience to the laws of gravitation, the MSS. went flying down on the devoted head of an old lady in a little pew-box below, as I had seen for full five minutes they must inevitably do. This was bad, but our liveried Bumble made matters worse by coming from the very bottom of the chapel, carefully collecting the *disjecta membra* from the old lady's box, and taking them up the pulpit stairs to the Dean. I shall never forget the look with which that dignitary regarded the officious Bumble as he cast the unfortunate MSS. on the the pulpit floor, and proceeded with his discourse." But of all reference, the famous "Saturday Review" article was the least justifiable.

large degree of public attention. It is with a curious revulsion of feeling that we turn from Dean Stanley's immense eulogium to those various matters in Mr. Forster's life, which show so much weakness and littleness on the part of the great national favourite. Sometimes he makes us think, contrastingly, of Job's words, "I know not how to give flattering speeches." After another funeral of national interest we find him writing to Mrs. Grote. "I have not ventured to write before the ceremony of this day was completed. But I cannot forbear to send a few words to assure you of the entire and crowning seal which has been placed on the noble and glorious life thus honourably closed.

"I selected the spot in the south transept in what Fuller calls the 'learned side' of Poets' Corner; Camden and Casaubon look down upon the grave, and Macaulay lies a few feet distant.

"There was enough to move the stoutest heart and strongest mind at the sight of the mourners—genuine mourners, who stood around the open vault, philosophers, scholars, historians, friends.

"The Abbey was crowded. . . . To-morrow you will be with me in spirit in the Abbey, when I pay my own last tribute of affection and respect."

We must now rapidly pass in review some further phases of this remarkable career.

In the "Essays and Reviews" controversy, Dr. Stanley was indirectly but largely concerned. He had probably been requested, among the various invitations given to aid in such an undertaking, to become one of the contributors. But from the first he considered that, practically speaking, such a

design was a blunder. But when the *furor* set in, when the Church and land were thrown into a tempest of alarm and indignation, when various writers, among whom were several close and personal friends, were assailed as few divines have ever been assailed, the ardour and chivalry of this impetuous and enthusiastic man were thoroughly aroused. With pointed lance he bounded into the affray. He struck out right and, left, and to say the truth, a little wildly. He wrote with a trenchant sarcasm and frank invective which reminded us of the murderous days of the old "Edinburgh." That charity, courtesy, and toleration, of which beyond any other living man he had been the apostle, were for the nonce ignored. Indeed it may not be unfrequently observed that those who read to those who differ from them grave lessons of catholicity and brotherhood, reserve the sharpest weapons for their own use, when they in turn become opponents and aggressors. In the "Edinburgh Review" for April, 1861, appeared an article on the "Essays and Reviews," which became as celebrated as its predecessors, the papers in the "Quarterly" and "Westminster." It may have carried a great deal of terror and dismay into the ranks of those whom it attacked, a great deal of terror and dismay moreover to many of those with whom the spotless fame of its author was a matter of the tenderest regard. It will always be an important biographical fragment, and a very fine specimen of the *odium theologicum*.

We confess that it is not without much regret that we have seen the republication of the "Essays on Church and State." All the more regrettable things

that the Dean has written are brought together, we have them all in one fell swoop. The ashes of old quarrels are raked up, and any lingering fires are revived. He chants all his triumphs or supposed triumphs, rehabilitates his friends and glories in their success as if that success were the touchstone of merit; renews all his attacks on his opponents, except when he honestly avows that they were so bad that he recalls them. His experiences at the time of the Ammergau Mystery are full of interest, and so is a well known paper which he read at a sort of London clerical parliament, known to many London clergy as a kind of informal Convocation, where he often spoke. His mode of treating Mr. Keble has always struck us as being eminently unsatisfactory, making Mr. Keble apparently endorse opinions which Mr. Keble must have held in the utmost detestation.

As a traveller alone, Dr. Stanley's name might have attained to some reputation, but his labours as a traveller have generally been subordinated to higher interests. They have been in the highest degree helpful to himself and to others, as an ecclesiastical historian and as a commentator on Scripture. We have already seen Dr. Arnold writing to him on the subject of his travels. If we remember aright, in some of the editions of Dr. Arnold's Thucydides, there is a portion of a letter in which he examined into the remains at Syracuse in order to identify them, so far as might be, with the description in the later books. Some mention we have also seen of Dr. Stanley's attention to ancient inscriptions. Some of his writings, such as the volume on the Eastern Church, are largely indebted

to his travels, and, of course, "Sinai and Palestine" is substantially founded on them. In Dr. Stanley's method of sermon-writing—in that way in which he seeks to make the sermon vivid, and real and interesting, by bringing anecdotes and letters and history under contribution to the subject of his discourse—we often meet with illustrations, the results of his travels. Some of his imagery is of truly beautiful and poetic character, especially that derived from Alpine scenery. Towards the conclusion of his Canterbury volume are certain "Sermons preached in Travelling." They are dedicated "To my fellow-travellers, in thankful remembrance of the happy hours and glorious scenes which, during many years and in many lands, we have been permitted to enjoy together." At Venice he is preaching on the text, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" Six weeks later he is preaching at Rome, on the subject of "St. Paul at Rome." A third sermon was preached at the Convent of St. Catherine, on "Mount Sinai." The very appropriate text was, "This Agar is Mount Sinai in Arabia." This sermon would delight the heart of those who like short sermons. It takes three minutes to read, and under ten, we should think, to deliver. Some of the sermons preached before the Prince of Wales are of a similar length, or rather of a similar brevity. At Jerusalem, "Christ on Earth and Christ in Heaven" is the subject. At Zermatt he preached on "God's Holy Hill." Thus he speaks to his congregation beneath the shadow of Monte Rosa: "As we pass under their mighty shadows; as we gaze on their virgin snows; as we delight in the bounding freshness

of their streams, or the verdure of their endless forests and pastures, so we, in any place, feel the incongruity (to speak of nothing else), the incongruity of low and sinful acts and words in the presence of Him whom, more than any other earthly scenes, these gigantic mountains represent to us! . . . Who is there who has not been, at least for a moment, reminded by these snow-clad peaks glittering in the evening or morning sun of a brighter or better world than this, of that golden city descending from God out of heaven into which there shall in nowise enter anything that defileth?"

On the very threshold of Dr. Stanley's labours as a traveller and geographer there is a remarkable article on "Sacred Geography," which he contributed to the "Quarterly Review" in March, 1854. He here gives us the keynote of his work, and in his view of what had hitherto been done in this field he points out the region yet to be occupied, and which he has subsequently done so much to fill. It is in some measure to supply the open subjects thus indicated, that the work "Sinai and Palestine, in connection with their History" was written. The author visited the scenery of his work in the Winter of 1852 and the Spring of 1853. In several important directions this work supplies the important *desiderata* indicated by his article in the "Quarterly." The union of honest investigation with that poetic, imaginative faculty which gives a real insight that no amount of stolid investigation can bestow, makes this work in general value only inferior to that of Robinson; beyond Miss Martineau, beyond Lord Lindsay, beyond Lamartine. Learned and scientific travellers



had, as a rule, hitherto failed to convey any *pictures* of what they saw, and the general mob of modern picturesque travellers have been very defective in learning and science. Such have generally overcharged their colours, and proved inaccurate in their delineations. Dr. Stanley's work is one in which judgment and accuracy preside over learning, and imagination, and pictorial power. He has succeeded also in making some most important identifications of ancient sites. The "Sermons preached in the East," with the various notices of localities, form, in fact, a valuable supplement to "Sinai and Palestine."

As a preacher, Dr. Stanley's manner is hardly comparable to his matter. There is no action and a monotonous voice. The sermons frequently contain eloquent language; but the eloquence of the language is very coldly reproduced in the voice and manner. He has hardly the *physique* of an orator, and the voice is somewhat thin and weak. When he has preached in the Abbey or in St. Paul's Cathedral he could hardly have been heard beyond the circle of those who more immediately surrounded him. His friend, Madame Goldschmidt, who went to hear him preach, attracted, the newspapers said, a large proportion of attention; and her voice in singing would certainly be more audible than the preacher's. These sermons are sometimes very slight, and, to the lovers of short sermons, must present the *ne plus ultra* of perfection. They are more fragmentary in character, and possess less of *thoroughness*, than generally characterizes all that Dr. Stanley says and does. We believe that Dr. Stanley exceedingly rarely preaches the same sermon twice. We should imagine, also, that Dr. Stanley, with his

usual urbanity and kindness, never refuses a request to advocate any cause in the pulpit. We know of nothing more enjoyable than to read or listen to the sermons of Dean Stanley. There is as rich a vein of literary and historical allusions as is to be found in Macaulay himself. Occasionally he almost translates a suggestive sentence from a Greek or Latin author, or some modern foreign classic. This is from a play of Sophocles, and this from a dialogue of Plato. Here we have Augustine's account of his conversion transcribed from the Confessions. Augustine, by the way, speaks of "*quædam defectiva et umbratilis species,*" which, to our mind, with all their merits, does not unfairly describe these sermons. There is no writer for whom Dr. Stanley cherishes a greater affection than for Charles Wesley. Yet we imagine that Charles Wesley would have complained that a certain want pervaded these sermons, and would hardly recognize in them the full breadth and meaning of those doctrines which, on the lips of himself and his brother, pierced sharp and sudden to the souls of many, and to hardened ruffians brought the sense of sin, and to weeping sinners brought the sense of healing and pardon.

If we wish to reduce much of Dr. Stanley's definite or indefinite teaching to a system, he is, to a great extent, the modern apostle of the doctrines of Toleration. It may even be said of him that he is bigoted against bigotry, intolerant against intolerance. The only wrath and indignation which his serene and gentle nature used to exhibit—and this is not unfrequently the case—is when any exceeding zeal, any wrath and indignation, is shown by orthodox writers

against those of so-called liberal opinions. Then, indeed, both in writing and acting, the strong partisan spirit is displayed.

This kind of catholicity cannot, in fact, be distinguished from latitudinarianism. The Dean ever delights to turn away from those points on which Christian Churches differ to that eternal and immutable morality which is common to all. The shallow lines of Pope appear to represent his views with considerable accuracy:—

“For modes of faith let jarring bigots fight,  
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.”

We remember a suggestive passage in the history of the Eastern Church. “What,” he asks, “are the grounds of this Eastern nonconformity? They are grounds which all Western Churches would do well to hear—Rome or Greece, England or Scotland, Conformists or Nonconformists, Free Church or Established Church—grounds almost equally instructive, whether we recognize in them our own likenesses or our own antipodes. It was deemed a mortal sin in the established clergy that they gave the benediction with two fingers instead of three.” Does Dr. Stanley mean that the differences between the Western Churches are about as important as the question of three fingers or two fingers, or the question of cracking the egg at the little end or the big end? We are afraid that the general tenor of his writings would lead to a conclusion not very remote from this. He hardly illustrates or enforces the doctrine of contending earnestly for the faith once committed to the saints. The great Apostle, on whom he most loves

to dwell, sets us the example, and shows us the model of Christian controversy. There is no faltering in the righteous accents of St. John. Side by side we read of truth and lies, love and hate, light and darkness. With truth, and love, and light the works of Dean Stanley are replete; but we must join the eloquent lament that "one so honoured and so beloved" should be languid and uncertain at times in his declaration of the highest truths, and throw the ægis of his protection over so much error.

It seems to be Dean Stanley's guiding principle, that he will go round a subject, but hardly at it; that he will arbitrate and compromise, but hardly define; that he is always capable of seeing good in things evil, if not evil in things good. It would be a good intellectual exercise to put him on a jury, and to familiarize his mind with its work of giving a sharp verdict of guilty or not guilty. We are sure that the first verdict would contain a recommendation of mercy on the plea of extenuating circumstances, and the last would probably have a memorandum appended to it, reducing the not guilty to not proven. One of the latest examples of the Dean's charity that occurs to us is in a set of papers on the Papacy. We should have thought that on this subject an Anglican dignitary would have been able to speak with some little decision. The Dean's language will be equally pleasing or equally displeasing both to the Romanists and Protestants:—"The Papal office, like many human institutions, is a mixture of much good and much evil; stained with many crimes, adorned with many virtues, with many peculiar temptations, with many precious opportunities; to be judged calmly, dispas-

sionately, charitably, thoughtfully." We confess we are a little sceptical about the much good, the many virtues, the precious opportunities. Human institutions being mixed, there are always threads of good in things evil; human beings being human, and not fiends, there is always a strand of good in the worst character. At the same time we are sure that the eye of unerring wisdom is able to see of any event or institution, whether it is good or evil, and that unerring justice will ultimately and for ever distinguish between the evil and the good. That supreme arbitrament is not for us poor erring mortals. But at the same time, according to our power, we have to strive after the great moral quality of justice; and while we seek, as best we may, to judge "calmly, dispassionately, charitably, thoughtfully," we must endeavour to judge righteous judgment, and not feebly evade the duty of justice, by passing judgments which are no judgments at all.

## CHAPTER X.

## THE DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S.

THE Dean of St. Paul's naturally follows in order after the Dean of Westminster. The capitular body of St. Paul's Cathedral is at the present time distinctively High Church. The Dean is, like the Dean of Westminster, a scholar and a writer, not a scholar so renowned or a writer so voluminous as Dean Stanley, but still one who has won his audience and made his reputation. Long before his name became known to the public as the Dean of St. Paul's, there were many accomplished critics who regarded him as one of the most accomplished critics and essayists of the day. He is a distinct High Churchman, and the tone of the Chapter is mainly High Church. That Chapter has now a distinctiveness and ability that contrast strongly with the neutral tints of the Abbey Chapter, especially since the lamented death of Charles Kingsley. Canon Lightfoot is a High Churchman, and must hold some views which are hardly altogether pleasing to his colleagues. His views on Episcopacy, for instance, as we have seen, are of a very moderate description. He represents the learning of the Chapter,

even in a greater degree than such learned men as Dean Church and Canon Liddon; while Canon Liddon carries off the palm of oratory, and Canon Gregory is a most vigorous representative of the Chapter in Convocation, and he and the remaining Canon, Bishop Claughton, are admirably fitted to deal with all the varied practical necessities which may come within their cognizance. There is no doubt that the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's are at the present time doing a great work in the heart of London. There are no other metropolitan services like the services beneath the dome of St. Paul's. There immense multitudes are from time to time gathered, who with a rarely equalled degree of patience and interest hear discourses that extend far beyond the average duration of time. The Dean and Chapter have shown themselves thoroughly in accordance with the best thoughts of the age. Every useful reform that could be desired has been assiduously brought into action. They have sought thoroughly to appreciate and sympathize with that intense business life of which St. Paul's Cathedral is the centre. They have cultivated relations of kindness and of a mutual good understanding with young men engaged in business in the city. In this respect they have set an example which might well be cultivated by all the bishops and clergy of the Establishment. They have incited those young men to social intercourse with themselves, giving them practically the right hand of Christian fellowship, which may help many a man safe to shore amid the loneliness and the temptations of London. By their system of week-day Evening Lectures to men, they have introduced a valuable example which may probably

be widely followed, and which may illustrate the value and elasticity of our Cathedral institutions. These week-day lectures serve in a way that the ordinary pulpit ministrations can hardly serve to show the relationship in which Christian thought stands to all the history, intellectual life, and social condition of humanity. This is surely a precedent susceptible of being followed in all large towns, one that would serve to stimulate the intellectual life of communities, and to break down the barriers that too commonly exist between ordinary interests and religious life. It will always be remembered that under Dean Church's headship of St. Paul, a new era of invigorated life and practical use set in for the great metropolitan cathedral. It will be probably reserved for the epoch of his benevolent rule to witness the great work of the decoration and completion of St. Paul's, and of filling its vast unrelieved spaces with forms of significant beauty. Without discussing the merits of conflicting plans we may join in the national hope that, whatever development and adornment Sir Christopher Wren's vast design may be susceptible of admitting, St. Paul's may ere long receive, and become a worthy monument of that zeal, liberality, and energy of the present Dean and Chapter, which the London public have learned to appreciate and to second.

It was a difficulty for any man adequately to fill the high place so recently vacated by such men as Milman and Mansell. It is beyond our limits and our design to give that retrospective glance on former famous Deans which is necessary for any work dealing with Church history in the case of our bishops. But the two last Deans of



St. Paul's were men of such great, though very contrasted powers, that they have set their names on the literature of the country and the history of the metropolitan cathedral. The death of Dr. Milman in the fulness of years and honours, confessedly left a deep void in English letters and society. He belonged not only to his profession, but to the nation ; he was almost the patriarch of English literature ; he was the oldest and the greatest of the English historians of the day. He was " a link in the years ;" he bound the present generation to the days of his great compeers in history and close personal friends, Hallam and Macaulay, and to the days of Byron, Sir Walter Scott, and, more remote still, the Lake poets. By those who did not know him he was regarded almost as a classic is regarded, and to those brought within his personal range he was one of the most conspicuous members of London society, a great intellectual leader. Ere the recollection of him had begun to grow dim with the general public, it was once more renewed by the publication of his posthumous "Annals of St. Paul's Cathedral," a work of the most characteristic description, and displaying much of the freshness and energy of his best days.

As Dean of St. Paul's, he was one of the most conspicuous members of London society. He occupied the position which suited him best, and for which he was best adapted, a position of emolument and dignity in his profession, and affording learned leisure for his great literary undertaking, the History of Latin Christianity. It is believed that there was only one other post in the Church which he would have preferred, the deanery of that other metropolitan cathe-

dral, under whose shadow he had so long dwelt, which fell to his "dear friend," as he calls him, Dr. Stanley. He was a man easily recognised, and once seen never forgotten. The form was bent by age, but the head was grand; the eyes beneath the massive brows brilliant with unbated fires, the mouth with an expression of sweetness and a sense of humour, and his voice, when he read the prayers in the crowded nave of his cathedral, to the last deep and musical. One of his latest appearances in public was when he read a paper before a Church Commission on the subject of subscription to the Articles. "I am an old man," he concluded, with touching emphasis, "and fully sensible to the blessings of a quiet life. Still I am bound not to disguise or suppress my judgment. All my life I have kept aloof from party, and this is no party move. *Liberavi animam meam.*" This speech made a great impression. "Never," said Bishop Goodwin, "had I a higher intellectual gratification than in hearing that noble old man expound his view before us."

His last work "The Annals of St. Paul's Cathedral," was designed as a companion volume to Dean Stanley's "Westminster Abbey." The chief hero is Sir Christopher Wren, to the vindication of whose memory Dr. Milman devotes himself with almost passionate fondness.

It will be interesting to quote the Dean's own account of the funeral of the Duke of Wellington:—"The prayers and lessons were read by the Dean. And here must be a final tribute to the memory of Sir Christopher Wren. Of all architects, Wren alone, either from intuition or philosophic discernment, has penetrated the abstruse mysteries of acoustics, has

struck out the laws of the propagation of sounds. I have been assured, on the highest musical authority, that there is no building in Europe equal for sound to St. Paul's. My voice was accordingly heard distinctly in every part of the building, up to the western gallery, by the many thousands present, though the whole was deadened by walls of heavy black cloth which lined every part. Nothing could be imagined more solemn than the responses of all the thousands present, who repeated, as had been suggested, the words of the Lord's Prayer. It fulfilled the sublime biblical phrase, 'Like the roar of many waters,' only that it was clear and distinct; the sad combined prayer, as it were, of the whole nation." The passage has an autobiographic value. Dean Stanley says "How those present will remember the deep, distinct, understanding tones of the sonorous voice which on that occasion rose, swelled, and spread through the vast building, thrilling all the thousands present."

Henry Longueville Mansell, the late Dean of St. Paul's, held his deanery for a very brief tenure. One of the earliest of Mr. Mansell's writings was a highly metaphysical paper on Mr. Maurice's "Theory of a Fixed State out of Time." From that time the combative genius which lurked amid all Mr. Maurice's sweet courtesies was very strongly directed against the future Dean. Dean Mansell proffered a sympathy which he trusted would not be lessened by differences on obscure points of metaphysical speculation. Mr. Maurice hardly responded to such language, and his reply to the celebrated Bampton Lectures of Dr. Mansell is an unfavourable specimen of modern theological polemics. Dean Mansell was considered one

of the most difficult of writers, but he was only obscure through the obscurity of his subject-matter. This is the reason of the difficulty of the "Analogy"—a difficulty which, to a certain extent, might be obviated by printing the emphatic words in capital letters—which caused Butler to enlist the aid of his friend Secker, the future Archbishop, in order to popularise it. Mansell's metaphysical genius was shown most of all in those Bampton Lectures, which were spoken of as the most wonderful works since the "Analogy." They showed the greatest mastery perhaps ever attained by an English divine of German thought, and must raise the reputation of English theology. But the author of the "Prolegomena Logica" wrote also a most amusing review of sensational novels, and moreover produced one of the best parodies ever known among the Fescennine verses of the University. In Dean Mansell we have one who knew German thoroughly, and yet imitates the clouds of Aristophanes in introducing a chorus of German Professors:—

Professors we  
From over the sea,  
From the land where professors in plenty be;  
And we thrive and flourish as well as we may,  
In the land that produces one Kant with a K,  
And many cants with a C.  
Where Hegel taught to his profit and fame  
That something and nothing were one and the same;  
The absolute difference not a jot being  
'Twixt having and not having, being and not being,  
But wisely declined to extend his notion  
To the finite relations of Thalers and Groschen  
Where reared by Oken's plastic hands  
The Eternal nothing of Nature stands,  
And theology sits on her throne of pride,  
As Art to Nature personified;

And the hodmandod crawls in its shell confined

A symbol exalted of slumbering mind.

Bacon be dumb,

Newton be mum ;

The work of induction's a snap of the thumb,

With a bag, bag, bag, and a bum, bum, bum,

Hither the true philosophers come."

A posthumous work of Dean Mansell's has the advantage of a prefatory memoir by the Earl of Carnarvon, written with great sympathy and skill. We are enabled to see that Mansell was a many-sided man, one who was not only of the profoundest learning and the keenest dialectician of the Common Room of Magdalen, but one who thoroughly enjoyed the sunny side of life, and with keen resolute spirit touched many points of human life that might have been thought out of the pale of the scholar and thinker. He has the merit of having placed Tory politics "on an intellectual basis" at Oxford. He owed his elevation, much less to the fact of his being scholar, wit, and metaphysician, than to the fact of his being Chairman of the Conservative Committee in the election contest for the University.

Dean Church, as a writer, will not ill compare with these illustrious predecessors—Dean Milman and Dean Mansell. In the whole compass of modern criticism there is no finer writing than the magnificent notice on Dante, which he contributed to the "Christian Remembrancer." The literature of Dante is voluminous indeed, but this essay would probably be placed at the head of it. It has been reprinted in a volume, which has the same title as a famous book, "Essays and Reviews." Just as Macaulay's parallel between Milton and Dante made Robert Hall learn

Italian, so this article has made great English deans betake themselves to the study of the Tuscan tongue. Dean Church's literary fame is not so widely diffused as Dean Stanley's, but he has an audience of "those who know," who, in their enthusiasm and affection for his writings, place him below no living English author. Dean Church has published, somewhat curiously, two lives of St. Anselm; the earlier one with a greater degree of energy and force; and the latter, with broader literary culture. In his portraiture of the old monastery of Bee we have a wonderful picture, carefully pieced together from many sources of ancient conventual life. Much of Dean Church's teaching, both on Sunday and on week day lectures, has been gathered into certain thin volumes which exhibit some of the best theological thought of our day. One of them taking up a literary aspect of theological thought, deals comparatively with the most ancient of all hymns—the Vedas and the Psalms. Others examine the relations of Christianity with civilization, and with nationalities. He is more popular than Mansell, and less popular than Milman; but though he has hardly accumulated the immense knowledge of detail possessed by the latter, or formed such vast literary designs, yet in his grasp of a subject, and his evolution of principles, he has a breadth and philosophy not inferior to Dean Milman's. Above all, there is an intense feeling for humanity, and intense spiritual fire, that differs greatly from the dry intellectual method with which Milman dealt with historical development, and Mansell with metaphysical abstractions. Some words that he says of Dante may not inappropriately be applied to himself. "Fresh from the thought of

man's condition as a whole, fresh from the thought of his goodness, his greatness, his powers as well as of his evil, his mind as equally in tune when rejoicing over his restoration as when contemplating the ruins of his fall. He never lets go the recollections that human life, if it grovels at one end in corruption, and has to pass through the sweat and dust and disfigurement of earthly toil, has all through compensations, remedies, functions, spheres innumerable of profitable activity, sources inexhaustible of delight and consolation; and at the other end a perfection which cannot be named. No one ever measured the greatness of man in all its forms with so true yet so admiring an eye as he who has also portrayed so awfully man's bitterness and vileness. And he went further—no one who could understand and do homage to greatness as man, ever drew the line so strongly between greatness and goodness, and so unhesitatingly placed the hero of this world only—placed him in all his magnificence, honoured with no timid or dissembling reverence—at the distance of worlds below the place of the lowest Saint."

We believe that Mr. Gladstone, when he became Premier, offered the first bishopric in his gift to Dr. Church, but with a keen appreciation of the unfavourable conditions for a scholar and a thinker he added one more name to the list of those who of late years have refused the mitre, and reserved himself for the comparative rest and quietude of a deanery.

## CHAPTER XI.

## LITERARY DEANS.

EVERY Dean is supposed to be literary, in the sense that every judge is learned, every clergyman reverend, and every privy councillor right honourable. There constantly gleams before the ecclesiastical imagination the vision in which a truly Apostolic Bishop does the active labour of his diocese, while learned Canons and still more learned Deans devote themselves to the thought and culture that so eminently befit the serener regions of the Church Militant. Such a vision is peculiarly apt to fade in the light of common day. Our own age has witnessed the development of another variety of Deans, that of men who having done more than episcopal labour in parishes that ought to have been dioceses, in the twilight of their days have obtained the decanal cushion of repose. This variety may justly be regarded as adding very greatly to the strength and uses of the Establishment. Historically speaking, however, if we take these varieties of Deans, they form a very small variety compared with those who, in a country where ecclesiastical patronage is administered in the most unsatisfactory and unequal way



in the world, have been appointed to satisfy social aims, or in subservience to the political objects of the Premier who appointed them.

Many of our Bishops are literary, but our Deans are still more literary than our Bishops. This certainly ought to be the case. Deans possess "a learned leisure," which is totally denied to the energetic Bishop of our days. Still, as a rule, our Bishops are greater men and have written greater books than our Deans. But our Deans are men who write, and are often given to a research and scholarship which are necessarily beyond the episcopal range. Our besetting necessity of a cross-division again meets us here, as we endeavour rapidly to sketch the literature of our Deans. We have given separate chapters to the Deans of Westminster and St. Paul's, but they in a sense, beyond other Deans, might be designated "Literary Deans."

We suppose it is quite right that there should be a very fair proportion of classical men among our Deans and Canons. It, however, ought to be recognised that a dignified clergyman should not rest on his classics, but subordinate them to the teaching work of the Church. But it still remains a kind of superstition that a Dean should have sound views on the middle voice. The Church of England loves learning and has always been a learned Church; but it ought always to be recollected that learning should be made instrumental to the uses of the Church, and not that the Church should be looked upon as existing for the sake of rewarding learning. There are many cases in which the Church has given immense rewards for learning to men who have contributed

nothing to the service of the Church. On the other hand, there are men whose learning is to be reckoned among a Church's bulwarks and battlements, who have never received the slightest recognition of that from Bishops or Ministers. Mere learning holds its place, but is not essential to each churchman's work. The atheistic Buddhist system has a peculiarly learned priesthood. There are no texts on which learned clergyman dwell with more complacency than that which tells how Paul was brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, and knew how to make use of the Greek poets and philosophers. But that was in the old persecuting days, and we do not find that even in the leisure of his imprisonments Paul went back to the prosecution of his old classical studies. It is not necessary to suppose that he threw these studies aside altogether, but his instance may show that the Church requires much more than learning in those who serve her altars.

The Church of England has no lack of learned Deans. There indeed are very few who have not a clearly ascertained title to the appellation. Some of our best writers in history, scholarship, theology, and the whole field of general literature, are Deans.

We will first glance at some of our most learned Deans, deans of that old Greek and Latin type on which has been engrafted so much of modern criticism and learning. In the history of learning the Deans of the Victorian age will have a conspicuous place. Certainly if a clergyman dedicates himself to classical literature he is better elevated to a Deanery than a Bishopric.

Our more thoroughly classical Deans are probably

the Dean of Ely, Dean of Lincoln, Dr. Merivale and Dr. Blakesley, the Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, and the Dean of Rochester, "the Liddell and Scott," the best known of all the Deans by the ingenious youth of Britain. Merivale's "Romans under the Empire," and Blakesley's "Herodotus" and "Aristotle," are standard classical works, more or less known to all scholars. The lexicographical Deans, as Dr. Johnson put it, hold a place inferior to authorship.

The charming book "Arundines Cami" is beloved by all those who have a genuine relish for modern composition in Greek and Latin. To us, two writers have always seemed especially to stand out from the band of scholars who contributed to the "Arundines Cami," Lord Lyttleton and Dr. Merivale. Dr. Merivale had the great social advantage of being for many years the Chaplain to the Speaker of the House of Commons. That has ordinarily been an avenue to a place among the dignitaries. "The House humbly prays that Her Majesty will be pleased to show the Chaplain some mark of her Royal favour," and such a mark is soon forthcoming. Independently of this, the author of the "Romans under the Empire" was entitled to any reward which the English Church might have in store for classical learning. Let any reader take up a volume of Napoleon the Third's "History of Cæsar," and compare with it any volume of Dean Merivale's work, and he will see how immensely the French Emperor was excelled on this ground by the English clergyman.

Dean Merivale is a thorough scholar. His heart and hand are ever busy with the classical writers. He has added a version of Homer to that large litera-

ture of Homeric translation to which such considerable additions have been made of recent years. He very well illustrates the irresistible tendency by a quotation from Eustathius' preface to his commentary on Homer.

"'Twere well, perhaps, to keep aloof from the Sirens of Homer altogether, either stopping one's ears with wax, or turning haply some other way, to escape their fascination. But if a man keep not aloof, but give heed to that song of theirs, he will neither, methinks, easily pass them by, e'en though many a charm should hold him; nor, if he do, will he be thankful for it."

The dedication gives a charming picture of the Dean's domestic life.

"To thee who, bending o'er my table's rim,  
Hast mark'd these measures flow, these pages brim;  
Who, link'd for ever to a letter'd life,  
Hast drawn the dubious lot of student's wife,  
Kept hush around my desk, nor grudged me still  
The long, dull, ceaseless rustling of my quill;  
Content to guide the house, the child to teach,  
And hail my fitful interludes of speech,  
Or bid the bald disjointed tale rehearse;  
Or drink harsh numbers mellowing into verse.  
Who still 'mid cares sedate, in sorrows brave,  
Hast for me borne the light, and with me shared the grave;  
And grown from soft to strong, from fair to sage,  
Flower of my youth, and jewel of my age:  
To thee these lays I bring with joy, with pride,  
Sure of thy suffrage, if of none beside."

Dean Merivale was elected to preach the Latin sermon at St. Paul's at the opening of the present Convocation, showing himself both a masterly Latinist and a graceful, effective speaker. His Latin has the ease and vigour of Erasmus, although savouring of

that classicality from which Erasmus was free, and exhibits the Cantabrigian delight of recalling the well worn, well remembered phrases of Cicero. The sermon vigorously addressed itself to the subject of the revived light of Convocation, the great work that it had done, and the great work which is before it, and also the question of the Revival of Convocation. He did not deal with the question of the larger representation of the parochial clergy, nor yet with the question whether the suffrage should be given to curates. He mainly discussed the admission of the laity, and placed the whole matter on the most simple and intelligible basis. If Convocation confines itself to spiritual matters, then Convocation had better transact its business by itself. On the other hand, if Convocation admit the laity, then the large mixed body will legislate for other things which lie beyond the spiritual order.

Canon Blakesley has given us a work which is partly autobiographical and partly classical. Multitudes, who may not be much interested either in the one or in the other, have enjoyed the vigorous letters of the "Hertfordshire Incumbent" in the *Times*. We have heard a story that at the time of the Crimean war a clergyman called at the Foreign Office and volunteered most interesting and useful information. It was Mr. Blakesley, who acquired his facts while preparing his edition of "Herodotus."

Under the modest title of "Four Months in Algeria" Mr. Blakesley has given us one of the best possible books on the subject, and has shown us how a scholarly, reflective man, taking up his abode in a strange country, can make the best possible use of his resources, and

find abundance of material for thought and investigation in his surroundings. Mr. Blakesley went away, like so many others, to escape the inclemency of the English Winter and Spring. He did much, and he reported that much remained unnoticed to reward the curiosity of an ordinary traveller at the cost of very little hardship or danger. Mr. Blakesley also went on to Tunis, and carefully investigated all the excavations that were being made at ancient Carthage. The Dean of Lincoln vigorously holds his own in convocation, where he is one of the leaders, with few followers, of a Liberal minority.

The Dean of Christ Church is a decided Liberal in ecclesiastical politics. Beyond his *Lexicon* he wrote a school History of Rome, which, however full and learned, failed in its praiseworthy object of making Roman history palatable to the young. But, as in speaking of Westminster and St. Paul's, we had to refer to great Romists, the Chapter that equal Bishops or Deans. This is also pre-eminently the case with Christ Church. In its Chapter there occur names that overshadow even the great name of the Dean. In the case of the great and royal foundation of Christ Church we may say that the reputation of the Church of England for learning, especially theological learning, is more adequately sustained; and while this learning is no where more conspicuous than in the Professor of Hebrew—yet Dr. Pusey, on other grounds, has a name of more than European reputation. That name constitutes one of the greatest ecclesiastical landmarks of our time. The Dean of Christ Church is the worthy successor of Gaisford, and the character of his Greek is encyclopædic, though it is mainly verbal; and Dr.

Liddell has not given us an edition of any author. The Regius Professor of Divinity, Conon Mozley, the holder of a chair that has given more prelates to the Church of England than any other appointment, has subordinated learning, as ever should be the case, to thought; and has given us publications that come nearest to Bishop Butler, if indeed, in some ways, Butler himself has not been left behind. The other Canons, such names as Heurtley, Bright, and King, complete a very remarkable combination.

The Dean of Christ Church is a dignitary whose name is always floating upon the lips of men. The holder of this high office, whether presented in a realistic or imaginary way, is a stock character in novels of collegiate life. We have noticed the appearance of the present Dean, of course in a form where he is little better than a mere abstraction, in contemporary stories and sketches. There are hundreds of English households where the Dean's name is a familiar word. He and his very reverend brother of Rochester are two most familiar names to all who handle a Lexicon. "Liddell and Scott" is the stereotyped title of our great modern Greek Lexicon, and though thoughtless lads may regard them as their natural enemies, yet those of us who once had to use Schrevelius and Scapula, avail ourselves of his easy pages with the liveliest gratitude. That great work, originally based upon Passow, has been carried through progressive improvements until it has assumed such ultimate perfection that Passow's name is now fairly omitted.

Dr. Liddell might almost be said to be at the head of the scholastic interests of this country.

As Tutor of Christ Church, as Head Master of Westminster, finally as Dean of Christ Church, he has almost all his life been engaged in the highest educational interests of the country. Dr. Liddell might have achieved a great reputation in many ways. We have read sermons of his which trembled on the borders of real eloquence and feeling. His "History of Rome" indicated an order of mind which might have yielded some of the best fruits attainable after Niebuhr. If he had cared for such trifling distinction, he might probably have been handed down in the traditions of metropolitan society as a great social success. He rests, however, mainly upon the big Dictionary. As Head of Christ Church and Vice Chancellor for a number of years, his great powers have chiefly been exhibited in a practical direction. It must have been very onerous and responsible to hold the reins over a body of young in the heyday of youth, spirits, and wealth. A good man could hardly hope, could hardly wish to be popular in such an office. The Dean seems to lack the power of sympathy with his men, and hardly to have risen to the height of the great opportunities he has enjoyed. But we venture to feel quite sure that the rule of Dean Liddell will be remembered in Oxonian annals as one of care, considerateness, and supreme justice.\*

\* Once a man was being examined by the Dean in Hall, and he gave a very curious translation of a Greek word. "Where did you get that from?" asked the Dean. "Liddell and Scott," was the prompt answer. "It must have been Scott then, it wasn't I," said the Dean. We expect the word was evolved from the undergraduate's inner consciousness. "What Sophocles do you know?" he once asked a freshman. "I know all Sophocles," was the ambitious reply. "Really," answered the Dean drily, "I wish I did."



The Dean of Rochester, having achieved his share of the Great Dictionary, has rested upon his laurels. He has published a volume of very earnest, practical sermons, which meet the common wants of men. Though once Master of Balliol, he was never identified with what have been sometimes called "Balliol" tendencies, being possessed of a most unfashionable orthodoxy.

Sometimes the theory that a deanery provides a place of rest and leisure for an overworked and deserving man, is very happily exemplified. In such a case as Dr. McNeill, a Low Church Dean, or Dr. Hook, a High Church Dean, a release from such heavy parishes as Liverpool and Leeds must have been as beneficial as well-deserved. Such promotion must often have saved constitutions worn by the hard stress of continuous work, and have given an opportunity for further work, demanding thoughtfulness and leisure. Thus the deanery may have procured an invigoration of powers and a lengthening of days. It is by no means, however, generally the case that a deanery or canonry promotes learned leisure. If the Dean has been a popular preacher, he attracts crowds to his cathedral by the simple process of emptying the neighbouring churches. It is very delightful to such a dean to see an immense congregation, but the reflection might arise that none of them had any business to be there, they ought to have been in their parish churches.

Dr. Hook, the Dean of Chichester, combined both claims, the literary claim and the claim of hard work. The literary claim is in his case very subordinate to

the parochial claim. Once we heard Dr. Hook make a speech on the subject of cathedrals. That speech abounded in fallacies, and was delivered in a very exceptionable style. He denied that merit ought to have anything to do with cathedral appointments. "Merit! What right had they, poor sinners, to speak of merit, and of what they had done? Who had done what he ought to do? All were unprofitable servants." This is theologically true, but it is nevertheless the duty of all of us, Dr. Hook included, to have some regard to merit. As a poet of our own has said :—

"For merit lives from man to man,  
But not from man, O Lord, to Thee."

Merit does "live from man to man," and to ignore it is, in point of fact, irreligious. Dr. Hook drew a fancy portrait of the abstract, perfect dean. It curiously corresponded to what might be supposed to be the popular notion respecting the Dean of Chichester. It was necessary that the perfect dean should have been at the head of a large parish. It was necessary that he should have a wonderful combination of judgment, tact, and good sense. The canons ought to be persons whose claims were exclusively learned or literary. The Dean was very severe on the fact that parochial clergymen should take canonries, and enjoy three months' ease and dignity. It was hard to see why such a clergyman was a very proper person to enjoy twelve months in the year of such, but he must not enjoy three. It was hard to see also why the perfect dean should have been a parish clergyman, and the canons mere scholars. Might it not be better, possibly, that the dean should be the great scholar,

and the canons parish clergymen? Why also should the heaven-born dean possess the monopoly of tact, judgment, and good sense? Dr. Hook's remarks, unless they happened to be particularly solemn, took a funny and jocose turn. But it may be questioned whether the funny and jocose style was best suited for the real importance of the subject, or the true dignity of the Congress. So far from ignoring all claim of merit, as the Dean of Chichester advised, merit is a question of primary importance in relation to cathedral establishments. The Dean's *magnum opus* is "The Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury."

We are sure that most of us entertain a very kindly feeling towards the Dean of Chichester. For thirty-five years the vicar of a populous northern town, he did a difficult work manfully and well. Amid much that is pleasant and much that is tedious, amid much that will make the work of a living dignitary obtain a temporary popularity, we entirely question if the work contains any sufficient solid merits to procure it a permanent place on the historic shelf. We are not certain that the very merits of Dr. Hook will not tell against him. The service of literature is a jealous service. Those who have spent their best days amid absorbing practical cares have very rarely won those niches in the temple of fame which are conceded only to ardent and persevering labour. The great historians have given to their studies the devoted labours of the nights and days of years. Dr. Hook's other writings have a certain kind of merit which is very visible in the present. It is the merit of compilation, to a certain extent both useful and skilful. But we have heard the criticism made, and we believe that it

is substantially correct, that you may look in Dr. Hook's writings and be sure to find what is pretty generally known and pretty easily found elsewhere; but what you really want—special, valuable, and difficult information—you will not find. He has had considerable aids; the aid of such a man as Professor Stubbs is hardly to be overrated. But this has hardly saved him from making mistakes in the scholarship of the history of the period. We miss in Dr. Hook the happy effect of broad general studies, which make a man familiar with the best minds of the best ages, and make him free of the company of historians, philosophers, and divines. We see ever the absence of those trained and practised powers by which the skilful literary craftsman distinguishes irrelevant from necessary matter, and gives us what we want and withholds what we do not want. He has none of that power of graphic touch which the Italians happily term *Dantesque*. He has none of that clear terse wisdom with which Tacitus sums up a subject in a sentence, and Persius in a line. But we will not continue this negative criticism. If the reader wishes to see the difference between true history and such history as the "Archbishops," let him read a few pages of some great writer of antiquity, or of Gibbon, or Hallam, or Hume, or Macaulay, and he will feel better than he can explain that there is indeed an impassable chasm between the one kind of literature and the other.

With the best intentions he has only imperfectly learned the art to blot. That art, like other lost ancient arts, the moderns can only imitate and regret. For many of our popular writers, mingled with the regret there must be much allowance and excuse. It

is for a great Dean, with ample dignity, means, leisure, and resources, to teach others a more excellent way, and to endeavour to free our literature from this element of weakness and reproach.

In any survey of contemporary religious literature the writings of the present Dean of Chester would hold a very remarkable position. They have been a living force among the good influences of the present age. Dr. Howson, like so many scholars and divines of the Church of England, has been largely engaged in the work of education, and has also written on a variety of religious subjects; but his chief work has been in elucidating the Word of God, and to few men has it been granted in so large a measure to have popularized Biblical knowledge. Dr. Howson, John Saul Howson, is the eldest son of a clergyman, who, for some forty years, was connected with the ancient grammar school of Giggleswick. This north-country school has always borne a high reputation; and it was here that Archdeacon Paley was educated. The district is Craven, the south-west of Yorkshire, "a country of green and open pastures, with grey limestone cliffs, hazel woods, and clear streams."

In 1837 he graduated as a double first. There are few if any men of that year who have obtained a more distinguished place in their own walk in life. He did not obtain the doubtful advantage of a fellowship, but soon entered upon the active work of life in becoming second master of the Liverpool Collegiate Institution. He subsequently, in 1849, became the Principal of that great school. After spending more than sixteen years in that office, he became Vicar of the large

parish of Wisbeach, in Cambridgeshire; but in 1867 returned to his old diocese, as Dean of the Cathedral. His first literary work, on the "Life and Epistles of St. Paul," at once made a great literary reputation, which was steadily increased. To many of us the first study of the "Life and Epistles of St. Paul" has been little less than an era in our mental history. That remarkable work brought together into one focus the whole range of Pauline literature and criticism. It illustrated its great subject with all the lights of history and geography, and gave the results of all modern scholarship and research. The character and career of the great apostle of the Gentiles, all the outward scenes through which he journeyed, and the nature of the many classes of men with whom he came in contact, are set forth in such a vivid and realistic way that the student is carried back to the age of the apostles, and is able to image it to himself with a power and reality that he could hardly have felt before. We are able to follow the great apostle, stage by stage, through his itinerary of the Roman roads, and almost construct a journal of the events of his voyage and shipwreck. It is not too much to say that some of the most sustained and eloquent writing of our day is to be found in Dr. Howson's pages. There is no doubt that they lent an immense stimulus to Biblical study in this country. No theological student can consider his course complete without the perusal of this work; and few who peruse it fail to make it a frequent companion.

About ten years ago, Dr. Howson published an important article in the "Quarterly Review," on the subject of "Deaconesses in the Church of England."

This he subsequently expanded into a small volume, enriched with appendices and notes. He mentions a little incident which happened to him in early life. "I remember one day, in 1843, on a journey between Naples and Rome, one of my companions, a physician who had travelled much, suddenly asked me, after describing what he had seen in various hospitals, Why cannot Protestant-women do what these Roman Catholic women do?" This was a question which commended itself greatly to Dr. Howson's mind; especially since his acquaintance with the poor of large cities made him conscious of the sore practical necessities of our time. He carefully investigated what had been done in this way by Protestant communities on the continent. He thus states his aim, "We desire to see women devoting themselves to the nursing of the sick, to the systematic care of the young, to the rescue of the degraded, to the details of parochial work, as the business of their lives; and yet we desire to see this done without ensnaring vows, without any breach of domestic ties, and without even the affectation of what is foreign to the English people and the English church."

In an appendix to this article Dr. Howson discusses the Protestant Deaconess Institution in Paris. In reference to this institution the writer of this work can add some corroborative information. He used to visit, as a clergyman, an English teacher, who, being grievously afflicted, had taken refuge in this institution. It was a positive delight to him to leave Paris, in order to go out to the quiet suburb of Charenton, where is situated the institution Aux Diaconesses des Eglises Evangéliques de France. The institution

belongs equally to the Calvinistic and Lutheran Protestants, who co-operate on the common ground of good works. The late estimable Duchess of Orleans, who preserved her Protestantism unimpaired, amid a court and kindred all Romanists, was in her day a great supporter of this institution. Everything was characterized by cheerfulness, liberality, and good taste. Some of the sisters used to be engaged in teaching neat and happy children; others were busied with ministrations to the sick. Our fellow countrywoman was wise when at such a crisis she resorted to this institution. She was in a position to pay a small weekly sum, and accordingly did; and others similarly situated might doubtless obtain entrance on similar terms. We are glad to say that she recovered. The famous Nélaton attended her, and, understanding that she was an English governess, generously refused any fee.

We must not omit to mention one of the most useful and successful of the Dean's labours. Soon after his appointment, in 1867, the nave of the cathedral was fitted up for evening services, and preachers were invited from various parts of the diocese—the Dean himself frequently occupying the pulpit. The necessary expenses were met by voluntary collections and subscriptions, not a few Nonconformists co-operating heartily in the movement. The services have been continued all the year round, and with increased numbers in attendance. In a paper read by Dean Howson, at the Liverpool Church Congress, he quoted from an old ecclesiastical statute the following affecting words:—"Inasmuch as the Word of God is a light unto our feet and a lantern to our path, we do charge



the Dean, nay, by the mercies of God we do entreat him, that he be diligent in preaching." We must add that Dr. Howson, like the late Dean Alford, seems to have given up the composition of great books, and "cuts up his mind into shavings for the periodicals."

Dr. Goulburn has now for many years been among the most active and influential of the great preachers of the Church of England, and of that smaller band among them who appeal to a vastly wider audience, through the medium of writings, well known, and generally acceptable. At Oxford and in London he pursued for many years a career of great usefulness and popularity; nor has this usefulness and popularity abated with his removal to the quieter sphere of the Deanery of Norwich. Dr. Goulburn belongs to a family which, in various members, has deservedly stood high in popular estimation. His father, a most careful and conscientious judge in bankruptcy, died only a short time ago. The Dean dedicates—"with every sentiment of love and duty"—some volumes of sermons to his father, "who has heard and read many of them with an interest very much beyond their merit." Another member of his family was the Mr. Goulburn who long represented the University of Cambridge in parliament, and was Chancellor of the Exchequer. Another was a youth who possessed almost unparalleled intellectual endowments, and having gained the well-nigh unique distinction of being the best classic and best mathematician of the University of Cambridge,—the same distinction having been obtained by Mr. Baron Alderson,—died at an early age, leaving many bright hopes unfulfilled. Mr.

Goulburn took his full share of high academical distinctions. Having been educated at Eton, and Balliol College, Oxford, he took first-class classical honours, the much-coveted first-class of the old system, and became fellow and tutor of Merton. Having been ordained, he held with his college charge the incumbency of Holywell, Oxford. His first published volumes of sermons consisted of sermons preached at Holywell. In his preface he speaks in a vein of tender reminiscence of his old associations with Holywell church, not only those of the building itself, but the earnest attention of the listeners, its living stones; and how here, almost as in country churches, the Spring would bring to their very doors the budding of the blossom and the carol of the bird. Mr. Goulburn's severance from his Oxford congregation was occasioned by the circumstance of his succeeding Dr. Tait in his head-mastership. For some years Dr. Goulburn was the head-master of Rugby school, and was noted for his anxious care to improve the moral and religious tone of his scholars. But however excellent a scholar he might be, and however anxious to promote the interests of the great school committed to his charge, his real vocation seems rather to have been for pastoral and public work. He appears to have felt this himself; for after a time he sent in his resignation of this important post. When Quebec Chapel was vacated by the promotion of Mr. Alford to the Deanery of Canterbury, he became the minister of that chapel. Afterwards he was removed to the neighbouring sphere of St. John's, Paddington. In those years a large and attached congregation gathered around him. It was

his wont to preach both morning and afternoon, his afternoon discourses frequently taking the form of lectures. Besides his regular congregation, many resorted to Dr. Goulburn who had been accustomed to hear him in Oxford and London, and he always had what is called a large personal following.

As a preacher, Dr. Goulburn is singularly pleasing and impressive. His silvery elocution is perfect in its way. He reads his sermons from the manuscript; but the sermon thus written has all the freedom and grace of an extemporaneous composition. Dr. Goulburn is not a great orator; but his language and intonation—always calm, measured, musical, and most earnest—frequently rise into a high order of genuine eloquence. His exquisite distinctness and propriety of enunciation might well be fruitful in hints and suggestions to many occupiers of the reading-desk. Tranquillity and solemnity kindling into eloquence are the characteristics of his preaching. But great as is the charm of his manner, it is the superior quality of his matter which is the chief excellence of these remarkable sermons. There is always substance about them. We know that we are here presented with the best results of scholarship and criticism, although the scholarship and criticism are rarely put forward with any prominence. At times there is an elaborate argument, worked out with great skill and detail, so as to be easily intelligible to every thoughtful listener. At times there is a careful exposition of some passage of Scripture, in which the text is always treated with great force and amplitude. But whatever may be the diversity of thought or the extent of learning, we are always sure of a very large proportion of direct prac-

tical teaching. What may be taken as a leading characteristic of these discourses is their devotional character.

The writings of Dean Goulburn, which are now very extensive, place him in the first rank of theologians. He has written one of the most useful and widely-circulated religious manuals that has been produced for many years. We are not aware whether Dr. Goulburn has contributed much to the general literature of the day, but he has given abundant evidence of capacity for the highest walks of literature and criticism. Two lectures, respectively on Socrates and Pascal, are not only written in an exceedingly interesting and popular way, but show a real mastery over the wide and difficult literature of which they treat. The paper on Socrates especially brings out the nature of the irony of Socrates, and deals with the various difficult questions which his age presents, in a clear sensible way, such as has been rarely attempted, popularizing a difficult subject, and making it subordinate to high religious lessons. The paper on Pascal was written before the various remarkable additions which late years have witnessed to the literature of Port Royal, but to the extent to which it goes it is admirably done. We are not aware whether Dr. Goulburn has done anything more in this direction, but his few literary papers are exceedingly good, and make us wish that we had more of them. Dr. Goulburn suggests, in a recent work, that a great work might yet be written on the Acts, especially treating it under this aspect, "The Germ of all Church History found in the Acts of the Apostles," and from the specimen which Dr. Goulburn has given of his treatment of the

Acts, we would fain hope that some such work may proceed from the retirement of the Deanery of Norwich.

The Dean of Canterbury is a writer of acknowledged merit, but his literature is of a somewhat peculiar order. His literary reputation was mainly achieved when he was Regius Professor of Divinity at Christ Church. It is a kind of ecclesiastical necessity that the Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford should be a writer of learned books. This claim is abundantly vindicated in the case of the present learned and philosophical holder of the chair. It was sustained by the writings of Dr. Payne Smith, his immediate predecessor. Works of the somewhat special character of the chair were similarly published by Dr. Jacobson—Dean Smith's predecessor, the present Bishop of Chester. Each generation of Oxford men that takes holy orders has some kind of intimacy with the holder of the chair for the time being. Attendance at the Chester lectures and the Professor's certificate are unanimously considered obligatory by all the bishops. No examination is involved, and the whole of the slight preparation for orders was much simpler and lighter than the old Cambridge Voluntary. The Bishop of Chester's writings—we are mentioning him out of his place—was limited to the judicious editing of some old English divinity, and his valuable issue of the "Remains of the Apostolic Fathers." Oxford men of his time will remember his heartiness and kindness. His appointment to a bishopric was one of the most distinctly political appointments that have been made, arising from the fact that he was the

standing Chairman of Mr. Gladstone's Oxford Committee. A church can hardly be in a healthy state when its greatest offices become the prizes of those who work hard in a contested election.

The writings of Dean Payne Smith, who succeeded Dr. Jacobson, are of a wider range, and of a deeper character. Among other distinctions at Oxford he obtained those Sanscrit and Hebrew scholarships for which there is always a very limited competition at Oxford. Dr. Smith possesses much rare and precious learning, which he has utilized for the highest purposes of education. He is one who has passed much of his life in great libraries, and has thoroughly imbibed the mixed love of learned letters. He was for a long time sub-librarian at the Bodleian, and published a Latin catalogue of the valuable Syriac MSS. belonging to the Universities. He edited and translated "St. Cyril's Syriac Commentary on St. Luke," and the curious Syriac History of "John of Ephesus." He is extending his labours in this direction by undertaking for the delegates of the Oxford Press a Syriac Lexicon now in progress, based on Cortelli, but like Liddell and Scott's Lexicon, based on Passow, will possess larger dimensions and an original character. But Dean Smith does not rest on his reputation as an Orientalist. His is not a mind of the Dryasdust order. He has made very valuable contributions in an important department of theological literature. He occupies an honourable place in the large bibliography of Isaiah, by a work on its "Messianic Interpretation." His late volume, on a kindred subject, in the course of Bampton Lectures, is on "Prophecy as a Preparation for Christ." Dr. Payne

Smith is a striking preacher; his manner somewhat ungraceful, his voice somewhat uncultured; but there is a remarkable exhibition of great learning, pervaded by a large and independent thought that arrests the attention, and leaves an impress on the memory.

Dr. Payne Smith ranks as an Evangelical, and is the most learned of our Evangelical Deans. In this respect he takes up the position occupied by the late Dean Goode. He has sometimes been able to interpret his opinions into vigorous action. He went to New York in order to take a post in the Evangelical Alliance, and convey to that great association the sympathies of like-minded churchmen in England. There is no doubt a great striving at the present day towards a manifestation of visible unity, which is one of the most favourable characteristics of the theological temper of our time. High Churchmen exhibit this desirable mental frame by their sympathies with Old Catholic Congresses, and Low Churchmen with meetings of the Evangelical Alliance. We do, however, often meet with that more profound and enlightened sympathy which would extend a hand to each of these great Catholic bodies. Dr. Smith threw himself very thoroughly into active sympathy with various forms of sectarianism, and for some details of conduct he was sharply blamed. Similarly at Constance and Bonn other very reverend divines showed keen sympathies with the Latin and Greek communities and were similarly blamed. Very precious must be any censure incurred in the cause of Catholicity and toleration.

Dr. Smith is the Coryphæus of a certain number of Deans who to a certain extent may be described as

literary, or as having been considered contributors to the literature of practical divinity. They deliver sermons which are preached with great effect, but which when published cease to preserve that effect. They possess the *omnia denique vivida* of the pulpit, but fail to reproduce that effect in the press. They seem in comparison as the racer standing in its stall, or the engine of the express standing in the station. We reserve our remaining Deans to a separate chapter.



## CHAPTER XII.

## A GROUP OF DEANS.

A NUMBER of years ago there were two clergymen resident at Cheltenham, who divided the suffrages of that fashionable watering place. There was a likeness in unlikeness between the two. Each possessed great natural ability and the gift of eloquence. Each was thoroughly in earnest and of the dominant Evangelical type. Each was helped by the natural gift of a pleasant presence and a musical utterance. The leading position was held by Francis Close, the vicar of Cheltenham, but Archibald Boyd had a congregation and an influence hardly second to that of the parish church. Critics, of the sort who always "affect a pet parson and a pet doctor," were divided, but it seemed to be allowed that the sermons of Mr. Boyd had a higher degree of polish and preparation. The rejoinder to this was that Mr. Close preached much more frequently and spontaneously. Those were the days in which Cheltenham was a really fashionable place and had a crowded season, before it was an Asia Minor for retired East Indians, and for quiet families desirous of educational advantages. There was a keen antagonism

between the clerical element led by Mr. Close, and the merely secular fashionable parties mainly led by the great social influence of the Berkeley family. The influence of the Rector was very great. The sum total of the slippers and the scarves wrought for him is still a tradition in Cheltenham. The endowments of the parish were very scanty, and literally fulfilled Goldsmith's line, "And passing rich on forty pounds a year." The enthusiasm of good Christian folk raised this nominal income to a really respectable revenue. So great was Mr. Close's influence that he once spoke to Bishop Monk of the clergy of Cheltenham as "my clergy." The Bishop was somewhat annoyed that anyone but a bishop should speak of a body of clergy in such a way. This influence of Mr. Close, in spite of several attempts more or less unworthy to detract from it, continued unabated till his transference to the Deanery of Carlisle on the promotion of Dr. Tait.

Mr. Boyd had not been equally prominent, but he was probably considered by a more select audience to have a broader and more cultivated mind. He had not the same natural flow of eloquence as Mr. Close, and belonged decidedly less to the order of popular preachers, but his silvery elocution, his impressive manner, his measured phrases, adorned a more thoughtful and better-stored mind. In these respects he very much reminds us of Dean Goulburn. He was destined to have a larger influence in a wider sphere. Bishop Tait gave him one of the most important of the Paddington livings. It is not always that a favourite in the provinces succeeds equally well in the metropolis. Instances might be given of clergymen

who have abandoned income and position in the country with the idea of making a higher mark in London, but have been very greatly disappointed. Before long Dr. Boyd made his way in the West End as thoroughly as he had done in Cheltenham. There was an ampler field for his thoughtfulness and culture. Men in town, who do not often take an interest in pulpit oratory, became extremely interested in the teaching of Dr. Boyd. He was subsequently with general approval raised to the Deanery of Exeter.

Thus the two Cheltenham clergymen, after a career of assiduous labour, find themselves in the same honourable position, the one in a far northern, the other in a far southern diocese. Each of them is greatly occupied in the interests and duties of a cathedral, but although we imagine that Exeter is altogether a wider and more affluent sphere, Dean Close found that he had his hands full in carrying out the various good plans which had been inaugurated by his predecessor, Dr. Tait. He is greatly given to teatotalism, and much of his energy is diverted into this direction. He is understood also to have a good deal to do with some "religious newspapers." It has been the singular lot of Dean Boyd to have come into direct collision with his bishop, and with extreme Protestant opinions on the subject of the reredos of Exeter Cathedral. It is an utter change of flank. The Bishop becomes the sturdy Protestant, and the great Evangelical Dean a defender of what some are pleased to call "romish innovations." The plain fact is that there is nothing Romanizing, nothing harmful in this innocent reredos. Dr. Boyd is a great force at Exeter. The reputation

of Exeter and of London is fully sustained. His taking the chair on a public occasion at once makes a meeting. His preaching draws crowds to the cathedral. High Church feeling has always run peculiarly high in the diocese of Exeter, but through the kind conciliatory ways of the Dean anything like mere party feeling is reduced to a minimum.

The Dean possesses an influence which is much wider than that which ordinarily belongs to a dean. His is a wide influence, and a potent voice. We heard him in 1872 deliver an address to a large clerical gathering at Clifton. It was a great pleasure to listen to "the old man eloquent," to observe the universal respect and regard in which he was held. His address was on the subject of the "Phases of Modern Infidelity," which was afterwards privately printed. It was an address which appropriately proceeded from such a speaker to such an audience. The obvious criticism arose on the hearing and the perusal of it, that it was too much occupied with the dead and gone "Essays and Reviews." Liberalism or free thought in theology has gone through various phases, and exhibited fresh development in the course of a dozen years. Many divines limit their acquaintance with such polemics by the use of that remarkable volume. We should have thought the Dean would have traced the progress of the Positive Philosophy, that he would have taken up the teaching of the "Fortnightly" and the "Westminster," that he would have shown how largely Comte influences the minds of those who influence the minds of others, that he would have told us of the teaching of Mr. Mill, and Mr. Herbert Spencer, and that at least we should have heard some-

thing about Colenso and "Ecce Homo." But the Dean seemed to have laid aside the literature of "free thought," after a certain date, probably leaving its younger manifestations to younger minds.

These then are two great Evangelical Deans. But the Evangelicals are strong in Deans, and at least three distinguished names of this order remain to be added. Such are the Deans of Ripon, and Gloucester; we might add the late Dean of Lichfield. Each of these, by immense labours amid immense populations, has well-earned a comparative repose. Each has issued various publications, the substance or echoes of pulpit teaching, acceptable to those who heard them, and not without an audience beyond the circle of hearers. We have before had occasion to allude to the extraordinary oratory of Dr. McNeill. He was eloquent beyond even Irish eloquence, Protestant even beyond Irish Protestantism. Several times he has been carried away into confessedly injudicious acts and words, which many would wish unsaid, undone, and such small spots show easily on the white surface of a brilliant and beneficent career. Dean McNeill is still eloquent and impressive in the decaying fires of his oratorical genius; what he was in his prime is fast becoming a clerical tradition. For many years Dr. McNeill held at Liverpool a position identical with that of his friend Hugh Stowell at Manchester. They were the two great leaders of educated Protestant opinion. They had as much social and political influence as could be wielded by mayor or member. The career of the two clergymen in those immense neighbouring towns is a remarkable chapter of provincial history. Two great elements

contributed to the success of Hugh McNeill. His eloquence was spontaneous, but nevertheless not of that kind which dispensed with the existence of intense study and application. All that was known of his character and career was in happy harmony with his teaching, the reflex of a useful consistent life.

He was originally a law student, but he entered the Irish Church, and took a remote curacy in county Donegal. He became closely connected with the Dublin Magees. That caustic eccentric, also most upright and far-sighted man, Henry Drummond, gave him the living of his own parish of Albury. This, we believe, was before Mr. Drummond adopted that wonderful exaggeration of Irving's, which resulted in the so-called Holy Apostolic Church which has its head-quarters in Gordon Square. From time to time the young rector of Albury spoke and preached in London; the story of his burning zeal and consummate eloquence spread far and wide, and crowds hung breathless on his burning eloquence. After the lapse of twelve years he removed to the charge of St. Jude's Church, Liverpool, with which his name was indissolubly associated for the next fourteen years. He might easily have found a parish in London, but he elected the provinces. London is not England in the sense that Paris is France, and a ministerial career may be as intense and useful in a town as in the metropolis. During those years he published various volumes of sermons and lectures. His Liverpool friends afterwards built for him a church in the Liverpool Prince's Park, at a cost of many thousand pounds. They also subsequently collected a very large sum and presented it to him in recognition of his great services,

but he disinterestedly declined to accept the money for his own use.

This is a tract-writing age. Hannah More wrote some of the first and best tracts we have. According to Bishop Porteous, she put the whole argument of Butler's "Analogy" into a kind of serio-comic poem. The Religious Tract Society led the way, and still leads with increasing prosperity. At the present time other societies disseminate tracts, and various excellent individuals do so on their own account. The Dean of Gloucester may be specialized among our deans as the tract-writing dean. His tracts are at once distinguishable by their peculiar style. It is a style terse and pointed, and which might also be described as jerky and abrupt. However they may be criticized, they are found to be incisive and effective, and Dean Law's leaflets have been scattered in broadsides of thousands all over the country, and must have made a considerable impression. His fellow-dean in the diocese, Dr. Elliott of Bristol, was once a well-known metropolitan clergyman, and was for seven years Prolocutor of the Lower House of Convocation. The new Dean of Lichfield, Dr. Bickersteth, having held the same laborious office, has appropriately been rewarded with a deanery.

But we are unable to discuss at length the various deans of the Church, limiting ourselves to representative names and permanent interests. We can only mention *fortisque Gyas fortisque Uloanthus*. Thus one might speak of the mathematical writings of the Dean of Salisbury, and the energetical writings of the Dean of Wells. Dean Cowie of Manchester has had a distinguished career, both as a theologian and as a

teacher of secular knowledge. He was a Senior Wrangler, and appropriately became the Principal of an engineering college and a professor of geometry. His first literary labour was the modest one of a librarian's catalogue, from which he proceeded to the writing and preaching Hulsean and Warburtonian lectures. He did good work in his London parish. Among Welsh Deans, the distinguished name of Thomas Williams, the Dean of Llandaff, stands pre-eminent.

Dr. Lake, the Dean of Durham, is not one whose name we meet with as an author. But at the same time he achieved a great reputation, and has been able to render considerable service to the State. He was one of the scholars of Dr. Arnold, who in their time have swept the University of its prizes. He was named by Lord Panmure, the late Earl of Dalhousie, a Member of the Commission to inquire into the state of Military Education in France, Prussia, Austria, and Sardinia, and conjointly with Colonel Yolland, he submitted, in 1856, a Report on the subject to both Houses of Parliament. In 1858 he was made a Member of the Royal Commission, under the Presidency of the late Duke of Newcastle, to report on the state of popular education in England. Ten years later, he was again appointed a Member of the Royal Commission on Military Education, and the following year Dean of Durham—the best deanery in England, by Mr. Gladstone.

There are various quaint customs belonging to various English Deaneries. At Salisbury a Canon on his presentation paid the Dean an ounce of gold.



He was bound to entertain him when passing on a journey for one or even for three nights if necessary, and in case of necessity supply him with horses on his return to Salisbury. At Exeter the Dean was "to correct and chastise in the chapter-house the vicars and other inferior ministers for neglect, irreverence, indevotion, irregular attendance, and immorality." At Lichfield, when Dean or Canon was passing through a prebend, he might demand hospitality for one night, or require compensation for his expenses. In cathedrals of the New Foundation we see sketched out the positive duties of Deans, which were generally regarded as mysterious and ill defined. Take the Deanery of Durham, which possesses the enviable peculiarity of being better endowed than any other. This Dean not only exercises but receives discipline. He was liable to a fine in case he did not make his appearance before the end of the first psalm. He was to officiate on all festivals, and preach Christmas, Easter, and Whitsundays. During the eight months of his legal residence he was to be present twice on Sundays and holy days, of course taking care to come in before the end of the first psalm. He was to exercise "a frugal hospitality." He regulated the place and time of divine offices, the preaching of stated sermons, the instruction of the boys, alms to the poor. He was to officiate or to preach when there was no Canon in residence, and the alms were left unsupplied. A great deal of secular work was left to the Dean, who had to serve tables as much as if he were a Deacon. He was to take charge of the ornaments, plates, charters, and muniments; to take part in person or by proxy in

all grants of fees, letting lands and farms, to view and survey yearly in person, or by deputy being a Canon, all the manors, lands, and tenements of the Church. He presides at the two general chapters, and holds a weekly chapter to transact Church business, to consider applications from incumbents of capitular parishes, and to receive reports from the agents of the prebendal estates. All stood up when he entered or left the chapter-house, and all bowed to him as they entered or left the choir.

Archbishop Tait once stated that he was occupied during his first few years at the Deanery of Carlisle in trying to find out what the duties of a Dean were. The duties are, however, legally and exactly defined. He had charge of the fabric, the property, the library, and the disposition of alms. He had the appointment of sermons, the education of the choristers; to "exercise frugal hospitality," an almost invariable requirement in the statutes of the New Foundations to preach on Christmas, Corpus Christi, and Easter Day. For attendance at Matins, or Mass, or Vespers, he received a quotidian of 5s. and also for the days of statutable absence. If absent from November chapter he forfeited £29 2s. 6d., a similar forfeiture for absence from the June chapter. He is responsible for the sermons during the residence of each Canon. A few special points vary the prevailing general character of those duties. At Chester the Dean is admonished to be "Liberal to the poor and economical in personal expenditure. He is to attend in choir twice daily, and receive an extra allowance of 4s. a day above his fixed stipend. Once every year he holds a visitation of all manors and estates, and has to lay

before the chapter within eight days of his return a register of the state of manors and buildings." At Ripon, if the Dean omitted preaching in his annual cycle, he had to forfeit half his annual income. At Gloucester, the Dean was allowed one hundred days absence yearly. "The bishop might correct him, but he was to correct the Canons." At Ripon and Worcester the Deans were bound to perpetual residence, but in other cathedrals some Deans had to reside very little over a hundred days. Eight months is now the statutable time of residence. At Chichester there is a special form of Latin prayer for the installation of Dean, and probably at other cathedrals. As for their attire, in 1610 Bancroft writes, "Concerning the apparel of ministers from the dean to every curate, nothing being left that wags to distinguish a bishop from any of these, you shall see Deans in velvet damask or satin cassocks, with their silk nether shanks; nay, some archdeacons and inferior ministers." What is required of our Deans is that they should translate these ancient ordinances into modern duties. The question of those modern duties seems an ever debateable matter.

There is a great deal of discussion on the subject of our cathedral institutions, and though there are discussions in every quarter and to any extent, it can hardly be said that any positive results have as yet been arrived at. It has been truly said that a generation ago the favourite mode of treatment was bleeding and hot water: an attenuation of revenue and incessant hostile criticism being the approved modes of proceeding. It has been kindly suggested that the present race of canons should be permitted "*to die*

*out,*” and as these canons are the results of the great measures of Cathedral Reform, that reform is somewhat discredited by the observation. Deans and Canons appear to be making assiduous efforts to discover the exact nature of their duties, and evince this restlessness in a great variety of ways, but they do not appear to have attained as a body to any central idea or uniformity of action. The popular idea seems to be that these exceptionally pleasant positions are designed for persons who should apply themselves exclusively to learning and abstract thought. The obvious criticism, however, arises that the majority of deans and canons do not answer to such a description, and that some of our best scholars and thinkers have never received any cathedral appointment. Deans and Canons generally would be slow to admit that their positions are places of learned leisure. A country living, where the hundreds of income are considerably in advance of the hundreds of population, gives the fairest opportunities to a studious man. Deans and Canons have their time cut up by a multiplicity of engagements which fatally hinder any solid achievements.

The incomes of all Deans and Chapters very slightly exceed three hundred thousand a year—a sum which is inferior to various private revenues—and one-third of this is devoted to repairs, stipends, and benevolent contributions. Just as some well-head of water is drawn through many channels and caused usefully to irrigate a vast surface, so this moderate sum is distributed in many directions, promotes the culture, grace, and harmony of many homes, and helps and adorns an immense province of English life. “God seems

likely to lay upon cathedrals," says Archbishop Tait, "a great spiritual charge in these latter days." A feeling grows throughout the country that some return to the old organization of our cathedrals, without their old faults, might best meet some of our very pressing spiritual wants.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE.

HAVING endeavoured, by the biographical method, to attain in some measure a clear view of the present condition of the Church, we naturally desire to obtain a glance, so far as we may be enabled to do so by the auguries of the present, of the future of the Church of England. Our forecasts will be coloured by one or other of two main lines of thought. There is one order of minds that gazes affectionately and longingly on the Church of the Past, that mourns that the "Ages of Faith" have passed away, and would fain revive many of the conditions and circumstances of a perished or perishing state of things. So great is the veneration for antiquity in the Jerusalem Chamber that a learned proctor stated that the Church is unequal to the task of even translating an ancient prayer for modern use. But the perfect Church, as we endeavour to discover on the embodiment of our conceptions, recedes further and further back into the centuries. It is nowhere manifested in the full beauty of holiness and holiness of beauty. The very first age of ecclesiastical history, as so clearly displayed in the Pauline writings and the Acts of the Apostles, shows

us a Church so shaken by party spirit, erroneous doctrine, and unholy living, that we can only wonder at the tolerance and large-heartedness of the Apostle in calling it a Church at all. There is another order of mind that has longing aspirations for a visioned Church of the Future. These aspirations will be indefinitely coloured by the views of the dreamers of the possibilities. To some it is the relaxation of creeds and articles, of doctrine and dogma; to others simply the accomplishment of the daily devout aspirations for the unity of the spirit, the bond of peace, and righteousness of life. All long for comprehension, catholicity, and the beat of a divine life and love. There is much with which all will sympathise in that æsthetic, enthusiastic, cultivated love of ancient forms that characterises the dreamers over the past, and the hopeful, eager, courageous attitude of those whose vision stretches onward to a golden future. Already there is very much in our Church that faithfully reproduces what was best in the past, and much that anticipates what will be brightest in the future. It is, however, when the mind that loves the past and the mind that bounds towards the future concentrate their energies on the present, that we obtain the best promise and prophecy of the Church of the Future.

No doubt with our Church there are a great many errors and abuses. On the practical side, those of the evils of the patronage system are perhaps the most conspicuous. On the theological side, we see a numerous body who consider that our formularies are fraught with error, and would fain follow the example of the Irish Church and the American Episcopal Church in eliminating from our Liturgy the passages

which are susceptible of a Romish construction. Others threaten to leave the Church if confession is forbidden, or if they are debarred from vestments and the Eastward position. Every now and then some sporadic instances occur in which clergy or laity, from some such varying reasons leave the Communion of the Church of England. We do not think that there is any fear that we shall ever witness a disruption in the Church of England, such as happened in the Church of Scotland. Persons who break off from the Church on trivial or even serious grounds of disagreement are factors of schism. The Church, on its human side, is liable enough to err both in discipline and doctrine. It is the duty of good men to strive all they can to promote good, and to maintain the Church's integrity in doctrine and practical details. They ought not to desert the Church, but seek to attend the Church. They are not to leave her borders, but rather within her borders to do all that can be done by wise reformations and gradual improvements. We may never attain to a perfect Church, but we may nearer and nearer attain to a conception of a perfect Church, and do what we can to embody our conception. The Church of the Future can only be developed by the Church of the Present. We must take away the reproach that the world so often brings, that the Church, that the teacher of righteousness, admits unrighteousness in its own borders.

The great doctrinal error of the present day is that of the wide-spread Romish dogma, that the bread and wine are transmuted into the body and blood of Christ, that this is not a real spiritual receiving, but that on thousands of occasions daily throughout the world a



stupendous miracle is wrought, compared with which all recorded miracles in the Gospels shrink away in number and signification. No amount of prostration or adoration, as they themselves tell us, can be too excessive on the part of those who believe that they are in the presence of the most awful and stupendous of all manifestations of deity. A belief in a real bodily supra-local presence has no doubt been held in humility and sincerity by many Ritualists. It is a belief which belongs to Rome, and can find no home within the authorized teaching of the Church of England. It is hard to see, on the ground of common honesty, how those who, on so many points of contrast, endorse the Romish church can find their rest and hold their preferments in the Anglican Church.

On the practical side the position of bishops and curates—so far as relative to the internal constitution of the Church—requires a careful and well-considered revision. In comparison with the great modern controversies respecting doctrines, and even fundamental belief, these may appear to be simply matters of practical detail. But they are matters of detail which affect the well-being of the Church in multitudes of parishes, and the witness which the Church bears to the world must be affected by the opinion which the natural justice and equity of mankind has of the Church's contrasted dealings with its bishops, the rich and powerful, compared with its poor and neglected "working" curates.

The chief want of the day is a large extension of the Episcopate, not by the slow, tentative, unhopeful schemes which annually form a few days' interest and entertain parliament and the country, but some broad

plan which would double the number of bishops and halve their revenues. There has certainly been a considerable progress of public opinion on the subject of the increase of the Episcopate. It used to be very amusing to watch the conflict of opinion between the High Church and the Low Church on this fundamental question. The High Churchman used to sigh for the increase of the Episcopate, as the one great religious blessing to be attained in our isles. The Low Churchman was distinctly of the opinion that "the fewer we had of them the better." We have heard worthy men of contrasted opinions discuss the matter in a homely fashion. We have known the High Churchman clasp his hands in despair, and lament that years were passing away, without his parish witnessing any "episcopal act." On the other hand we have known Low Church clergy quite willing to strike a bargain with any bishop, that they should see as little as possible of each other. We can quite do justice to either point of view. The Bishop in some dioceses was thought a "lord over Christ's heritage." He only came now and then to preach a sermon, which, from its inanimate and unsympathetic character, would generally disappoint an average congregation. He came to give a severe scrutiny to whatever fell beneath his notice, and to make his authority felt in a practically disagreeable way. The presence of such prelates was not encouraging, and any aggravation of the burden was to be shunned and dreaded. The height of a vicar's ambition was that his bishop should leave him alone. The Anglican, to give him that name *par excellence*, reasoned rather from theory than from practice. His favourite

attitude of mind, till these latter days, was loyalty and obedience, and he yearned for the opportunity to satisfy these sacred instincts. He desired, in these days of shifting opinions, to lean upon authority, and in his bishop he saw authority personified. Above all he yearned for sympathy, friendship, fatherhood. Often these aspirations would only have a very partial degree of satisfaction, and the clergyman would have complacently to feed his mind on the scantiest and rarest crumbs of the food he needed. Often the warm advocate for apostolical succession would own that his bishop reminded him not so much of an apostle, as of the schoolmaster, scholar, politician, a shrewd man of business, an imposing peer. The bishop showed better when he was revolving at a distance in his own orbit, and proximity took away much of the enchantment that was due to distance.

It is possible, however, that we may have a meeting point between those two different views. What is now really required is a large Church Reform Act, the best, perhaps the only means of averting a destruction after the precedent of the Irish Church. It is only Reform that can avert Revolution. A well-known writer once suggested an order of gig-bishops. It is quite possible that various prelates who drive in carriages would look down on prelates who only drive in gigs. People who once shrunk from the idea of a bishop being without a seat in parliament, can now contemplate without horror the idea of their political extinction. It is now understood on all sides that an increase of the episcopate would find no corresponding increase of peers. The only subject for discussion—a very fair subject for discussion—is whether

the bishops should retain their present seats. If we could only have the Episcopate according to the original institution, and not that exaggeration which disguises and misrepresents what Episcopacy really is, it would be an excellent thing for the Church and nation. We need bishops who are men of the simple, primitive, scriptural, spiritual stamp, not London stars and country magnates. The real practical question is whether the reformed order of bishops should be added to the present hierarchy, or whether our present hierarchical system should be altogether broken up, in order to make way for the better things of the Church of the Future.

Nothing will ever give a true basis of security and rest for the Church, until, as a Corporation, the Church, mainly through her bishops, deals equitably and generously with the rank and file of the Church, with the poor curate and the small incumbent, who is often poorer still. It may be said generally that there has been an improvement in the material condition of the Church through the entire line. By some process of ecclesiastical manipulation vicars have been manufactured into rectors, and incumbents into vicars. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners, having attended to such matters as parks and palaces for our prelates, have recently raised the income of all livings of large populations in public patronage to a moderate uniform value. There still remain those livings of which the holders speak satirically as *starvings*, of comparatively small population and decidedly small value, on behalf of which Lord Lorne and the Princess Louise have recently made some well-intentioned efforts, which we trust will lead to some carefully con-

sidered scheme of amelioration on behalf of a most deserving and indeed hapless class of men. There are various institutions in aid of the curates of the Establishment, of which the Curates' Augmentation Fund is both the most recent and the most praiseworthy. But all that is done or promises to be done is still most inadequate to the necessities of the Church. The general state of things is not healthy, except in the judgment of the well-placed people who think it will last their time in this best of all possible worlds.

The question of the Church of the Future is to a greater degree than might be expected the practical question of the concerns of the poor clergy. There are the threatenings of an ecclesiastical famine in the land. The working clergy have been so greatly underpaid that a sensible reaction is setting in. No clergyman can advise his son to be a clergyman, unless that son is very strongly moved by a divine impulse, and is prepared to meet every evil consequence. The bulk of a national clergy must belong to a lower type of character than this. The evil is now done. The tradition of clerical poverty is branded into the minds of the middle classes, and the ranks which have ordinarily supplied our clergy will no longer furnish the same contingent. The number of curates is sensibly falling off. Few people realize how greatly the difficulty about curates is already felt; how in many districts the curates are absolutely overworked, and for long periods it is found impossible to supply the vacant places; and this tightness threatens to increase. If the country has neglected the just claims of the working clergy, the time is probably

coming when it will experience whatever evils may result from the gradual decline in influence, and diminution in the numbers and character, of such a clergy.

There need not be much sympathy with some of the complaints which are ordinarily heard. We do not see, for instance, that your very clever young curate has very much to complain of, if his cleverness is only partially recognized, and is wholly unrewarded. Cleverness is not an article very much in demand in the ministry of the Church of England. It is a luxury, and not a necessity. The chief thing wanted in the ministry is *moral power*. Now, the existence of cleverness does not necessitate the existence of this moral power. On the contrary, they are rather in an inverse ratio, and when we put the two together most valuable is the conjunction. But when we meet a clever and engaging curate, how often is the cleverness marred by some defect which arises from the want of the moral power! A man may be deeply in earnest, and may overflow with sensibility, and the eloquence which sensibility so often produces, but the man is a determined flirt, or as vain as a school-girl, or is too much addicted to poetry and romance, or passionately fond of some pursuit which, harmless in itself, becomes baneful in him as an inordinate affection. And such a man will, in the long run, effect incalculably less good in a parish than a plain plodder, with Christ's love filling his heart, and Christ's work absorbing his life. We are rather inclined to depreciate the popular preaching of a clever man. In France religion died out in a perfect blaze of popular preaching. A church

may be thronged with excited listeners, and not much good be done. A fashionable lady once observed at the conclusion of a clever sermon—"Well, I am sure we ought to be very much obliged; we have all been greatly entertained." A clergyman ought not to address himself to an infinitesimal minority of his congregation. As a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, so, in the majority of sermons at least, a congregation is no more intellectual than the least intellectual member. Cleverness is essential to the barrister or the surgeon, and that cleverness ought to be remunerated. But cleverness is not essential to the clergyman, or rather is as nothing when compared with the grand qualification of godliness. A clever curate, who hopes to make his way by his cleverness, should consider whether he really has found a market for his abilities. The common regret that men of high ability or high culture do not enter the Church so frequently as they once did, requires some modification. It would be a serious consideration if this were the case in medicine or law, or the public service, because human ability is here the grand requisite, but another class of considerations meets us in the Church.

The clergy, though poor as a profession, are rich as a class. The amount of their private property is probably hardly inferior to their ecclesiastical income. It is this which, to so great an extent, has placed the English clergy on at least the same level as the general society around them, in knowledge, in intelligence, in all the requirements of life. It is this social superiority which contrasts so very strongly with the condition of the Scotch Presbyterian clergy-

man, the Roman Catholic priest, the English Dissenting minister. As a rule, in ordinary society, the clergyman has travelled as much, and read as deeply, and can converse as pleasantly as anyone into whose company he is thrown. This is true of the clergy as a profession; and, beyond this, there is the class of the rich clergy. In considering the curate question, these are best eliminated. Such stand very much upon the same ground which other rich people occupy. They are invited to hospitable tables, and pleasant parties are made up for them, and costly presents are sent, on the well-recognized principle that sinners lend to sinners, hoping to receive as much again. The chances are that anyone who has got anything very good in the Church has also got something very good of his own in addition. The proverb tells us that the man who does well to himself has many friends, and these friends will ordinarily contrive to get him a living. Perhaps, unless he is a man of very high principle indeed, the purchase of a living will be effected when failing years or a chronic bronchitis offer the pleasing hope of early possession.\*

Taking the cases of curates who have no private

\* It is interesting to see how Chaucer speaks of this traffic in livings. "All the sins of the world," he makes his "persone" say, "as regard of this sin ben as a thing of nought: for it is the greatest sinne that may be after the sinne of Lucifer and of Antichrist, for by this sinne God forleseth the Chirch, and the soul which he bought with his precious blood, by him that given chirches to him that ben not digne, for they put in theves, that stelen the souls of Jesus Christ and destroye his patrimonie. By swiche undigne preestes and curates hav lewed men lesse reverence of the sacraments of holy chirche, and swiche gevers of chirches put the children of Christ out and put into chirches the divels owen sones; they scellen the soules that lambes should kepe to the wolf which stranglenth them, and therefore shall they never have part of the portiones of lambes, that is, in the blysse of heven."



means, or none worth mentioning, a great deal depends upon the position into which a man gets himself, and on his ability to make the best of that position. An astute, worldly young man, entering the Church as a speculation, might possibly contrive to make the speculation profitable. Most young men, however, are hardly astute and worldly, and thank God, this character least of all belongs to young English clergymen. First of all, there is the matrimonial market. Many a young clergyman who has a heap of worldly maxims refutes his theories by getting engaged to a governess, or by marrying one of the half-dozen daughters of his incumbent. A man who is cool and calculating, and has certain personal advantages, and can make the most of them, will, in all probability, drop into something good. A much more common instance, however, is that of a poor curate in a poor neighbourhood. There are cases where few of the parishioners clear more than the hundred a year which the curate clears. This again is equally an exceptional case. The young man who enters the Church with a supreme and predominant sense of duty, has only a vague idea where his duty may eventually lead him. His path may be literally by green pastures and still waters, or he may dwell in Kedar and Mesech. But he is content, so to speak, to sail under sealed orders; to seek his own ends as quite subordinate to the divine intention. A clergyman can never be at a loss for clients, or for a place of business. Other men may be obliged to wait, but he is never so obliged. He may always be about the Master's business, and knoweth that at his hands the King's business requireth haste. Therefore

it is that he accepts the work which he finds before him, and which he humbly believes a kindly Providence has put in his way.

The fellow of a college takes his living in due course. The younger son of a good family does the same thing. The son or nephew of a great ecclesiastical dignitary may indulge in pleasing hopes which, as a rule, will hardly be disappointed. All this is natural and right. But take the ordinary case of the ordinary curate. He perhaps becomes a curate at twenty-five, and continues to be one till fifty-five. The one cruel wrong under which a curate has to suffer is the enforced *hopelessness* of his condition. Do what he may, and work as hard as he can, he can never hope that his exertions can better his condition. Promotion is entirely an arbitrary thing. It may come in two years' time, or in a dozen, or in twenty-five, or very probably it may never come at all. Everybody else may indulge in hopes founded upon well-grounded considerations. The pettiest tradesman by industry and punctuality can see his way to an improved future. The lawyer, the literary man, the artist, know that they may raise their reputation and extend their connection, and that this means a better position and larger means. A curate has no such prospect. It may be even said that the very virtues which help others are hindrances to him. The more closely he applies himself to his duties the less is his chance of becoming well known abroad. He may prematurely exhaust himself by his toil, and we are persuaded that many a man on the mountains of Wales or Westmoreland, or in the alleys of London and Liverpool, enduringly sustains an amount of

unvarying, depressing, heavy toil which eventually slays him.

It would be impossible to exaggerate the startling and horrible facts which from time to time come to light respecting the condition of our clergy. Having given the best of their days and of their strength to the service of the Church, surely the Church ought to save them from such deplorable unhappiness and necessity. We believe there is many a man who would cheerfully do the work of the Church for twenty years as a curate on a hundred a year, provided that he was assured that he would get a moderate living at the end of that time. But perhaps a curate works until literally he drops, possibly from overwork, or from length of years spent in unthanked services, and leaves a family unprovided for, unless by a subscription such as is raised by English liberality. Such an instance often occurs, and deep regret is expressed that a curate's wife and children should be forced to put themselves under such an obligation. Our own view was, that they had received only a very small instalment of what was their due, a small per-centage on long arrears, which will be paid hereafter. The inferiority of a curate's condition, in reference to the superior clergy, often constitutes a real practical grievance. The relation between incumbent and curate is often enough one of the most familiar and endearing that can subsist. Curates, also, as a body, have a legitimate cause of complaint against their incumbents, in their persistent refusal to give the latter a vote for Convocation. It would be impossible to frame a case more fitting for the clerical suffrage than that of curates

fresh from a costly and elaborate education, in the full vigour of their power, and often possessed of an ardent religious zeal which the worldly influences of after-life have not yet chilled and diminished. There certainly appears something very ungenerous and unworthy, something very like a class opposition in the refusal of the beneficed clergy to give the curates a vote. Again, there is something unsatisfactory in the relation between curate and bishop. The bishop's power of arbitrarily revoking the licence of a curate partakes of that responsibility which is not according to the genius of English law and custom.

Some obvious remedies might be devised for that evil state of things which the Curate Question suggests. First of all, the parishes where such clergy are should do their duty by the clergy. It is the divine ordinance that those who preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel. If a set of wealthy families are residing in a parish, they should feel it a reproach to themselves that a clergyman should work diligently for them year after year upon the same inadequate stipend. It is right that they should sow to that man in temporal things who has sown to them in spiritual things. Men have inherited so much from the piety of their ancestors that they can far better provide for their clergy than would otherwise have been the case. Mere thoughtlessness is at the root of this. Sometimes men may be found searching abroad for objects wherein they may manifest their munificence, and quite neglecting the imperative demands which are before them. It is the leading demand of religion—and if there is any truth in the

Christian religion it is impossible to see how a sane man can expect to get to heaven unless he complies with it—that a Christian should give his bread to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul. How much more if that hungry man has himself fed us with the bread of life, and that afflicted soul has taught, and aided, and comforted our own frail or perturbed spirits. A man often spends some hundred pounds upon a memorial window. This is frequently done with the utmost propriety and Christian justice. But at other times the thought has occurred how much more good those hundred pounds would do if dedicated to the ill-paid and overworked curates of the parish. That would be a true memorial indeed. But then, it will be perceived, a great deal of social *éclat* would be missed, and our friends would not be called upon to admire our Christian munificence, or our taste and knowledge in ecclesiastical art. Such persons might often pause to ask themselves whether they are really doing a good work, or only enjoying an expensive luxury. Verily, they may have their reward now—exhaust it to the very dregs. There is a foolish superstition abroad, it can be called by no other name, and it is one which has sometimes marked a corrupt Church's epoch of decline, which makes the ambassador of God of infinitely less importance than the brick, or stone, or marble within which he delivers the message of Heaven. It ought never to be forgotten that the multiplication of churches is of infinitely less importance than the multiplication of holy priests in the service of God. The mere multiplication of churches, to those familiar

with ecclesiastical history, will be by itself a very doubtful evidence of spiritual life. A beautiful church has oftentimes a very thin congregation, whereas an earnest, devout man can hardly fail to gather a congregation, who will in the long run get up a church. A great step would be gained if the English public could be brought to understand that an active, holy minister of Christ is worth an indefinite amount of brick and mortar. Many give money freely where there will be full value received in publicity and self-applause, and yet forget the judgment, justice, and mercy which a nearer and more authorized claim demands. It would be a good sign for any parish where the leading men would be able to say that, finding a curate with a large family, and hard work, and poor pay, they had themselves raised his stipend to two hundred a year and a house.

But the proper solution of the curate problem depends on the right regulation of ecclesiastical patronage, where such patronage is susceptible of regulation. It is very rarely that one meets with an equitable distribution of ecclesiastical patronage. Sometimes the Bishop of a diocese gives promotion to a laborious curate of old standing. On the question of ecclesiastical patronage, Lord Shaftesbury, whose views are always to be heard with respect, once said: "I am prepared to go into the whole question, and having a certain number of livings at my disposal, I am prepared to submit them to any arrangement that might be likely to do any good; but there are two changes to which I should strongly object; first, that appointments to livings should be made a matter for

popular election ; and secondly—‘ Tell it not in Gath,’ —that they should be given to the bishops.’ There was a grave suspicion against some bishops that they practically bartered their patronage, giving away livings in quarters where they might expect Government appointments for children and cousins in return. Sometimes, when a new district is marked off an old parish, the senior curate is very properly offered the nomination. It occasionally happens that the nomination is saddled with the iniquitous condition that he should contribute a thousand pounds towards the expenses of the new church and district ; a condition which almost as often renders the proposed nomination nugatory. Sometimes private patronage, which, of course, could be touched by no parliamentary scheme for the regulation of public patronage, is bestowed with a single view to the best possible selection. One occasionally hears of a layman who is looking out for the best clergyman he can find for his living, or who is willing to undertake the responsibility of finding such. There is a certain doctrine in vogue respecting patronage, I am even informed in certain episcopal quarters, which, I believe, only requires to be stated to be branded with the opprobrium which it deserves. A bishop, it has been argued, ought not to give a living to a poor curate, but to a rich curate ; for the Church of England, in these days, requires to be strengthened, and a rich man will add to her strength, and a poor man to her weakness. Our Church

“ Non eget his armis neque defensoribus istis.”

It is a new conception, or rather a very old and very pestilent heresy, that the Church requires to be

strengthened by earthly wealth. A rule that would place rich men and not poor men in the offices of the Church is a rule which would have excluded most of the Apostles from the Apostolate. A curate left to struggle with difficulties and privations is a scandal and opprobrium, not to himself, but to the system to which he belongs, and to which he has been sacrificed. He would do much less discredit to the Church as a poor incumbent than as a still poorer curate. Such spectacles as curates sometimes present, sometimes prove throughout wide neighbourhoods centres of hard unloving thoughts towards a Church which abounds with such vivid contrasts.

There is a large amount of ecclesiastical patronage in the gift of the Crown, that is, of the Prime Minister of the day, and of the Lord Chancellor. It is an intelligible truth, now to a considerable extent recognized, that patronage vested in Ministers is so held, not for their own good, but for the good of the country. The institution of the system of competitive examinations is proof of this. On the same principle the wealthy patronage of India has been wrested from the body of East Indian Directors. The question is, cannot the ecclesiastical patronage of Government be so directed, according to fixed rules and a determinate system, as to remove or palliate the present evils that exist? It is a question whether a vast amount of ecclesiastical patronage is quite an appropriate reward for an intriguing politician or unscrupulous lawyer. We are taking historical ground, and are not arguing with any reference to the present possessors of exalted office. Then again there is a large amount of



patronage in the gift of City companies, which is frequently administered in a most iniquitous way. When vacancies arise, clergymen are invited to compete, and hundreds of poor men go to a very large amount of expense and labour to find that the conclusion is a foregone conclusion, and that the appointment is limited to the relations of the governing body. In any legislation dealing with the City, it is to be hoped there will be a searching inquiry into the proceedings of City companies. Lord Westbury's measure for the sale of the poorer livings in the gift of the Lord Chancellor is not the slightest help to curates, though it may be of some service in strengthening the Church, though by no means to the same extent as by the legislation of the late Sir Robert Peel for the creation of ecclesiastical districts. Those who have, by Lord Westbury's act, have more given to them; and those who had little chance of a living save the very poorest, have now that slender chance taken away. There is the further objection to the measure that it possibly bears some likeness to transactions usually associated with the mention of Simon Magus.

Some such scheme as the following may be rudely sketched in outline. Let Government ecclesiastical patronage—at least, so far as livings are concerned—be dealt with by a Parliamentary measure, which shall seek to place them on as equitable a system as can be contrived. Let it be understood that any clergyman who has served as a clergyman for fifteen years, and who has good testimonials for that time, countersigned by his bishop, may be qualified to put in a claim for a Government living; and after a further service of ten or fifteen years, be entitled to put in a

claim for further promotion to a better living. The number of curates in the Church of England who can never hope to be anything but curates, is, after all, not very large, and only form a section, though a considerable one, of the whole body, and though statistics may be made to prove anything, a fair chance will be afforded to each curate that he may win, in the evening of his days, a haven of repose, and have some approximation to that position and income which long and faithful service would insure him in any other walk of life. If such a measure were passed, of course the pressure would be very great at first, but in process of time matters would adjust themselves. It will probably be found that when colleges and chapters, private friends and bishops, have conferred their nominations, there will not be a larger number of curates of very long standing than can hope to find some ultimate promotion under an altered system of things. The result would undoubtedly be that hesitating men would be confirmed in their intention of entering the church; the best men would again seek the ministry, and the lost ground would be recovered. Some subsidiary measures might also be taken in reference to such legislation. Some cathedral appointments might be reserved for those who are unfit for such active work. It might be provided that no living should be given to any curate under five years' standing. Moreover, if the bishops should still more increasingly avoid all nepotism, and seek out poor and deserving clergymen of long standing for promotion, this would be the practical inauguration of a happier state of things for curates, for the Church, and for the country.

Nearly every great political question that can emerge has now received, or gone far to receive, its solution. The curate question, because it is a question relating to men who have too much self-respect to appeal to pity, or resort to agitation, has been very much left to itself. But it is one the importance of which can hardly be over-estimated. The practical working of the Church, and the Church's truest prosperity, depend upon her wiping away the reproach which is evermore being cast against her on this account. How can we preach justice and mercy to the world outside, if justice and mercy are flagrantly neglected within our own borders? If necessitous curates are not to be helped, they at least ought to be allowed to help themselves. The prohibitions which prevent secular employment, ought in some measure to be removed. If St. Paul was at once an apostle and a tent-maker, why should not the example of St. Paul be imitated? We do not see why a curate should not plead the precedent, and learn the craft of tent-making. We believe a considerable business is still done in tent-making, and in process of time it may be that this branch of trade will be peculiarly appropriated to curates. The clergy do a great deal in literature, and, the education of the country is mainly in their hands. We see no reason why the properly qualified clergy should not be allowed to practice as physicians and take their due remuneration. The word is spoken in half-jest, but there is a terrible earnestness belonging to this subject. We hope better things. We are sure that if any member of the legislature, bishop, or layman, would carefully take up the subject, and introduce some large statesmanlike measure to remedy

the evils that exist, he would be aiming at as much good as was ever effected by a Reform or Emancipation Act.

The great business of a National Church is to bring religion broadly before the nation. The great problem of the Church is the evangelization of the masses. When we speak of the masses we not only mean the poor population in big towns, but multitudes of the better classes, who never come to church, and multitudes more who simply attend church as a matter of formal parade. For our own part we see little reason to suppose that these multitudes will ever become real members of the Church, but it is nevertheless really essential to the functions of a National Church that her message should be delivered to the multitudes. The Church ought to reach the masses, at least as much as does any other body of Christians, that her work may be favourably compared with that of the sects.

A very few facts and figures will show us the extraordinary expansion of the Church. Early in the century the number of benefices slightly exceeded the number of the parochial clergy. The number of livings was a little over ten thousand, but half of these were under the value of fifty pounds a year. It was not till 1818 that the Church had any power of expansion. Those were the days when a single town clergyman might have forty thousand people under his charge, and a bishop was known to confirm at once some eighty thousand young people, whose moral well-being on one of the most eventful days of their lives was quite uncared for. It was not till 1818 that the first Church Building Act was passed,

which gave the Church any power of expansion. Before that time to build any new church required a special act. In the first decade of the century there would be few if any new churches consecrated; in the second decade, which includes two years of freedom of action, there were close on a hundred; in the last decade, between 1861 and 1870, there were more than eleven hundred new churches consecrated. Bishop Sumner, when at Chester, and Bishop Blomfield, when at London, each consecrated more than two hundred. The so much abused Ecclesiastical Commissioners have done a great deal. In the first place they have extended the Episcopate, lowered the incomes of some sees that were extravagantly high, and made up an adequate, perhaps more than adequate income, for a larger number of ill-endowed sees. About four thousand new churches have been built or rebuilt in the course of the century, at the cost of some eighteen millions. One half of the parsonages have been built. The number of benefices has been raised from upwards of ten thousand to upwards of thirteen thousand. In regard to education, the National Society has contributed a million to meet twelve millions from general church sources. The number of the clergy has risen to twenty thousand, about two-thirds being incumbents and one-third curates. The Colonial Episcopate has risen from ten to sixty; seven were consecrated in 1874. Half a million has been spent on the fabrics of cathedrals; four-fifths by the voluntary contributions of the public. Worcester has had a hundred thousand pounds spent upon it, and the spire alone of Chichester Cathedral cost fifty thousand. All this has been

done not through any organised action of the Church, not even with the counsel of any board appointed by Convocation, but with an utter absence of unity of direction or perfection of machinery and method.

Thus much is highly satisfactory and imposing. It is necessary, however, that such figures should not blind us to the real state of the case. The work of Church expansion has not overtaken the increase of population, and already the Ecclesiastical Commissioners show ominous signs of the exhaustion of their funds. Speaking roughly, there is one clergyman to a thousand people in the country districts, and one in two thousand in the urban. If it were not for the help of the Protestant Nonconformists there would be immense masses of heathenism practically untouched. The Southern clergy are somewhat in unfair excess over the Northern. But they are not too many, and neither are able to overtake the work of our great towns. If we endeavoured to form any calculation as to what would be the probable course of a Disestablished Church of England, the prospect is to our minds full of gloom. There are probably very many parts of England where the Church would receive additional vigour and splendour, and where the revenues would, through the wealth, zeal, and numbers of its adherents, under no conceivable circumstances suffer any diminution. But this would be very far from being universally the case. Any efforts to provide a Sustentation Fund at all equal to the necessities of the Church would certainly receive very inadequate success. The voluntary system, enlisted in the support of the ministry of the Church, has, in point of fact, extremely little to say for itself. It does not enter the mind of the common-

place average churchman that he ought to do anything for the support of his clergymen. The services of a clergyman have been found for him all his life, and that he should do anything in support of his clergyman is a new, unwelcome, and positively abhorrent idea. Of course there are many exceptions of men who do all they can, and do it upon a defined principle. But we are speaking of men and things as they generally are. There have been at times collections for the support of an additional curate, and the pewholder may have given his half-crown, or his half-sovereign, quite as probably the stereotyped shilling, or the smallest silver coin of the realm, a threepenny-piece, in the same careless spirit in which he would take a cab in the street or give alms to a beggar. It has rarely entered his mind that the support of his Church should be one of his various expenses, like the education of his children, or the taxes of the State. Yet surely some such feeling as this should characterize the good churchman and the good Christian. It is the clear doctrine of our Church that each generation of worshippers should support each generation of ministers. This duty has been ignored by the Church, and the fault indeed in some measure rests with its ministers, who have neglected to enforce the duty; mainly from a very natural delicacy in shrinking, as a class, from pleading for themselves. Such clergymen ought to consider the wide interests of the Church itself, and that the people should be educated to support the Church against an evil day that may be coming upon us.

It must also be sorrowfully owned that, to a great extent, there is not the same earnestness in religion

in the Church as among Dissenters, so far at least as the sustenance of the Ministry is concerned. A clergyman often has reason to feel that he is received, not on account of the office he bears or the message he brings, but simply on account of his social position and personal advantages. The complaint is sometimes brought against the clergy that they are no longer the body of men that they used to be, that the University has ceased to be the sole avenue of the Church, and that the clergy are not the same social and gentlemanly people that they were once. Such language is tantamount to the confession that the clergy are regarded, not from a religious, but from a secular point of view. It is language which might be justly held by men who are content to be simply men of the world, but it is language not consistent with the teaching of the founder of Christianity.

Thus, with alternations of shade and sunshine, of gloom and gladness, we survey the present position of the Church, and look forward to the future. One of the brightest signs of the times is the growing the spirit of love and conciliation manifested not only in the Church of England, but in that larger, greater body, the Church of Christ. We may believe that it is a special work of the Anglican Church to promote this spirit of unity. As a second title to his "Eirenicon," Dr. Pusey took the words, "The Church of England, a portion of Christ, is one holy Catholic Church, and a means of restoring visible unity." Dr. Pusey thus vindicates his drawing near to the Evangelicals. "I loved them because they loved our Lord; I loved them for their zeal for souls. I often thought them narrow; and yet I was often drawn to individuals



among them more than to others who held truths in common with myself, which the Evangelicals did not hold—at least, explicitly. I believed them to be of ‘the truth.’” This language is truly catholic. One often meets with persons who hold the substantial unity of the Anglican, the Roman, and the Greek Church. These persons will shrink with horror from Presbyterians and Dissenters. One also often meets with persons who hold the substantial unity of Anglicans, Dissenters, and Presbyterians; but they would shrink with horror from the idea of communion with Romanists or Orientals. The true Church embraces all, with the widest catholicity, who in spirit and in truth love the Lord Jesus. He says that the difference between himself and the Evangelicals is this, that he believes all that they believe, only that he believes much more. He speaks of the Wesleyans, of Lutherans, and of Calvinists with the firmest adherence to his own convictions, but with a tenderness and charity which might be more widely diffused among us. The humble temperate language of Dr. Pusey is in itself a most severe rebuke to the bitter, intolerant, hostile spirit manifested by Cardinal Manning. Cardinal Manning has substantially made the same remark concerning the Church of England which a Dissenting Minister, the late Dr. Binney, once made, that she destroys more souls than she saves. Thus do extremes meet. He affirms the contradiction of the statement, that the Church of England is “now the *great* bulwark against infidelity in this land;” and maintains that it is “the cause and spring of the existence of unbelief.” We may contrast this language with that of wider-minded and more loving

Romanists. Such a one was Du Pin, who said to Archbishop Usher, "We are not in most things" so far removed from one another that we may not be mutually reconciled." The great Oxford divine quotes from Mr. Gladstone the testimony of the Ultramontane Count de Maistre to the Church of England: "You will remember the glowing words of our friend, who is at once a statesman and a theologian, earnest for the cause of Christ, and zealous for his truth and his church." Count de Maistre—whom Mr. Gladstone quotes in his "Remarks on the Royal Supremacy"—discerned that there was a very special work written of God for her in heaven, and that she was *very precious* to the Christian world. Mr. Gladstone might have adduced the beautiful narrative of the Oratory of Divine Love, and the writings of the Port Royalists, as examples of the progress made by pious Romanists towards substantial unity, before the two dogmas of Pio Nono insulted and scared the ecclesiastical conscience and intelligence, and made reconciliation an impossible dream. It was said lately at Brighton that De Maistre's anticipation no longer applied to us, and that our blessings as peacemakers will be handed over to the Old Catholics. Let it be theirs as well as ours, but the Anglican Church will not forfeit its share in the blessing. Only a supreme adherence to truth must exclude any hollow compromise, and rise superior even to any longings for peace. It is on the progress of truth that we must base our best hopes of ultimate unity. We have much more of this unity than the world ordinarily supposes. The Latin Church shows a uniformity without unity, but the Protestant churches show unity without uniformity. As each

church advances in truth and goodness, in exact proportion does the other church approach to the other, and when the internal discords are removed the external signs of separation will vanish in the Church of the Future.

The path of churchmen is very simple and easy to be defined, the simple path of duty. It must be their path by safe, careful reform to remove our errors and blemishes, and promote the vitality and extension of the Church. If in the position of our bishops and deans—that prominent position that mainly arrests the eye and challenges criticism—there is much that requires alteration, let men in such high places, even at the expense of a self-denying ordinance, correct these abuses and do their work in the Church and world. There is a Divine revelation of right and justice written by the finger of God on the hearts of all men, and no ecclesiastical abuse can stand which is condemned by the mind and conscience of the laity.

Those were noble words which were breathed over our Queen on the great day of her coronation in Westminster Abbey:—"The Lord give you a faithful Senate, wise and upright counsellors and magistrates, a loyal nobility, and a dutiful gentry, a pious, and learned, and useful clergy, an honest, industrious, and obedient commonalty." We may all do something to promote the advent of such a golden time.

When the vast social injustices and inequalities are swept away—when we have a large body of bishops released from secular bonds, and devoted to their spiritual work, with dioceses so limited that it may be possible to oversee them effectively—when cathedral

appointments are given on some intelligible principle of desert, and cathedrals resume their real work and office throughout the land—when the masses of the people are really gathered within the open doors of the Church—then may we look for the accomplishment of this aspiration, and regard it no longer as a conventional phrase, or as a bitter sarcasm, or as a political cry, but as the living language of a living truth, and at last the Church of England will become the Church of England indeed.

THE END.

Can't offer 5000.

True eloquence - 143

And Cross at Copeland's to 181-2.

Stanley - 237-267.





